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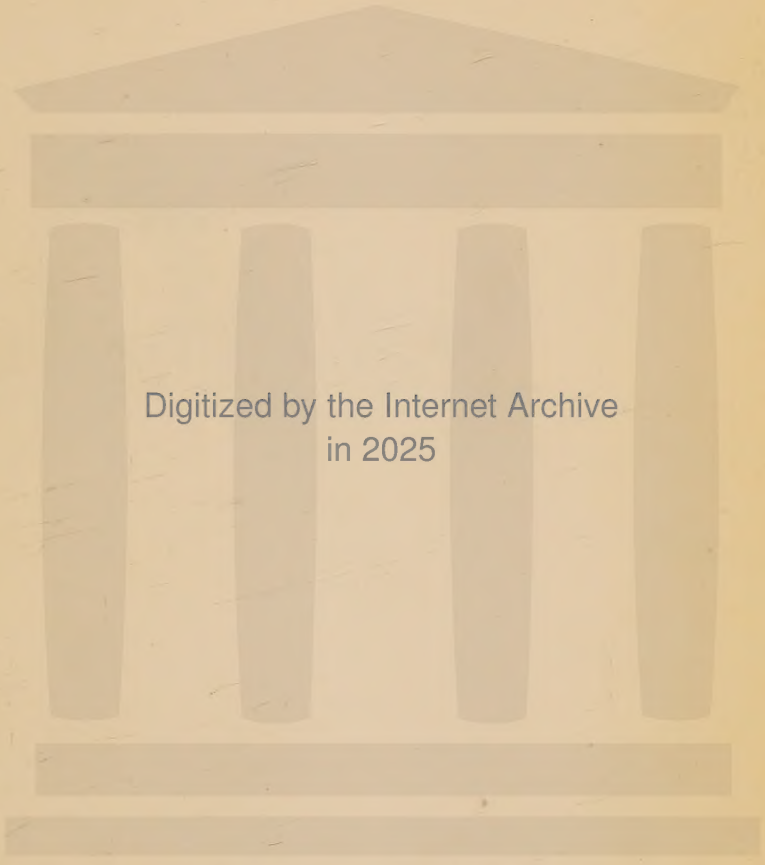
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THE MISSIONERS ARRIVE

The simplest container for a missioner's belongings is a round basket. These baskets are carried in pairs, suspended from a bamboo pole.

MARYKNOLL MISSION LETTERS

—CHINA—

VOLUME TWO

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS AND DIARIES OF THE PIONEER MISSIONERS OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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DEDICATION

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE BISHOP GAUTHIER WHO, AS A SIMPLE PRIEST AND SEASONED MISSIONER, GUIDED THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE FIRST GROUP OF MARYKNOLL PRIESTS IN CHINA

Nihil Obstat:

ARTHUR J. SCANLAN, S. T. D.
Censor Librorum

Imprimatur:

✠ PATRICK CARDINAL HAYES
Archbishop, New York

NEW YORK, August 8, 1927.

Several of the letters printed in this volume have appeared in the "American Ecclesiastical Review" and other publications.

PREFACE

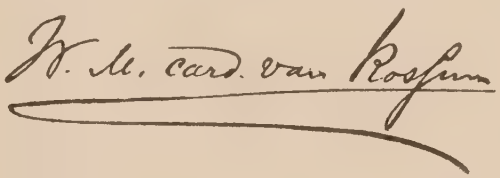
Letter from His Eminence, Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, to the Superior of Maryknoll.

Very Reverend Father,

I was much satisfied to hear that the Maryknoll Mission Letters will have very soon a second volume. I am sure that this second part will be equal to the first and have not only the same success but also do the same good in so many regards. I hope and pray especially that both will obtain many vocations for the missionary life and help to solve in this way the very urgent problems of the conversion of China. I bless the new work with all my heart and I bless those who wrote the letters, those who gathered them, and also the readers.

With my special blessing for you,

Yours very faithfully in Christ,



Very Rev. James A. Walsh,
Superior of Maryknoll, N. Y.

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INTRODUCTION

The first volume of "Maryknoll Mission Letters", following the publication of "Observations in the Orient", appeared in 1923. It recorded the experiences of Maryknoll priests covering a period of three years, from 1918 to 1921. The present volume continues the story through another three years.

In the second volume are introduced, for the first time, in addition to letters from the priests, several from the Brothers and Sisters. When the Maryknoll Superior visited China for the second time it was to note the development and future possibilities of the work of his own Society. He accompanied a fourth band of missioners, including a Maryknoll Brother and six Maryknoll Sisters. There were now representatives of all the branches of the Maryknoll family on the field, and the Mission was able to enter on new lines of activity.

The presence of the Sisters in China has been especially fruitful in the evangelization of the Chinese women. The segregation of men from women is an age-old custom in China and it was almost impossible for the missioners to instruct women. Yet the family is never truly Christian so long as the mother and wife remains unconverted.

In the course of this volume will be found letters from the Mother Superior of the Maryknoll Sisters (Foreign Mission Sisters of Saint Dominic), who visited the Orient two years after the arrival of the first group of Sisters.

Letters in the present volume chronicle the fact that several new missions have been staffed, and that the first ecclesiastical division portioned to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda has been erected into a Prefecture Apostolic.

This volume may appear to mark the end of pioneer days. Perhaps,—in a very limited sense. There are over four hundred million souls in China, the vast majority of them pagan.

Maryknoll's work in the Orient has just begun. When one field is sufficiently tilled to leave it to the labors of native workers, the Maryknollers will pass on to break new ground.

It is not probable that their portion will ever be other than the hard, but inspiring, lot of the pioneer. There should be no dimming of the freshness of their vision of the Master's vineyard. May the passing years find them at work with a cheerful daring, born not merely of pluck and initiative, but of the knowledge, "I can do all things in Him who strengtheneth me." (Philippians IV, 13.)

JAMES ANTHONY WALSH
Superior of Maryknoll

PART I

THE FOURTH YEAR IN MARYKNOLL'S ORIENT

MARYKNOLL MISSION LETTERS

Chapter 1

CHINA REVISITED

November, 1921

T was a memorable day—that of the reunion with Maryknoll-in-China. The weather was perfect and it was high noon as we descried on the bank near the Kowloon Railway Station a small group in black garb, evidently Maryknollers, waving handkerchiefs. They caught our signals and bolted for the landing wharf, while the steamer glided slowly "alongside".

Maryknollers Meet

Three or four managed to slip inside the lines, near enough for us to exchange greetings. Then gradually the others approached. How good it was to look into their faces again, and how well they appeared in spite of wearing apparel somewhat varied and quaint!

A few minutes later the reunion was on and a merry group soon went down the gangplank, slipped into cars, and were wheeled away to the Holy Rosary Church for a Magnificat and Benediction—an act of thanksgiving for the safe voyage and for ten thousand times ten thousand other favors.

Hongkong Hospitality

Father Spada, a priest of the Milan Missions, was our first host and it was gratifying to feel that our Sisters,* whose

*The first Maryknoll Sisters for the missions—a group of six—sailed for the Far East on the same boat with the Maryknoll Superior, in October, 1921.

temporary home will be next to his simple rectory, will have for neighbor a friend and father.

After the brief service in the church the Sisters went for tiffin—the noonday repast—to their own home which kindly hands had been putting in order for them, and we priests sat at Father Spada's table, where no rule of silence was enforced that day. A Chinese photographer then lined us up; and before the afternoon was far advanced we were on the other side of the great Rock, at Pokfulum, housed in a small villa kept by the Christian Brothers as a rest-house and happily vacant at this season. Our missioners had made their retreat there, thanks to the coöperation of the Brothers, and now we were to occupy the premises for another week of council. Cots were set up wherever space allowed; rooms were provided also by our friends, the Paris Mission Fathers, a few hundred feet away, for *Father Kay** and myself; and serious work, alternating with happy recreation hours, made the few days fly.

The Procure Problem

The view over the China Sea from the heights of Pokfulum is superb and its brilliant sunsets rival those at Maryknoll. We all wished that by next year there might be a *Maryknoll-in-Pokfulum*, but there are difficulties, the principal ones being that building sites are few or very expensive to prepare, and that the city is not very accessible from Pokfulum.

This much is certain: Maryknoll must establish, either at Pokfulum or in some other locality not far from Hongkong, a house where our priests may assemble for retreats, in common or in private; where they may stay when they visit the city from time to time for business or to recruit their strength; and where arriving missioners can be welcomed.

The Paris Society has houses in Hongkong, the Dominicans have another, and the spiritual care of the city is entrusted to the Milan Mission under Bishop Pozzoni, whose kindness to Maryknollers is unfailing. Conditions are such, however, that Maryknoll must have its own establishment. It has

*Reverend James F. Kelly, of Boston.

one, in fact, but only a rented two-by-four across the harbor at Kowloon. So small is this installation that when Maryknollers scattered from Pokfulum it could not accommodate the few who remained, together with *Father Kay* and myself. We two globe-trotters accepted the hospitality of Père Robert at the French Procure, which we made headquarters for the next five weeks. Those weeks were full of work, but the well-regulated Procure and its quiet surroundings made the tasks easier and returns from hard trips like home-comings.

The Visitation Itinerary

It had been our hope to visit all the mission stations, but Fathers Meyer and O'Shea, anxious as they were to have us see their stations and note their needs, realized how much time it would take, and we finally decided to confine the visitation to Yeungkong, Wuchow, Pingnam, and Loting.

In the meanwhile something happened that necessitated the dispatch of Fathers Walsh and O'Shea to a point far north, and Father Ford was retained as a guide for Father Kelly, who wished to dip into the interior, and myself. Our first objective was Yeungkong, the mission of Father Ford.

The junk's the thing, but not what the average white man would enjoy as a regular conveyance. And yet there is no choice for Maryknollers in some sections of their mission in China.

Changes at Canton

We were in comfortable Hongkong, which we left on a Chinese boat bound for Canton. We arrived the next morning a little late, were dumped into one of a few hundred sampans that attacked our steamer, hustled out and over a row of standing junks, and pulled in rickshaws along Canton's Main Street until we reached the narrow alleys that lead to the Cathedral.

I was surprised at the changes—the widened streets and the auto-buses, especially—but I found the mission compound just about as I had left it four years ago. The kindly Bishop de Guébriant was no longer there, and I missed him;

but Bishop-Elect Gauthier, Father Fourquet, and other friends smiled a welcome; and it was quite delightful to have a group of Maryknollers hurrying to meet us as we appeared in the pathway. Father Meyer was there, and Father O'Shea, Father Dietz, and Father Wiseman, with his new companion and old friend, Father Murray. Father Donovan, too, and Father Paschang, were waiting over, all looking for steamers or junks to take them to their respective missions. Fortunately, the Canton compound is a real home for Maryknollers—but with growing numbers we must manage in some way not to overtax the hospitality of our friends.

The Joys of Junk Travel

We spent the day pleasantly and left to Father Meyer the preoccupation of securing accommodations on a Kongmoon junk to sail that night. Father Meyer succeeded in reserving for us a couple of the only "pantries"—sometimes called cabins—available, and towards nine o'clock a procession went out into the night, made up of Maryknollers and a half-dozen coolies laden with supplies that ran the gamut between Boston baked beans and California canned fruit, with Saratoga chips wedged between the two.

We reached the boat landing—but the junk with the reserved pantries had taken it into its head to depart. No one except the newcomers seemed surprised, and Father Meyer began another search, climbing into and over the craft, arguing and coaxing by turns, trying to get information and, if possible, accommodations. We waited, attempting to converse in the din that came from a thousand Chinese throats, and finally Father Meyer returned with the news that he had found another junk.

We clambered again, and after a struggle arrived on the right junk—only to be told that there were no cabins and that we must sleep on the deck. The night air was fine, fortunately, and we had enough blankets to allow one for each of us. The great difficulty came in securing space for ourselves, the "boys", and the baggage. A hatchway appealed to us, as it did to some unsophisticated Chinese who spread their mats on it—only to be swept off by the rudder-

THE HARBOR OF HONGKONG

A REUNION OF MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS IN HONGKONG
This occasion was the second visit to China of their Superior-General, in 1921.

boom when we started towards midnight. We were in the sweepings.

It was a new experience for some of us and *Kay Shan Foo* admitted that his bed was hard that night. I did not sink deep into the feathers, but I think I could have done better if I had been a little further away from three Chinese. One of these fried some pork within two feet of me; another counted aloud his day's returns into my better ear; while a third, in his sleep, moved his feet occasionally until they touched my head.

Well, we passed the night, and our boys made ready a palatable breakfast, so that by the time we reached Kongmoon we were in fine fettle. There we were to separate; Fathers Meyer, Dietz, and Paschang to take another junk, on which they would spend two more nights; and we three, Father Ford, *Kay Shan Foo*, and myself, to board a small steamer bound for Yeungkong.

À Dieu

But there were hours yet to wait, and, landing our belongings on their respective boats, we entered the establishment of the only Catholic in the considerable city of Kongmoon. He is worth while, not only because he has a restaurant, but because he is a good type, and keeps the Faith burning in his own soul and in his little family. I don't recall the name of this Christian, but he did his best for us, refused our offer of payment, and, accompanied by his children, escorted us to the river bank.

Our craft were lying near each other and Father Meyer's junk was due to go first, but after our farewells Father Meyer megaphoned that the junk would not leave "until tomorrow". Why? No one can ever tell the why and wherefore of happenings in China. We got off towards four o'clock, and before leaving saw Father Meyer, in cassock and helmet, swinging by a cable over the high stern of his junk, guiding his baggage and himself to the tug on which he had found accommodation for his party.

We waved many farewells as the waters separated us further and further—and a prayer came unbidden to my

lips as I asked myself, *When and where shall we meet again?* The Pacific is wide, you know.

Nearing Yeungkong

We three bound for Yeungkong were unusually fortunate at this juncture. First of all, we had a small steamer in place of the ordinary junk. Besides this, our boat carried a "notable" and would be followed by another steamer carrying soldiers and arms for the protection of that distinguished passenger. We had a pantry to ourselves; some deck space where we could perch on our heels, or, as we preferred, on our suitcases; and we faced a run of only about twenty hours. Father Ford's cook, Ah-mo, was with us, too, and he had brought the wherewithal to keep our souls and bodies together. There were certain features about the boat that would not attract the average American traveler, but we were well satisfied to get to the mouth of the Yeungkong River the next morning, well before noon.

As we pushed away from the steamer in a sampan headed for the river, we heard some young voices and, turning, saw another sampan, decorated, and filled with Father Ford's schoolboys, smartly dressed and with large *Chi-Rho* pins on their gray caps. The youngsters were accompanied by their teacher, a catechist and the most important personage among the parishioners of Yeungkong. We were transferred to this special sampan, squatted on its floor under the basket covering, and listened, without understanding a word, to the animated conversation between Father Ford and his inquisitive flock. But we enjoyed every moment of that six-mile sail up the river, and as we watched the bright, smiling faces of the boys we were not only pleased, but a little proud, that a Maryknoller was God's instrument in their development.

It was noon when we reached the city, and at our landing-place we were saluted by nothing short of a brass band, which, of course, had attracted a crowd. Under scrutiny we passed like great men to the special mandarin chairs that had been hired for the occasion by a friend who was anxious to do us honor, and off we went, our bearers trotting so ra-

pidily that they left far behind the band that had been engaged to walk at the head of the procession. We never saw, nor did we hear, that band again. When we turned into the Maryknoll Mission Compound at Yeungkong we were saluted by Fathers Vogel, Hodgins, Meehan, and Taggart, while a few hundred firecrackers sputtered cheerfully.

The First Maryknoll Mission

The compound at Yeungkong is not attractive. The chapel is dingy, and the connecting rooms, including the schoolroom, almost without light; but there is a stairway running quaintly to the living quarters, which mount two stories into the air and give a goodly outlook from generous verandas. There is seclusion, too, and when we gathered that evening it was Maryknoll over again, out under the big tree on a summer's night.

Yeungkong will always be remembered as the first Maryknoll mission. Here Father Price, of blessed memory, with Fathers Walsh, Meyer and Ford, all under the guidance of Father, now Bishop, Gauthier, opened the Maryknoll mission. The living quarters were too confined and the first summer was trying, but "the Americans" took whatever discomforts came, fully realizing that the seed must die before it can germinate. Here, too, Father Price had made his struggle, after almost three-score years of life, to learn a strange language and to adapt himself to the habits of an Oriental people. It was too much, after a quarter of a century of hard apostolic labors in North Carolina, and he succumbed. As I considered the circumstances surrounding the initial symptoms of his last illness I wondered that he ever reached Hongkong.

Looking Ahead

Our stay at Yeungkong was to have been regulated by the return of the little steamer, and we allowed a day and a night for our "inspection", but there was a holiday on at Yeungkong and the little steamer decided not to make a return voyage until after some indefinite period. In the meantime we walked around the town, saw its pagodas, ex-

perienced its pig odors, visited the Protestant doctor, his dispensary and hospital, looked into a public (pagan) school, sized up shops and people, were sized up in turn, and discussed questions vital to Maryknoll-in-Yeungkong, where, I am strongly inclined to believe, we can, with the help of God and a few friends, make real progress.

Property adjacent to our mission should be bought now, so as to give a compound suitable for a convent and a girls' school, to face the present line of buildings, and for a new chapel to stand in the center. The convent will probably be the *first Maryknoll Mission Convent*, and five Sisters will be installed in it next September if Father Ford can manage to bring it into being and to completion. This convent will cost about five thousand dollars; the chapel will mean another five thousand dollars; and two schools, one for boys and one for girls, will come to about twelve hundred dollars each. But the vicar of Yeungkong is hopeful and he is wisely planning to make his center as strong as possible.

At Yeungkong itself there are only a few Christians—about seventy—but others come from outside for feasts and special instruction. These "outsiders" in the district number about five hundred, with five hundred more on the list of catechumens. Father Ford has already brought his school up to the Government standard and is giving it serious attention. Every boy is expected to pay some tuition, but the amount is as yet very low and not all of the youngsters can comply with this requirement. Father Ford meets the deficit through offerings, made for general purposes or for school work.

I took note of the above and many other items of interest, while Father Ford's old catechist went to search for a junk. We knew that Fathers Vogel, Meehan, and Taggart had left Kongmoon on a junk the day before we did, and that therefore their junk should be returning soon. Inquiries brought the welcome word that Friday morning at eight o'clock would be the day and hour of this junk's departure, and we were glad, indeed, because our plans called for a return to Hongkong on Sunday morning.

Thursday we spent at the mission and in reviewing a pro-

cession of several thousand pagan worshipers, who were visiting the various temples of Yeungkong to propitiate some one or more of their gods in view of a possible epidemic of cholera. Friday we arose soon after four o'clock, offered the Holy Sacrifice, and with a cordial good-bye left for the river bank and beyond.

Chinese Vicissitudes

There was a slight drizzle and the alleys of Yeungkong were slippery—but we soon reached the sampan settlement and bargained with one of the "sampan ladies" for a sail of six miles to the junk scheduled to start at eight o'clock. There was a head wind that morning and the "lady" resigned her post at the stern of the boat to a husky male, while a boy poled at the bow.

We soon discovered that there was no sail, and realizing that we might miss our junk, six miles away, we sent Ah-mo, Father Ford's "trusty", to look for one. After about half an hour Ah-mo returned in another sampan properly equipped, and we set out again with the idea of gliding alongside that junk before the last whistle of its tugboat would blow. We were a half-hour late, but not too late, and we congratulated ourselves as we climbed over the unpainted ark, elbowed our way through a kitchen-full of chop-sticking seamen, and entered the four-shelved pantry we were so fortunate as to have secured.

Two hours later we weighed anchor. In the meantime we lunched from our own basket and in our own gloomy pantry—the gloom coming from a combination of unpainted, cheap lumber and a small opening streaked by iron bars. But we were on the way—at least, so we thought, and *Kay Shan Foo's* face beamed as he stood above the slime of the kitchen, on which our pantry opened, and watched over the shoulders of the rudder-men—four in number, tugging at ropes—for a sight of the open sea. However Father Ford learned that the junk manager had experienced a change of heart, that for some inexplicable reason we had actually turned back and would not leave until the next day. At this stage *Kay Shan Foo* returned and expressed his intention

of taking a siesta on one of the pantry shelves; but when he learned the sad news, that we were headed for a Yeungkong mooring, sleep had no attraction and we discussed the next move.

Should we stay on the junk, or go back to our companions? We decided on the return, assured that we could make the journey by sampan so as to arrive at the mission in time for supper. Did we? We did—but supper was late that night.

An Inglorious Return

Usually when a junk arrives and drops anchor it is surrounded by half a hundred sampan sharks, but our junk, returning unexpectedly, sighted none. We waited after the blow of the whistle, and we kept on waiting until four o'clock, when a rickety craft, guided by a patriarch of Cathay, hove in sight. We called, but the patriarch shook his head at the proposal. He left us, circled the vessel for a while, and finally agreed to take us up to the town if we would engage a couple of the junk's crew to assist in the operation. Two stalwarts responded after the usual bargain battle, and we started, with both sailors poling and the old man steering.

This continued for about an hour, when it was decided to hoist the sail (*sic*), and as the craft was not oversteady there were moments when *Kay Shan Foo* regretted not to have parted his hair in the middle. The mast fitted hardly into its socket and bent threateningly, the sail rope broke once; but finally the "canvas", a patchwork of old straw mattings, "rose beautifully", the boat keeled a trifle as the wind blew through a big hole in the matting and filled out what was left, and our sailors sat for a quiet smoke. In the growing dusk we sang a few songs while the tub wound its way over the quiet stream that runs in semicircles to the fish-markets of Yeungkong.

It looked as if we might arrive at six o'clock—but the wind was in sympathy with the night and both fell at the same time. "Down with the mattings and back to the poles!" After an exchange of loud talk in Chinese, we seemed to crawl up to the city, with occasional bumps as we

grounded on some sand banks. A mile away from our landing we stopped altogether and there was a long discussion, after which we transferred into a smaller sampan which was guided by a "lady" who brought us to the head of Main Street, only ten minutes from Maryknoll-in-Yeungkong.

During our absence, however, a theater had been constructed in bamboo across the mouth of the street and we had to climb around this obstruction. We slipped along the pavements and when halfway found a firecracker battle in progress, with a dozen dancers performing under the explosives. There was no passing and we had to turn aside.

Finally, we reached the mission, but the occupants, not expecting our return, were loath to open the gates. "Robbers, bandits, dishonest soldiers"—the bane of China—make everybody suspicious and many fearful. Our priests were high on the balcony, enjoying quiet converse and a few innocent puffs, when the Christians rushed up excitedly to tell them the cause of the trouble below, and—well, the laugh was on us. *C'est la Chine!*

The Second Start

Early the next morning we said good-bye again, wondering if it would be repeated on the morrow. We engaged another sailboat and made the junk at ten o'clock. It sailed at noon, and, in spite of the fact that the weather was less propitious than the day before, we continued our course to the mouth of the river, and east by north over the gentle swells of the South China Sea. We could not possibly make Hongkong Sunday morning, as it was now Saturday, but with good weather we could reach Pakkai Sunday afternoon, get the Hongkong boat that evening at five, and be in Hongkong Monday morning. Not so bad!

The junk rolled somewhat as it swung into the open, towed by a puffing tug, but not so much as the tug itself, and we looked for a perch where we could sit and chat or read our breviaries. The deck was littered with baskets of cackling ducks and crates of live pigs, with their several owners protecting and feeding their respective charges. We tried

several more or less attractive places and finally chose the gunwale of the junk as a seat and a bamboo-crated pig as a footstool. The pigs were really well-behaved and gave little or no offense, but the ducks were loud and smelly. They occasioned, too, an altercation between two caretakers, one of whom accused the other of stealing his birds. The two Chinese involved made more noise that day than all the ducks together, stopping their word-war only to eat rice and sleep.

We took supper in our pantry that night, and the following morning, after folding the blankets, used the pantry for a chapel and offered the Holy Sacrifice,—with some hesitancy, I confess, as to the decency of the place.

We entered the delta from the sea early that afternoon, no worse for wear, and left the junk at Kongmoon. It was a short walk to the railroad station and a train was due that would take us in a quarter of an hour to Pakkai, where the Hongkong boat has its wharf. We congratulated ourselves on the time we had made and looked forward to a few days at Hongkong, where we could catch up to correspondence and other duties before leaving for the next interior trip. But—there is usually a *but* in China—we learned at the railroad that there would be no steamer that night. Why? This time we found the reason. It was Sunday, and the European customhouse officers would not examine baggage on the Sabbath.

Maryknoll-in-Pakkai

We were much disappointed, but not too badly off, because there is a Maryknoll-in-Pakkai established for just such emergencies. It is a shop, occupied on the street floor by the caretaker and his family. Above is a loft, reached by a flight of steps that lead also to the police barracks of Pakkai. The loft is divided by low partitions, with three cells and a common room, which had, among other articles of furniture, a good-sized sewing-table, evidently secured as an altar. The place was fairly clean, and, although beds were of the plank variety, we had the privacy of our own apartment. Had this shop accommodation been lacking we should have

been obliged to seek shelter in some miserable Chinese hotel. It pleased me to learn that this Pakkai hostel has been of use, not only to our own men but to priests of other societies, stranded at Kongmoon or Pakkai.

We found food at the markets, and Ah-mo catered with his usual skill. The following morning, in full view of the dwellers in the block across the street, we said our Masses. Later we took the train back to Kongmoon, so as to know it better and, incidentally, to kill time. While looking at the city from across the river we found ourselves at the property of the Asiatic Petroleum Company and just in time to return to Pakkai in the Company's launch. At five o'clock that Monday afternoon we left for Hongkong, sharing with a customs officer on leave the comparative luxury of the "European Class".

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Wuchow Prospects

I said Mass at our Sisters' convent in Kowloon the next morning, and arranged for a couple of days at my desk in the Procure, but word came suddenly that a good boat would leave that Tuesday evening for the West River, taking us to Wuchow early Thursday morning.

Our plan on this trip was to look into the possibilities of Wuchow; visit Fathers Wiseman and Murray at Pingnam, some miles further up the West River; and then descend to the South River for the final mission trip to Loting. Thursday, on schedule time, we left the steamer at Wuchow. We should have arrived at the mission—a small house in the city—within a quarter of an hour, but we got lost in a maze of streets and circled the place, making inquiries right and left until, in desperation, we asked a friendly woman who took the lead and landed us in the proper alley.

Wuchow is a large and important city—a gateway for the province of Kwangsi. It has Protestant hospital and educational establishments under the direction of American Baptists. The Standard Oil Company, too, is well represented. But the Catholic Church has until now been practically unknown in the city. A large mission field with Wuchow as its center has been given to Maryknoll, but at Wuchow itself

there has been only the residence for a procurator, which served as a hostel for passing missioners. There was not a native Catholic in the city when Father Walsh arrived to take charge a year ago, and the prospects for getting any were not bright.

We were agreeably surprised, therefore, to meet, that first day at Wuchow, a group of some twenty or more men who came to offer their greetings and to explain their interest in our desire to develop work at Wuchow. These men, it seemed, had been impressed by the charity of Father Walsh, who, with Father Dietz, during the attack last summer on Wuchow, had opened the mission compound to all who could get into it and had in many ways sacrificed his own comfort to their welfare. They had, even during the absence of our priests at Hongkong, visited the little house frequently, talked with the catechist, and attended his simple services on Sunday. And now they were evidently anxious to be a nucleus for larger things. The following morning some of them came with one of the notables, to point out property which they felt the Government itself would give to Maryknoll in view of the good it could effect. They seemed earnest and anxious. Later Father Donovan arranged to teach English to some of the younger men, who were much pleased with the opportunity.

The Call to Doctors and Nurses

If we get Catholics in Wuchow, and they need hospital attendance, we can send them only to the Baptist hospital. This by the way, according to the doctor's statement, was more than self-supporting last year. I believe that the time has come when we can arouse in American Catholic doctors, nurses, and hospital directors an interest in the mission field and its splendid opportunity of service for Christ and for the suffering men, women, and children of China. We are late, and our resources are as yet very limited, but money is not the only consideration and surely Catholic doctors can be found to coöperate with us.

From a Protestant *medico*, by the way, we learned that Mr. John Rockefeller, Jr., was not altogether pleased while

in China last year. He found, for example, that a cool million of Chinese dollars, supplied through Rockefeller benefactions, had been spent on the gilded cornice of the hospital in Peking—which the natives call "the Rockefeller palace".

JAMES ANTHONY WALSH
Maryknoll Superior

Chapter 2

THE HOLD-UP PROBLEM

E stayed at Wuchow Thursday night, all day Friday, and Friday night. Saturday morning we should have taken a small steamer to Pingnam—but there was none to take. It had been commandeered for soldiers and there was no prospect of another for days to come.

Fathers Wiseman and Murray had managed, fortunately, to get away the day before our arrival. By the way, Father Murray was a "loser" on his Wuchow steamer trip. His belongings were in too respectable a container and they were left in a place too tempting for the bayonet of a Chinese soldier, who deftly circled the lock and appropriated a few hundred dollars' worth of a new missioner's outfit. Strangely enough, the robber left Father Murray's chalice in its place.

Reluctantly we gave up the idea of reaching Pingnam, and on Saturday morning took a Chinese boat for the day's trip, landing toward one o'clock opposite the mouth of the South River. We expected on our arrival to find a small steamer that was scheduled to start at one, but when the sampan into which we had been disgorged touched the shore we learned that the small steamer had left an hour earlier—because it was Saturday.

What Next?

We were forty miles from Loting up the river—our destination. What should we do? We had notified Father McShane to have us met at Lintan, the terminus of the small steamer, where we would take chairs for the second twenty miles, and there was no way now to instruct him differently. Besides, there was no place to stay in the little village of Namkong, where we were just then stranded—and where

other Maryknollers will find themselves in similar straits until we can build a hostel there at the corner of West and South Rivers.

We thought of going back a few miles with the chance of finding Father Chan, S. J., at a station which he visits periodically, but finally we decided on pushing through to Lintan in a large sampan. After another hour the bargain was made and we were off on an eventful trip.

The Setting of the Adventure

We had four boatmen and their task was to pole our craft against the stream for twenty miles. When conditions permitted, three of the boatmen would give up their poles and, with ropes stretched across their sturdy chests, tow us as they walked along the river bank. It was a case of "When you can't push, pull"—and in the meantime Ah-mo, who had been joined by Ah-han, Father Donovan's "boy", prepared our belated midday meal. The river was wild and winding, the weather cool, and the matted hood under which we had squatted high enough to allow us to stand and stretch occasionally. We were quite well pleased and reckoned that by traveling all night we could reach Lintan in the early morning, thus losing no time, as we had anticipated the necessity of staying one night at Lintan. And thereby hangs a tale.

All went well that Saturday afternoon, and our evening meal, with its after-smoke and recreation, was thoroughly enjoyed. Then darkness settled, and, with a blanket apiece over us and another under us, we nestled down to a night's rest.

For some hours we passed no boats and heard no noises, except the shrill cry of a bird or the splashing caused by our boatmen as they came and went for the push or pull. When it was pull we could see three figures bending at their hard task, sometimes mounting to high ground, sometimes on the low bank, but always guided by the little lamps that hung from their bodies. Father Ford, who can sleep under almost any conditions, had lost consciousness. I was at his left, struggling between cold and drowsiness, while *Kay Shan Foo,*

on Father Ford's right, looked out into the night and saw the "beacon light a-trembling".

The Plot Thickens

Suddenly, at about eleven o'clock, we stopped. The "beacon lights", for such they had unfortunately proved to be, had disappeared, and *Kay Shan Foo* remarked just in front of him another kind of light that revealed the flash of a revolver and a stranger's face. The intruder withdrew as quickly as he had come, but *Kay Shan Foo's* sonorous voice, on which he put a muffler for this occasion, woke me and partly aroused Father Ford. Ah-mo and Ah-han, too, who hold soldiers and bandits in mortal dread, sensed trouble and, rubbing their eyes, went forward to interview one of our boatmen.

The "boys" returned with the comforting assurance that the intruder was a soldier who had come aboard in search of robbers. *Kay Shan Foo's* face relaxed to its normal lines and he decided that a peaceful pipeful would go well after such an interruption. But he had hardly taken a dozen puffs when the noise of many voices fell upon his ears and from his vantage point on the right he discerned on the left a line-up of yellow faces that looked green in the dark.

The Hold-Up

By this time we were all well awake and Father Ford, the only master of the visitors' tongue, inquired what it was all about. The "boys" crept out to get the answer and returned with the surprising news that there were soldiers who asked some money for protecting our precious persons. We did not catch their point of view, but it did not matter, because almost immediately we were told in a whisper by the "boys" that the visitors were robbers, who asked the gentlemen to hand over fifty dollars.

Recalling words of wisdom and the general advice to bestow gifts on a Chinese bandit when he does you the honor of making a request, we suggested the offer of ten dollars—which would amount to about five dollars and twenty cents in good U. S. money. This was refused—positively so—and

we then instructed our two *Ah's* to keep the final price of freedom low. But the two *Ah's* in that cold night air found their feet chilly and impulsively emptied the pockets which we had filled with coin for all the expenses of the journey to Loting.

I can see *Bandit No. 1* now, as he stood at the side of the boat and counted the glittering coins, occasionally slapping one on the deck to test its genuineness. His was a hard face, full of business, but some of the others looked gentle enough. He made the count thirty-six Chinese dollars and hesitated before accepting the compromise. In the meantime, Father Ford called out that we were *Shan Foos* of the *Tin Chu Tong* (Catholic priests) and the bandit asked for proof. This roused Father Ford completely, and when he appeared in cassock the bandit seemed satisfied that the statement was correct. He even made something of an apology for the interruption, and remarked that the crowd with him was hungry. We then asked if similar experiences were ahead of us, but were assured that if we mentioned his, our extractor's, name—at least, the name he gave us—we should not be molested by others that night.

This satisfied us, and we told the boatmen to go ahead; but their nerves were in need of rest and, after pushing us a few hundred yards, they poked the nose of the craft up against a shadowed bank and slept until dawn.

We were under way again before five o'clock. It was Sunday morning, but we had our Mass kit with us and by lifting the boards on which we had been sleeping we found a very convenient place for our altar. After a couple of hours we learned that we were not more than three or four miles from Lintan. We found, also, that we could make better time by walking, so, with our baggage on the boatmen's poles, we started off over the dykes of the rice fields toward Lintan.

Inhospitable Lintan

It was a fine morning but we warmed up under the sun's hot rays and concluded, as we entered Lintan, that the distance had been underestimated. Lintan is famous for its

mattings, which are sent in large quantities to America, but on this occasion we were looking, not for mattings, but for chairs to carry us twenty miles over the mountains to Loting. Father McShane's man had not put in an appearance, for the simple reason, as we learned afterward, that our message arrived a day too late. There were chairs at Lintan, but a wedding was on the program for the day and no chair-bearers could be found.

It was a case of waiting in an uninteresting and unfriendly village, and staying over in a Chinese inn if we could find one, or of walking in a baking sun with the chance of meeting chairs on the way. We chose the alternative, and found that we must start at once, otherwise we should be overtaken by the dark and perhaps by more "hungry" men.

We had lost an hour trying to engage chairs, but had given the town people a free exhibition of how foreign gentlemen conduct themselves, and felt that we had been of some use, anyway.

The "Ancients" Afoot

The children were loath to see the curios depart, but off we went, following the dog-trot of our carriers, out again on the open rice fields. Our clothes were heavy and we were soon obliged to take off coats and collars; but we trudged on, *Kay Shan Foo* and myself after an hour looking like a couple of broiled lobsters and bringing up the rear of the procession. I have a slight suspicion that Father Ford, who is young and seasoned to such trips, ripped the inside of his cassock sleeve on this occasion as he thought of the two ancients behind him, but outwardly his one concern was to get to Loting before dark.

We kept behind the dog-trotters for four hours, stopping a few moments at wayside refreshment stands to drink tea or some other herb concoction and to eat a few cakes. We crossed streams and climbed hills that seemed like mountains. And then we saw chairs galore—but they were all headed the other way, taking people and presents to the Lintan wedding. We blessed the bride and groom, but gave a special blessing to him, or to her, or to those, who had

chosen for a marriage day the very day that we had selected for other purposes.

I saw no hope of covering twenty miles that afternoon, and I may as well admit that I doubt if I could have kept up with the procession more than a couple of hours longer. But the Lord, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, took pity on us and at about five o'clock, as we reached a mountain resting-place, we found chairs and bearers. Our sigh of relief was audible, but quickly hushed when we remarked a hesitancy to carry so much weight to Loting and that after nightfall when thieves are abroad. *Kay Shan Foo* at this stage held up a young peasant who was returning home with some oranges in his basket, and in a few moments we were being whisked away in our chairs, sucking to the last drop the golden fruit.

Haunting Memories

As the sun went down, the air became cool enough for light overcoats. Occasionally our bearers would stop, usually at a tea house for a sip of their indispensable beverage, and on such occasions they changed patrons so that no pair of them should have a heavy weight or a light weight for the entire journey. They are usually sturdy fellows, these chair-bearers, but one of ours had a miserable cough and a consumptive's build and we wondered how he could keep up his end as they trotted up hills and over narrow dykes.

The rice fields, rising in terraces, looked in the dusk like great amphitheaters and made a striking picture as the sun went down in a glory of red behind them. Our carriers stopped to light their lamps—little tin ones, made from the regulation Standard Oil containers—and with these swinging from their poles we went into the night. One or two strangers joined us at the next tea house—for after dark people here like to travel with the crowd. Before long our way was starlit. We were nearing Loting, but still on the heights, and with a somewhat vivid recollection of the preceding night it was not hard to imagine that bandits were lying somewhere about, waiting for the wherewithal to satisfy their "hunger".

At one point, in the distance and coming towards us, we saw a light—but it proved to be an inoffensive farmer carrying the huge paper lantern common in these parts. The road wound much as we neared Loting and my men fell behind, but it gave me fine pictures of a veritable caravan silhouetted against the stars.

Too Late for the Banquet

The silence into which we all had fallen was finally broken at about eight o'clock by the barking of dogs, which was kept up until we actually arrived at the entrance of the town. Fortunately, Father McShane lives outside the gates or we could not have reached him easily, because Loting people lock gates, windows, and doors at nightfall during these troublous times. As it was, we had some difficulty, but finally Father Ford's inquiries gave us the direction, and he himself found the house. The church bell, which was just calling the Christians to evening prayers, sounded a welcome for us and in a few moments we were *at home* with Father McShane,* Father Sweeney, and Brother Albert at Maryknoll-in-Loting.

It was a happy reunion, although for a moment it seemed to be a tragedy. Our friends, who had prepared a banquet, had given us up and had plucked the goose to the bone. And we had not eaten anything substantial since early morning! But the larder was not empty, thanks to the man who invented canned goods and thanks to the hens of Loting.

It was a glorious feeling, that Sunday night, to sit on the second-story veranda of the first Maryknoll house built in China, look out over a little pond to hills that recalled the home Knoll, and, as we smoked the pipe of peace, talk with members of "the family" about old times and new prospects.

We slept deeply and were rested when we went into the chapel next morning for Mass. It was a poor place—a shop which Father McShane had bought and where, in the upper loft, he had lived until he could build the "rectory". But it was "Maryknolly", with its simple altar and its *Chi-Rho*.

* Father McShane died of smallpox, at his post, on June 4, 1927.

LOTING RICE FIELDS

FATHER McSHANE WITH HIS VISITORS AND SOME OF HIS INQUISITIVE FLOCK

The catechist was present, and, on the opposite side, the "catechistine", a very capable widow who cares for the abandoned waifs and instructs would-be-Christian matrons. A few other women were at Mass, also, and our *Ah's* added their voices to the volume of prayer. The "catechistine" was a recognized leader, with a penetrating voice and fine articulation, but she was too slow for Ah-han, who, while we stayed at Loting, almost upset the prayer exercises.

A Defection—and Hopes

The Loting mission started a few years ago, with nobody but a hired catechist, his wife, and two daughters. This man worked well for a year, and when the Maryknoll priests arrived he presented several score of catechumens. Then came a calamity. During building operations, while the pastor was in the hospital, "Ah-Catechist" fell a victim to the habit of "squeeze", a habit common in China and known in America as "graft". He "lost face", was discharged, and with his discharge seemed to lose faith, dragging away from the fold several members of the little flock which he had gathered. Moreover, he forbade his wife and daughters to go to Mass, and tried to marry off the elder one to a pagan, but the girl refused to be tied and insisted on remaining a Catholic. Father McShane finally succeeded in obtaining the ex-catechist's permission to send his daughter to the convent school at Canton, the mission bearing the expense. Later, at Canton, I met this ardent young soul who, I believe, will be a credit to the Church and of special value to our Maryknoll Sisters.

The catechist's defection left a very small nucleus. In reality, there are at Loting only thirty Christians and ten catechumens, while in the district outside of the city there are not yet fifty, including catechumens. Yet Father McShane is talking enthusiastically about getting the Sisters to help him, about organizing schools, a dispensary, a home for the aged, and so on and so on. One felt, in listening to the *vicar*, that Loting is at his feet, destined to rise and shine as a bright star in the Oriental heavens; and the more

we saw of Loting the easier it was to believe that Father McShane's hopes will yet be realized.

The city is large—the postal authorities give the district a population of 410,680—and it is the neatest we have seen. The people are friendly and always ready to smile a responsive greeting. The authorities are inclined to coöperate with the *Shan Foo*, and the public schools would gladly welcome his visit for an occasional lecture. Lastly, but not least in Father McShane's plan, the number of abandoned infants sent to heaven is increasing daily—an influence to which the mission attaches, and rightly, no small importance.

The Return to Lintan

We spent Monday and Tuesday very pleasantly at Loting, visiting several of the city institutions, some pagodas, and the Protestant doctor, whose wife is from Cambridge, Massachusetts, and who, with her, recently returned from their first furlough. Wednesday morning we proceeded "magnificently" from the mission down to the river bank, where another sampan, with more possible experiences, was awaiting us. We waved good-byes to Father McShane, Father Sweeney, and Brother Albert, until a bend in the river hid from us their white helmets and from them our once white handkerchiefs.

The weather again was perfect and we were being poled with the current, which meant *all pushee, no pullee*, with arrival at Lintan not long after dark. Our special solicitude was about that "little steamer". Would it be running at all, or must we invite another visit from *Captain Kidd* and his trusties?

A long day was before us, and the floor of the boat was not of soft wood, but the hours passed rapidly enough with breviary, conversation, and a couple of meals to fill them out. Our boat crew was again made up of four, a father, his two sons, and their uncle *Fat*. Father's place was at the bow, and *Uncle Fat* took a rear post, but whenever Father slipped his oar the two youths behind him shook with suppressed giggles. Outside of this form of amusement there was nothing to record, but as night fell again we began to fear that

our crew—which, by the way, had been rather difficult to secure, as news of our previous adventure had passed over the boat community of Loting—would insist on lying low until morning. They kept on, however, poling in silence, and about nine o'clock we saw in the distance some lights, enough to make us sure that we should arrive. The lights were attached to sampans lying about the town, which itself was in darkness.

We were anxious to find the "little steamer" and to know the worst at once. It had not arrived, but was expected, and if its parts hung together would probably start on the down trip in the morning. The news was good and we pushed up alongside of a friendly sampan, far enough away from the bank not to tempt thieves or soldiers, and that night the bed-and-board combination was quite satisfactory.

A Sensation on the "Little Steamer"

We awoke at five-thirty. There was the "little steamer" within six feet of us, making ready for a start at seven. The two *Ah's* got busy with our breakfast, warming a few pork chops that had been left over from a savory dish presented the night before. They gave us, also, good coffee with a dash of American canned milk, a knifeful of Australian canned butter, some of Father McShane's bread, and the end of a can of corn. By the way, let me not fail to record for posterity's use that, while we were at Loting its vicar prepared for us with his own hands a mince pie like— —used to make. It was "different" from one concocted for us at Wuchow, but we ate each in turn and suffered no discomforts from either.

We made a sensation as we climbed on to the "little steamer", up the companion-way to the "first-class" deck. This was about ten by eight. Over it were scattered what was left of four or five wicker chairs, a few of which had three legs and a broken back—enough when leaning against the boat rail to provide the normal sitting posture for comfort-spoiled travelers like ourselves. We were the only first-class passengers, but two shabbily dressed soldiers occasionally took places opposite us. I could hardly imagine those

worthy heroes in action, but the sight of their guns was not unwelcome. They soon heard from our two *Ah's* about our experience with the bandits and told us that we should have taken some soldiers along with us. Perhaps so,—and then again, perhaps not. There are soldiers and soldiers, especially in China, where "soldier" and "bandit" are interchangeable terms.

On the way down the river we learned that the scene of our hold-up was at or near a place called *Fohkok*. If we ever get a Maryknoll mission in that region some sympathetic benefactor might help its director to build a chapel in honor of the Good Thief.

A Glimpse of Father Chan's Mission

We arrived at the West River without a thrill shortly after noon, and so we had some hours to wait for the Hongkong steamer, due from Wuchow. We took a sampan for Takhing, an out-mission of the Macao Jesuits. We were so fortunate as to find our friend Father Chan "at home" in a mission "shop" which he had hired since his return from America, where, in the vicinity of New York, this fine young Chinese priest had spent a year after his studies in Europe.

Father Chan's school was in progress under its lay professor, and after a look at the youngsters and their teacher we started out with Father Chan to see the future possible site of his mission, while our *Ah's* should add some food and culinary skill to the meager supply of each which our host had on hand. It was three o'clock and we had not eaten since morning, so our walk would be short. It turned out to be only a few yards, because outside in the main alley we were told that the "great steamer" might put in an appearance "at any minute". Good-bye, Father Chan! Good-bye, Takhing! Good-bye, fire fanned by the *Ah's*! Good-bye, meal No. 2!

We hastened to the river bank, engaged two snappy-looking maidens to small-sampan us over to a large sampan on which our belongings had been left—and then—we waited until five o'clock, the original hour, for which we had cor-

rectly planned. Father Chan was distressed, and we were slightly so afflicted, but it was all in the day's experience and we made some use of the spare time quizzing Father Chan to get from him the Chinese point of view.

None the Worse for Wear

At last the whistle of the "great steamer" sounded, and when we reached its side we found our merry little Captain's face beaming a smile of welcome. It was very homelike that night, at dinner with the officers (no other passengers were aboard) on the open deck, with the bow of the boat headed for Hongkong. There is something "homey" about Hongkong. In two Orient trips it has been my headquarters, and I have constantly experienced the paternal kindness of Bishop Pozzoni, as well as the hospitality of the French Procure, where I have been made to feel as one of the household. And our own little Procure is nearby across the bay, and there, too, not far away, is the little group of *Marys* whose devotion is always ready to express itself even to the point of spoiling us.

We said Mass on the steamer next morning—Thursday—and early in the afternoon landed at the dock in Hongkong, none the worse for wear, and glad of our experiences.

Hongkong Possibilities

The next two weeks were passed in and around Hongkong and the days went rapidly. Fathers Walsh and O'Shea had returned from the North and there were many things to discuss. There were changes to be made in the year's program of mission activities in the field, while several important matters concerned our establishment at Hongkong itself.

Hongkong, it must be remembered, is the gateway to South China. It is not China proper, but belongs to England, and ecclesiastically it is under the direction of Bishop Pozzoni of the Milan Foreign Mission Society. Other societies, however—that of Paris, also the Spanish Dominicans, and, for the past year, our American mission—find it quite necessary to have in the city representatives who act as purchasing agents and who receive missioners and mer-

chandise. These representatives are also the financial agents of their respective missions; and in the case of a large society, the procurator, as he is called, leads a very busy life, requiring several assistants. The Bishop of Hongkong realizes the need of procurators and his relationship with them is most cordial and kindly, as is their relationship among themselves.

The future of the Maryknoll Procure occupied some of our remaining time at Hongkong. A site must be purchased or leased from the Government, and convenient sites are few and far between. There is also the question of a receiving house for the Maryknoll Sisters, and this is in itself a problem. Both questions become complicated by the fact that the Sisters, priests, and Brothers must keep in mind the need of accommodations for retreats and rest and future development.

The Bishop of Hongkong appreciates, also, the value of additional laborers who, as English-speaking-born, can help him to strengthen in Hongkong certain works which his holy zeal has planned. Such help can be given from the central houses in Hongkong without detriment to the outmissions of our own Society. There was much, then to consider, those last days in Hongkong.

Maryknollers Part

Before leaving Hongkong, we visited Canton to say goodbye to Father Fourquet and all our friends there; and on Saturday, December 17, our steamer was ready to turn south and west, that we might complete the big circle.

I had said Mass that morning at the Maryknoll Convent over in Kowloon. Several priests, including our host, Père Robert, came to the landing stage to see us off and Fathers Walsh, Ford and Cairns (Father O'Shea had already left for his mission) stayed with us on the steamer until the "All shore's agoin' ashore!" drove them reluctantly down into a little puffing motor boat which followed us as long as it could. These farewells across the Pacific are trying—at least I find them so. This time there was a long trip ahead, but as I looked over towards Kowloon and thought of the

little group of faithful Sisters, I knew that some fervent prayers were being offered for our safe journey, as also for God's blessing on all the exiles, themselves included, whom I was leaving to His protection.

China's Urgent Need

As the shores of China faded from view, the question came: "Is that country worth while for Christ and for American Catholic youth who would toil in its fields as His apostles?"

Of course it is worth while. *One* soul is worth while—and China has a quarter of all on this globe.

But the work of conversions requires laborers, supplies, and speed to keep up with the trend of events and to coöperate with the grace of God. I say speed, because China, rapidly awakening to self-consciousness, is facing the danger of materialism, which will obscure the vision of Christ and take away all desire for eternal truths.

The Chinese, especially those who live away from the large centers, are as yet simple and their religion, imperfect as it is, controls in some measure their lives, but the country is in a state of transition, passing from old habits and ancient superstitions—to what? That will depend on the kind of influence brought to bear upon it in our day and generation.

Politics at Present

Politically, China is still at sixes and sevens, without a stable government and without funds to develop its great resources. Two parties claim the right to govern the Republic, while the provinces are left to the mercies of military governors, many of whom are quite unfit for the task. On my former visit Doctor Sun Yat Sen, the active leader of the so-called Southern Party, was in hiding, but his star is just now in the ascendant and, at this writing, he is moving north after successes in the provinces of Kwangtung and Kwangsi.

The Peking Government, which Doctor Sun is attacking, has reached its borrowing limit, while the Doctor is pushing his military campaign by a system of taxes, which seem to yield the wherewithal, also, for many public improvements.

Taxes are, of course, not popular, and the provinces which Doctor Sun has taken are as yet badly policed, so that it is hard to say how strong a hold the "Southerners" have so far secured.

Our priests are, properly, guarded in their comments on things political. In talks with laymen appreciations were as varied as the number of those who gave them. Some speak highly of Doctor Sun; others refer to him as a theorist and something of a radical. He is, however, certainly showing good results in Kwangtung, and the Military Governor of that province enjoys an excellent reputation. Certainly Catholic priests have no reason to complain. They not only are subject to no interference, but in many places enjoy the special confidence of the Government. At Canton, for example, Father Fourquet has been requested by the Government to direct its several charitable institutions in that city.

The Opportune Time

The need of money will probably compel soon some sort of settlement of the political difficulties in China; and, after all, the task of organizing a Republic on modern lines, in a country so old and so wedded to traditions as China, is a tremendous one. Only ten years have passed since the Republic was founded. Unfortunately, during that period too many ex-bandits and other unscrupulous men have become political leaders, while respectable men have kept aloof. The masses of the people are not yet instructed in regard to the franchise, and they are helpless victims of the greed of office-holders and the depredations of other robbers who hold official position.

The Catholic Church must work as best she can under present conditions, preparing for the rapid development that must follow united government. With very limited resources the Church has already accomplished much in China—but there is not a missioner in that country who does not realize that, if God's grace could be adequately backed by a fair proportion of personnel and means, vastly more could be accomplished.

The Demand for Educators

The Church in China needs especially to develop along educational and medical lines.

If she is poorly represented in the lay world of China today, it is because education has been confined, with few exceptions, to the lowest grades. In the great cities, it is true, there are under Catholic direction what an American would call "high schools". These schools are conducted by Brothers, but their students are either largely pagan or European and Eurasian. The actual missionizing influence of these schools is small.

At Shanghai the Jesuits have in the past few years established a university—the *Aurora*—with several post-graduate courses, and this gives to Catholics the credit of having at least one university in China. There is reason to believe that if English-speaking Jesuits could be found to balance the labors of their French confrères they would be welcomed by the ecclesiastical authorities at Shanghai. There seems to be place, too, for another university at Peking, whose Bishop is anxious to see the Church properly represented in the activities of that great capital.* And in the South, Canton is spoken of as a possible center for a third. Universities, however, are very serious undertakings, and it may be that stable government will provide opportunities for Catholic students to pursue the higher courses with special encouragements for the safeguard of their Faith.

This much is certain, however: Catholic missioners must even now provide more than the *A*, *B*, *C* of education. In many districts there are no public schools of any kind, and in others only the Protestant school. Even where public and Protestant schools exist, there is always room for the Catholic school and the Government welcomes it. Such a school enables children to reach what we should call the high school grades, and the comparatively few who go higher can be provided for in special centers. Vocations to the priesthood, now lacking, would result from such schools,

*Since the above was written, the Benedictines have launched a University at Peking.

which would also supply catechists and a stronger laity. The life of our missions depends on such schools, and if until now they have been lacking the reason is the old one—no sinews of war.

The Church in China needs, also, a wider development of the press: more books and periodicals to strengthen the Catholic body and to instruct inquiring pagans; also, more frequent insertions in the secular dailies of items bearing on Catholic activities in China or elsewhere. Zealous and enterprising priests have already found the value of this form of mission enterprise.

Help and Self-Help

Then there is the matter of hospitals and dispensaries. The Church in China can already point to large and well-equipped hospitals in several large cities, and it does not need elaborate equipments in the smaller ones; but every mission should have its dispensary—and a good one—with one or more trained nurses in attendance, while some missions should have small hospitals with a resident physician. Every Catholic hospital is a threshold of conversions and a vestibule to Heaven. To the suffering poor of China it is, or can be made, a beautiful revelation of the spirit of Christ.

Of course, educational establishments and hospitals spell expense; but in many cases the initial cost only is the great item, because schools and hospitals can gradually be made self-supporting, at least to a considerable extent. Even today, in the Maryknoll School started at Yeungkong, a small charge is made and is met by a fair proportion of the pupils. Father Ford has now opened another school in an outlying mission and finds that the students can pay even a higher fee. In neither of these schools does the tuition—a few cents a week—go far, and the parents, quite poor as a rule, cannot provide the school buildings; but a principle is being applied, and the same principle can be carried into hospitals, where paying patients will make it possible to treat the poor free of charge.

The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America aims

to teach the Chinese to help themselves. It looks forward to a native clergy, to a self-supporting Catholic body, to a day when the appointment of a Chinese bishop will mean the assignment of future Maryknollers to some other field, in China or elsewhere. It may be years—possibly generations—before such conditions will be realized; but we will work always towards this end, which the Church wisely considers not only desirable but necessary.

JAMES ANTHONY WALSH
Maryknoll Superior

Chapter 3

CHIKLUNG'S MISSIONER

Chiklung, September, 1921

HE Buddhist monk slowly unbent and stood up straight and held out his wet yellow robe. The river was low and he had to lean far over to wash the garment for services on the morrow. He was really too old, the neighbors said, for washing properly, and reverence was forgotten while watching his awkward attempts.

But the old man heeded no remarks; besides he was almost deaf. His sixty years of cloistered life had dulled his ears to the noises of the busy Chinese about him, though his eyes were keen and under bushy, whitened brows they took in much of what was lost to hearing or to touch.

He was no sluggard and usually worked steadily, but today his eye had caught a strange sight passing. Perhaps it was the startled snort of a buffalo that attracted his attention and made him look up, for the peaceful animal is usually majestic in its self-control. He saw a boat approaching, one of the many sampans that squirm like beetles on the river, and at its prow a stranger stood—a Western foreigner. A long black robe differed somehow from the Chinese scholar's gown, and a black sash with a dash of red at the fringe caught the eye as it fluttered in the breeze.

The old monk paused and the yellow robe lay unnoticed against the slimy rocks. A foreigner in these parts! How the world was changing! He had heard a monk who had journeyed to Yeungkong tell of the advent of the "foreign devils", but here was one at his very elbow. Were the stories true, he wondered, that were told of these white men, their fast ships and flying vehicles and instruments that

told the hours of the day; and the stranger tales of occult powers, of medicines made of children's eyes, of a bitter drug that cured the chills and fevers of this marshy land, of salty water, signed and prayed over, that put devils to rout. At any rate he would find out whatever could be learned, for little passed unnoticed by this old, rheumatic man.

The stranger landed a few feet away and picked his cautious step up the slippery rocks. The monk was near the landing but seemingly intent again on pounding the virtue of cleanliness into his faded tunic.

"Pardon me, Elder Brother", said the stranger to the monk, "can you tell me where the Catholic church is in Chiklung?"

The monk, though deaf and busy, caught the words and answered in a deep, clear voice: "The dwelling next my own has such a sign above the door, but I have never seen a Christian enter yet." And encouraged by a smile, he added: "Are you a Catholic priest?" "Yes", answered the missioner, "and I am glad to see you, for I shall be your neighbor for awhile. Which is the house of which you spoke?"

The monk, with the inbred courtesy of a Chinese, wrung his wet robe, still far from spotless, and, shoving his feet into his sandals, began the ascent to the row of houses above them. He paused at the back of a little shop and pushed open its broken door. A water rat rushed out and roaches fled into corners. A spider's web with dusty rays was stretched from doorstep to lintel, while within, the moss-green paving had sprouted scrawny weeds.

"This is your home, and that is mine next door", said the monk, "and you will excuse me for a moment."

"Be it ever so humble", the missioner tried to say as he registered a tired smile. A wave of his hat cleared the cobweb, and the mission of Chiklung had a resident priest.

It was a new venture in the rapidly expanding Maryknoll Mission—a peaceful penetration into fields where white man never yet had lived. It was a résumé of the history of the Catholic Church the world over, a hearkening back to apostolic times when first the Gospel had been preached in pagan

parts. "Thus far and no farther", cried Canute to the unheeding waves; and with like success can anything stop the progress of God's message of salvation to all men.

But the moment was one of no exaltation for the missioner. A night on a draughty boat had robbed the sun's halo of its poetry and with a grim smile the priest began to set up his simple altar. His "boy" had followed from the boat with handbag and the day's provisions, and soon the tapers brightened another altar to the Unknown God. The tinkling of the *Sanctus* reached the neighbors' ears and the shadow of the Buddhist monk peeped in as the consecrated hands raised the Saving Host. The monk stood reverently till the end and then quietly slipped out, and when the priest had unvested he returned with tea and cakes.

They were an odd sight as they sat down to tea, the aged monk and the younger priest; symbolic, too, of the two religions. The monk with shaven head and dull gray gown, ascetic and austere, looked like a figure from the past, a past that had grown old and withered; while the priest, although he, too, was simply dressed and accustomed to austerity and prayer, had about him the grace of a living Faith, a religion ever young and never more vigorous. It was like a valedictory repast for the old man; he had ministered to the simple-minded natives, as generations in the monastery before him had done, and now the newer religion was, in God's good time, to supplant the old.

They talked little during the meal, except in smiles, for the priest was engrossed in plans for the future and the monk was too long habituated to silence to be a ready talker. A silent meal is soon ended; besides, it was so scanty it did but whet the appetite of youth and already the boy was preparing some eggs and coffee on a more generous scale.

The old monk withdrew and soon through the open door could be heard the dull tom-tom and the droning chant in which he spent half his day.

The priest had a busy morning ahead of him. An hour's war on uninvited guests rid the house of its age-long tenants, three pans of dust, and a motley collection of broken jugs and crockery. It was a simple house to clean with no panes of

glass nor draperies, no pictures on the walls nor dusty furniture, no rugs nor varnished floor; simply and solely four walls with a loft and three openings that served as doorways and windows. Before the day closed there were matting near the altar, four chairs and a table and bed installed, the walls whitewashed and locks on the doors.

The Christians of this mission were not so few as the monk had imagined, though even the altar boy was a pagan. Within the town of seven thousand souls there was one Catholic, and scattered in villages were fifty others, baptized, some of them, more than twenty years before by a passing missioner.

That sums up the start of the Chiklung mission. Before a month had passed there were twenty catechumens, and a school of thirty boys; Christianity had begun to take hold in Chiklung.

FRANCIS X. FORD

American Catholic Mission, Chiklung,
November, 1921.

We spent the night on the boat, during the last lap of our journey here. Tired of body from crouching so long under the low, rounded roof, and exhausted from drinking too much hot tea (the only safe drink to be had), we were in the mood to welcome sleep. But there were contrary influences.

Chinese Nights' Entertainments

There was no wind during the night and the sailors kept whistling for the Wind Dragon. We thought we detected at times the air of "My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean" and were tempted to join in. The sailors would have thought, however, that we were either poking fun at the superstition or practicing it. The boat had several charms, done in Chinese black on heavy yellow paper, for protection at sea. They guaranteed, in the name of the thunderbolt god, help during storms, from the auspicious star of Confucius and from the divinities of all temples and waters en route. The pagan

priests haven't yet invented a magic paper to save the trouble of whistling for wind.

We might have dozed, under the deceitful imagination that we were hearing a lullaby, but the passengers, intent on getting their money's worth out of the excursion (twelve hours on the boat, with supper, cost twenty cents), wouldn't stop talking, and our old catechist never sleeps at night. He delivered a four-hour discourse on the Catholic Church, at the same time smoking and chewing a French brier pipe, the gift of Bishop-elect Gauthier.

The "City" of Chiklung

In the morning we were on the shallow Chiklung River and saw the long line of shops stretched along the north bank. There is no lack of pagodas and temples to cast favorable shadows upon the market's many low buildings. The shops are grouped so closely that it is hard to distinguish one from another. You think you see a building with three barred openings, and you find it is a group of three shops each with its own air-hole.

Chiklung (*Weave Baskets*) no longer specializes in grass baskets. Wooden sandals it now makes better and cheaper than any other place in South China. A nice pair, with soles and heels six inches thick and cloth tops, costs thirty cents, and they last the most active boy for six months. Their use instead of leather or near-leather shoes in America would save the average family between fifty and a hundred dollars a year, discourage over-speeding, and provide a handy missile for self-defense.

Maryknoll Headquarters

Our shop is towards one end of the market. I myself cannot pick it out until I get near enough to see the Chinese and American flags on the sign my catechist painted. It is large enough for one good-sized room, but is now divided into four. The purpose for which it is intended cannot be realized without adding a story or two, and some windows, and many bricks, and much plaster, to the present foundation and walls. The building is meant for school, chapel, priest's

1. Chiklung hopefuls 2. Two bright scholars 3. Temporary chapel

IN THE CHIKLUNG AREA

house, and Christians' room and club, and it would take about seven hundred and fifty dollars to transform it.

I don't know its age, but I fear me our shop is dying of old age. Yesterday while I was saying Mass, a tall fat Chinese entered. There was no low music as the chapel floor gave way under his feet, though he got much loud advice. I had a carpenter in today and all he could do was shake his head, and say all the beams were gone as well as the floor. I would prefer to put any money I can get into our proposed new building, and even now I am buying bricks.

The Useful River

The back door of our shop opens upon the river, making it handy for the dealer in ducks, who has his headquarters in the main room. We shall have no excuse for not enjoying a daily swim with the neighbors, and the stream gives an unlimited supply of not over-clean water for drinking and cooking. The fish and mussels, the latter unusually small, are being caught all day long, right under our noses, for us and others. Nets, lines, and even bare hands, are so busy that one wonders why the supply does not fail. Frequently there is fishing by torchlight. Always there is plenty to see, as the people who live in the boats are full of life.

The Boat People

The only window of our Chiklung house gives the missioner a full view of the village life of some of the boat tribe. They are an aboriginal tribe, speaking an altogether different language from the Chinese. On the land they are like fish out of water. They are said never to intermarry with "land-lubbers", but somehow or other their tongue has crept into many villages in the Chiklung section. Each family has a boat, its own little kingdom, and, there being plenty of fish, all look better fed than most of our land neighbors. Christianity is, with a few rare exceptions, unknown to them.

Before leaving the market, by special invitation we had a swim from one of the boats. The water was almost hot and the current surprisingly swift. Nevertheless, the men and boys go in several times a day, and wash jacket and trousers,

undressing and dressing in the water. They seem to let the clothes dry on them. Women and girls also jump in daily.

Christianity in Chiklung

We met one Christian, an old man baptized nearly twenty-five years ago. He is not too well instructed, but he had zeal enough to bring about twenty men to see the Fathers and ask for instructions. He invited several young Protestants, who wanted to know wherein we differed from the *Happy News Religion*. The American Presbyterians have a school and meeting hall here, in charge of a native, but their Chinese name of *Old And Exalted Society* is not used and their followers call themselves *Happy News Religion* men.

One of the callers hoped we would start a hospital, which is much needed in the town. They advised us, as the old Catholic and our would-be catechumens had done, to get higher ground for a permanent location for the mission chapel, school, and residence.

Seeking the Site

Chiklung suffers once in a while from floods, and then all shops on the bank of the river get too much water. They say that low shops are sometimes completely covered with water.

We hunted through the market and environs, and saw a number of sites that can be secured for from six hundred to eight hundred dollars, according to size and location. If bricks and logs are imported via Yeungkong City, at least one thousand dollars each will be required for school, residence, and chapel. The immediate need, however, in Chiklung, is to "make well," as the Yeungkongers say, our home by the useful river.

ANTHONY P. HODGINS

American Catholic Mission, Chiklung,
December, 1921.

The whitewashing brightened the shop so much that it looks larger than its actual measurement of ten feet by ten

feet, which is roomy enough for the present congregation of ten men. Eight are learning the prayers. Of the other two, one is an old Christian and one a catechist.

The catechumens, who are principally shop workers, incline to recite the prayers in the tone used by the monk next door. Chiklung once had another Catholic who is now a Buddhist monk, daily reciting the meaningless sounds that scholars assert are an imitation of the Sanscrit used by the first Buddhist who came to China from India. Our catechist is working hard to have the prayers said together, by the fast ones who are finishing, and by the slow ones who are beginning, a prayer that he has half said. He dislikes to have the learners spit on the floor of the chapel, but they regard the two cuspidors we bought lately as too pretty for use. As we say Mass, we hear the questions the catechumens ask about what the priest is doing and about the prayers, and we may notice one bolt down the ladder from the loft to the street on the call of someone across the way. The congregation is improving slowly and we are proud of it.

"Men only" is what must be said to women who want to hear of Our Savior. The chapel is too small for the complete separation of sexes that is required in China. One more man might squeeze in, but not more than one. Boys also have to stay out, and a school in the present quarters is as impossible as a squared circle.

Chiklung Ambition

But Chiklungers wish us to start two schools, one for boys, the other for girls. For the latter there is none in town. The mandarins, civil and military, had a smoke with us in the corner where we have our cots. The civil chief boasts of being baptized, and his military highness has a son whom he wishes to have study at our school. They joined with us in the hope that by the Chinese New Year two Catholic schools will be open, where children can learn of the God of love and at the same time get a good course in the subjects taught in the pagan schools. Another need in Chiklung, our visitors suggested, is an orphanage, a public one staffed

and supported by Catholics. As yet, however, we haven't the four thousand dollars needed for schools, or even a part of it, and cannot begin to consider the very good plans proposed to the supposedly wealthy Americans.

The officials were ready to help us by action as well as suggestions when we made known the information that thirteen years ago Chiklungers showed their friendliness by buying for the Church the shop we now live in, and that the deed entrusted to one of them, a pagan like the others, could not be located. Soldiers were sent to the family of the deceased custodian, who regretted that the instrument was lost, after having previously told us how much silver they would like. The soldiers regretted that they would have to take all the family to the prefect, and then one of the sons thought that perhaps they had not looked thoroughly in every book. The one book of the family, taken from a hole in the wall, surely enough had the deed that showed the Church owned the shop. The land alone was worth the money these friends of long ago, all dead now except one, had paid for it.

The Real Estate Market

We thought we had examined every piece of property in and around Chiklung, but we traversed the hills and valleys many times, led by middlemen keen for a commission. We were prejudiced against one site for a mission because the boys and girls of the neighborhood found the stranger so funny-looking they were likely to become ill from laughing. We were taken to the spacious courts and buildings of an immense temple surrounded with grounds made beautiful by numerous flowering trees and pretty plants. A monk in charge served tea and fancy cakes and tobacco and pipe, and exibited the many gods, each enclosed in a tabernacle and partly hidden with a veil like a mosquito netting. The estate is worth fifteen thousand dollars but is too far from the busy mart even should we dream of ever having so much money. We were laughed at in the shop when we spoke of the kind monk and then learned "he" was a nun. We had read that Buddhist nuns and monks are hard to tell

apart, both being clean-shaven in face and pate and wearing characteristic loose trousers and flowing robes. Now we believe.

At last our new home was found, right under our noses on the same street as our little shop, in the block where carpenters and pig dealers congregate. It consists of five superannuated shops ready to be torn down, bounded by the river at the rear, the street in front, a creek on one side, and a shop on the other. We had no difficulty in agreeing on a price, as the owner is a Yeungkonger. And he is willing to wait a while until the thousand dollars visit us. Had he been a Chiklunger and his middleman of the same town, we would have had the difficulties and disappointments already experienced too often. For the trick for which its sales-specialists are noted is to first agree on an excessive price, and then later tell you that the principal is still willing to sell at that low price, but, alas, there are other owners in common who want several times as much. More than twenty places that we looked over had each several owners. Here there are no real estate offices that list desirable properties together with prices; owners never set a figure until after a siege by a real buyer.

ANTHONY P. HODGINS

Chinese Markets

On the twenty-first we were in Chiklung in time for Mass. Five of the market people were present. Almost all of the eight thousand who live here find market day a help to remind them of pagan sacrifices. Nearly every store carries a stock of incense, and candles, and lucky paper, and firecrackers, and food for sacrifice. Like the smiths of Ephesus, many workers get their living by making articles in demand because of the seasons' superstitions. Those in public services, soldiers and school teachers, have the first day of the week free, and if the markets also kept that day it would be less difficult for shop people to inquire into the Faith or hear Mass.

Another Saint Thomas' School

From the ruins of four old shops our school building is rising. It extends along the street about sixty-five feet, is twenty-five feet wide and is separated from the river by a playground. When ready to resound with the shouting of boys studying aloud, it will have two stories above the basement of brick. We say "when", and we hope that day is not many months away. First of all, the bricks and labor demand not less than three thousand dollars. This is considerable money, but the pagan schools with which we compete cost more, and our building will also serve as chapel and priest's house. And then, labor cannot be hurried along; it must have time to wash clothes, get haircuts, recreate, and talk during working hours. The price of material is on the increase for the foreigner and its delivery is painfully slow.

The school will be patterned after the one in Yeungkong and will be called Saint Thomas', likewise. The course will be graded after the manner of the new schools of the Republic and will have religion in addition, which means competent teachers and more outlay than the old-style school. The Government is insisting on good schools, and the people, if they have any choice, prefer the new style.

Taoism

So far as we can see, the Taoists have the hold on the people of Chiklung. Buddhists, like the monk next door, are not called on for funerals or other religious ceremonies.

Almost every week, the river outside our window is the scene of a Taoist affair for the dead. The religious has a black robe for this occasion, and a special hat. He carries a twig on which is tied a ribbon of white and red, and waves the twig while he chants, providing he is not clashing the cymbals. The women, heads covered with sackcloth, mourn aloud. The men wearing special coats and hats of sackcloth, group around a few lighted candles. This is outside the boat, on a sand bar. There is a procession to the boat, all holding a long, wide strip of cloth, yellow except for a white end. Marching up the gangplank is a feat, for the women's heads are still covered. On the boat, after a smoke

and rest, there are offerings of food, cymbal banging, and more wailing. The whole performance appears too business-like, and the onlookers are not reverent or sympathetic.

Money must be paid the Taoist religious, and the paraphernalia (paper men and houses to be burnt on the sand, and food thrown on the fire) costs something. This would seem to indicate some belief, even if the kotowing, as men and women moved in a circle about the ashes of the fire, did not. The long cloth that has the name of the deceased upon it is treated with a care that may be reverence. Certainly paganism is not dead, to say the least.

Out-Station Problems

A Christian from Sanhui brought us a duck and chicken and the news that trespassers were still making use of the Church's property there. Our best Chiklung scribe presented a formidable-looking document to the head of police in Sanhui, asking him to look after our property. Among the other visitors this market day was the Saitung catechist. Saitung is a little village where we cannot get a suitable local man to instruct the people. We had to dismiss our visitor, since he shows little real interest in the Faith and refuses to give up his vicious habit of smoking opium. As soon as we can have some Chiklung men trained by Father Meyer, they will be very useful in the villages and small markets.

The pastor's trip to the city of Yeungkong, from December 10 to 13, for confession and some Christmas supplies, had the usual element of no rest for the wicked. The Chinese, who crowded with him on the night boat, like to be surrounded above, below, and on all sides by pigs, cattle, and fowl, which no doubt give material for dreams of feasting. As the wind was against the little boat connecting Faocheung with Yeungkong, to say Mass on time called for a three hours' walk.

Citizens of the World

When the Knollers first went to Chiklung, in front of a small drug store they were startled by hearing: "How you

do? Where you come from?" The owner is a Protestant, who was cook in Oregon for thirty years and who hopes to prove his skill if ever we own a good American stove and get some food that can be made palatable. He insisted on the stove.

Old Mr. Yung (his name was easy to pronounce in America), having known only the Oregon of eighteen years ago, believes prices are higher in the United States than here. There he bought meat for a few cents a pound and a chicken for a quarter. Another wrong idea he has, though he is polite enough not to say much about it, is that Americans as Americans ought to be Protestants. On the ship, and in the hotel, and in the home where he charmed Western palates, he seems to have met only Protestants.

Since we met him he has called on us twice, dressed in his American clothes. On leaving he always says: "Goodbye. Come again."

Chiklung's First Christmas

Our walls were covered with festoons of green branches and several shops lent their vases and sprigs of green. We were unable to buy a single flowering plant in the market, and were told that only the Buddhist monasteries, some distance away, had such.

Outside the shop, huge red posters with gold lettering let the market know 'twas Christmas, and that Christians were happy and wished others the same happiness. Inside, the signs told what a Catholic must avoid: more than one wife, opium smoking, and superstitions; and what he should do: attend Mass and prayers, keep the Ten Commandments, and have his wife and children instructed. We put up some pictures of the Nativity, against a background of red paper that is liked so much hereabouts.

On Christmas Eve we examined twelve candidates for Baptism, and three of them were baptized on Christmas Day after the solemn Mass. The nine were put off, some because they had not studied long enough, and the others because their studying had not taught them enough. Baptisms over, the pastor explained how free the new Christians

were from sin and how, with God's grace they could keep their souls clean.

Chiklung never had a Midnight Mass before, nor a choir, which the pastor and the catechist made possible. And then, in addition, to have another Mass sung in the morning was almost too much to give the market for its first Christmas. At the Midnight Mass were eight Communions, but no Chiklunger could receive.

The thirty-one Chinese present each contributed forty cents, the Fathers donated a young pig, and there was earnest eating from morn till night, until we, who have no small appetites, wondered how they could do it. This Christmas we missed the women and the children. Just now we see only men. The school, once it is running, should attract the boys, and later women catechists will teach the women and girls.

On Christmas Day we saw one sad sight from our window that overlooks the river. Some men on a sampan had a supply of rice wine and were playing a game of guessing numbers, the loser being required to drink a bowl of liquor. One fine strapping fellow was a poor guesser. At four in the afternoon he was insensible, and the next morning he was removed in a coffin. Since living in the midst of the market, we have seen more drinking than we expected. About two cents (American) buys a cupful of rice wine, so even the poor can have their strong drink. We see no quarreling because of drink, but the effects are apparently not cheering.

ANTHONY P. HODGINS

American Catholic Mission, Chiklung,
January 5, 1922.

We much enjoy our aged chef. His specialty is a hamburg steak of pig meat, flavored with garlic. If ever he learns to prepare another dish, we hope it will be equally perfect, despite his dirty hands and smoky kitchen and fondness for opium.

While washing our cutlery in the winding Chiklung River, the cook lost one of our two forks. We take turns at the piece of wire he twisted into two prongs, but it gets caught in the teeth and we have offered a reward to the boat people for finding and returning the other, no questions asked.

The "Snug" Little Shop

The curate is now at Chiklung, enjoying our snug little shop. We have made a fair division of the one room and try to respect the imaginary line that we use instead of a wall.

We eat, study, wash, recite our lessons, and do ever so many things in the same room, and begin to believe we have lived together many years, so well do we know each other's peculiarities, not to mention secrets revealed in sleep. For certain matters like the Office, we have been forced to arrange the same hours, and whenever the Christians meet in the shop for prayers in common, we attend.

The Cross in Chiklung.

We can't hurry the building, but it is a gladsome sight to see the three crosses on the rooftree. They overlook the river and the market and the main roads to the villages. Now, in speaking of us to the stranger, the man who knows tells of the prominent crosses that mark our hoped-for school. The cross here goes by the name of the Chinese character for the numeral ten, which is made like the Roman cross. The carpenters at first made our crosses more like the Chinese character for mountain, which is much used by the pagan monks who are wont to live on the mountains, and which looks like the Tau cross turned upside down.

Not all of the people are friendly and courteous. They encourage the little children to follow us and shout *"Foreign devil!"* The Maryknoller told one father, who was laughing at his boy playing this game, that he wasn't really a foreign devil. This led to an invitation to a seat and a smoke from an immense bamboo pipe too big for the average mouth.

The house opposite our entrance belongs to a prominent druggist. To show his dislike for us, he took up all the

granite blocks in front of our school, on the public road, claiming to have bought them from the village elders. He also boarded the front of his home so our *devilish* eyes cannot injure any of his dear ones.

As our present catechist doesn't yet feel sure of the local patois, we are putting our limited Chinese to its full use and conducting the catechism class every night. After that, we give a ten minutes' display of the peculiar and funny English tongue. Sometimes we have as many as thirteen men present.

Advertising the Church.

The pastor involuntarily advertised the mission while on a vessel bound for Chiklung. It was about seven o'clock and getting dark. A good wind was blowing and the junk was in the open sea. Suddenly, and quickly for such a clumsy assortment of mattings, the sail got beyond control and swung around on its pivot. The pastor was on the round roof above the deck and the sail had designs on his head and chest. He ducked and slid off the shed. The end of the roof he grabbed was rotten and it went with him as he fell softly into the water. He tried to get hold of the rudder and missed it by an inch.

The Knoller did not hear all the pandemonium of shouting that kept up while he swam towards the boat, which the wind carried some distance before the sail was lowered. Lumber thrown off for his use, he thought was wreckage. It was easily half an hour before he got near enough to the boat to be helped by boatmen who jumped in with planks. All he lost in the water were his spectacles and breviary and the shape of his beard.

Some of the explanations of the escape are interesting. One was that Americans are used to washing in cold water (even the poorest Chiklunger manages to get hot water for ablutions). Another opinion maintained was that white men do not fear deep water, and where fear does not enter in, shoes and overcoat and many shirts make no difference. It was agreed, at any rate, that the Father was a Number One swimmer and very generous; when delicately reminded

(as foreigners usually have to be) of a reward to the crew, he gave them United States shirts and a dollar and a half, American.

Our own explanation is that our catechumens had said "God protect you"—the regular greeting among Catholics—and that is why other Knollers are not saying Masses for a deceased brother.

ANTHONY P. HODGINS

Catholic Mission, Hongkong,
June 1, 1922.

Father Hodgins had been living alone in his mission at Chiklung during February and March. On April 6, Fathers Ford and Taggart were surprised to see him arrive at Yeungkong. He came in a chair, as usual, but when they rushed to greet him, they found him so sick that he had to be helped into the house. He said that he had not been feeling well since the first of the month, and not getting better, had decided to visit his confrères. It was a wise decision. His confrères saw that he was a very sick man, and urged that he start at once for Hongkong, where he could receive expert care.

Father Hodgins agreed to this, and Father Vogel was actually making arrangements for the journey, when the Presbyterian Mission doctor, who had been called, put in his veto. Father Hodgins had pneumonia, he said, and could not stand the trip. It was too late to move him,—not only to Hongkong, but even to the Presbyterian Hospital, only a half mile away. The doctor was right. The sick missioner had pneumonia in full tide, and the only thing possible was to treat him as best they could where he was.

The two priests settled down to fight the pneumonia. They divided the nursing, and also trained a Chinese boy, Joseph Chan, to relieve them occasionally. This boy's devotion to Father Hodgins through his long sickness was very unusual. The Protestant mission doctors—there were three alternately—were constant in attendance and exerted themselves to give all possible medical aid.

On Holy Thursday, April 13, pneumonia was at its height. Father Hodgins asked for the Last Sacraments. Father Taggart administered them, and then wired to Hongkong stating that his condition was critical. The religious houses of Hongkong, which are numerous, offered special prayers. Then it appeared that the pneumonia reached no crisis; the fever went down by lysis, and immediate danger was over. At the end of April, Father Hodgins was apparently no better and no worse. At this juncture, it was decided that his best chance lay in going to Hongkong, the doctors believing he could stand the trip, provided a boat with decent accommodations could be secured instead of the usual Chinese junk. A representative of the Standard Oil Company kindly gave one of its big launches and crew for that purpose, and we made quick time. Our patient was delighted at the prospect of going to a real hospital. Twenty-four hours after we put him on the boat at Yeungkong we put him into bed at Saint Paul's Hospital, Causeway Bay, Hongkong. He stood the trip splendidly, though, indeed, there was not much to stand, for the *Star of the Sea* made the water as smooth as a millpond the whole way along a normally rough coast. At Hongkong, the doctor and the Sisters, however, were not optimistic, for they found at once that Father Hodgins had typhoid with the pneumonia. "One chance out of ten", said the doctor.

Fathers Ford and Taggart had come with Father Hodgins, and in addition Fathers Cairns, Vogel, and Donovan were in Hongkong; so there were plenty of Maryknollers about. We visited Father Hodgins every day. Bishop Gauthier arrived and dropped in to cheer him up. Bishop Pozzoni and his clergy called often. Father "Tony" was glad to see everybody, and let no one go away without a kind word. He was always the same, always his cheerful composed self —but always—no better. So ten days went by.

On Saturday, May 20, he took a bad turn. "We hoped till now", said the doctor. Yet Father Hodgins was as usual—philosophical. He had been prepared for death five times before during this sickness; now he was prepared again. Asked if he had anything special to say, he replied

characteristically that he thanked all for the trouble they had taken.

From Saturday on, a priest was with him night and day. The doctor said he might hold out the week, and I wired those of our missioners who were not too far away. About this time Father Wiseman arrived, and took a place at the sick bed. Monday night, Father Hodgins had a very bad turn. Father Taggart prepared him for death, and from then on he was apparently unconscious. The doctor said, however, it was quite probable that he could hear and understand, though he could make no sign; so from time to time we repeated ejaculations and gave absolutions. Tuesday night, May 23, Father Taggart and I were staying at the hospital. At ten-thirty we went out for a breathing spell, leaving at his bedside Sister Therèse, his nurse, who throughout his illness had shown wonderful kindness and devotion. We had hardly left the room when she sent a hurry call for us. It was the end; a few last prayers, a hurried absolution, and, after almost two months of struggle and suffering, Father Hodgins breathed out his soul peacefully and quietly.

The funeral was held the next day from the cathedral, because by law this cannot be delayed more than twenty-four hours. We had a Solemn Requiem Mass. Bishop Pozzoni gave the absolution, both in the cathedral and at the grave. The Mass was said at noon and at two the interment took place at Happy Valley Cemetery, where, in the presence of almost all the clergy and religious of Hongkong, our missioner was laid beside Father Price.

JAMES E. WALSH

Maryknoll-on-Hudson,
August, 1922.

The memory of Father Hodgins is fresh and clear among those who knew him. It is not in sorrow that we now think of him, for Christ prayed before his death: "Father, I will that where I am, they also whom Thou hast given me may be with me; that they may see my glory which Thou hast given

me." Father Hodgins still lives on in the glory of Christ; he is a Maryknoller even in eternity.

Born in Brooklyn in 1885, graduated with distinction from the University of New York, commended as a brilliant young lawyer by his civil superiors—such will perhaps be the story told in secular circles. His entrance and stay at the Josephite House in Baltimore, his desire to work for the negro missions in this country, his admittance to Maryknoll, and the sacrifice of his life for souls, will probably be less esteemed.

But the heart of Maryknoll, with which his beat in unison, holds him a calm, cheerful man, kind to those in need, persevering under difficulty. One who knew him best has said, "Father Hodgins was of a nature which difficulties would interest, rather than dishearten." Others have told of personal gifts and kindness timed to meet their need. He had his touch, too, of friendly humor which they who knew him well remember.

Of his economy a friend at Maryknoll says, "It aimed mainly to limit his own needs in order that he might help the needs of others." And, indeed, his own word to a Maryknoller, written not many months ago, in all simplicity and candor, is excellent proof of this: "The ten dollars sent me as my share of the Maryknoll priests' gift to brothers in China, I am using for my school fund. I have no personal needs. I eat the Chiklung grub with relish and do not grow thin; I wear the long robes of the Chinese gentleman and am none the less handsome. Were my present home (the ex-duck shop) large enough for a school and fit for a chapel, I should be perfectly content."

As man, friend, and priest, Father Hodgins has deeply impressed his fellow workers. His two hundred and eight catechumens will doubtless feel his interest still. All Maryknoll will profit by the impress of his life.

A Maryknoll Student

Father Hodgins' Missionary Career

Father Hodgins arrived in the Maryknoll missions in November, 1920, with the third group, and was assigned to

Yeungkong, which he reached early in December. He set himself earnestly to the study of the language and made unusual progress in speaking, though his slightly advanced age was a drawback in mastering both Chinese tones and vocabulary.

While a student at Yeungkong, he methodically prepared the daily account for the Yeungkong Diary and took charge of the small dispensary. To him is due the credit of reorganizing the Yeungkong parochial school in accordance with the Government educational program, and he daily taught English and calesthenics to the boys.

In September, 1921, he was assigned to Chiklung, a town in the Yeungkong Subprefecture, where he was the first foreigner to take up residence. His mission included the western third of Yeungkong and all of Tinpak Subprefecture except Shuitung, a territory about eighty miles long and twenty wide. Of the one hundred Christians baptized on short visits by his five predecessors, he found, on his first and only tour, about twenty-five still living. He placed catechists at Sheungyeung and Popai, where there was promise of conversions.

But his chief labors centered on the town of Chiklung. For four months he lived in the loft of a small shop, while buying land and building the present mission compound. His business ability is evident from the fact that he supervised the erection of a three-story building with elevenrooms, and the repair of a second building, at a cost of only five thousand dollars gold. His mission compound was blessed on March 25 in the presence of the civil and military authorities, visiting priests, and two hundred Catholics from neighboring missions.

The inclemency of the weather during the celebration, following the trying supervision of the building, weakened his strong constitution and within a week he was obliged to forego the celebration of Mass. He had himself carried to Yeungkong and underwent treatment for pneumonia by several doctors there. He was taken to Hongkong and placed in Saint Paul's Hospital under the care of the Sisters of Saint Paul de Chartres. Despite their skillful nursing,

Father Hodgins did not rally, and, in the presence of the Mission Superior and Father Taggart, after calmly receiving the Last Sacraments, he died on Tuesday evening, May 23.

Father Hodgins' career as a missioner was very short, yet indicative of qualities that showed executive ability, enthusiasm in work, and a keen appreciation of the need of mortification and prayer. His reputation for painstaking thoroughness was sustained as much in China as in America. His work among the Chinese was zealous and covered the evening catechism class and carefully prepared talks. Although by nature reserved and strict, with the Chinese he was genial and they were attracted to him. With his fellow missioners he was agreeable, ready to do a service promptly and whole-heartedly, but quiet and content to follow the suggestions of others. In the midst of distractions inseparable from a missioner's work, Father Hodgins was a strict observer of his own rule of life and the Rule of the Society.

Francis X. Ford

CHAPTER 4

BISHOP GAUTHIER'S EARLY MISSIONS

(Kochow and Yeungkong)

American Catholic Mission, Kochow,
January, 1922.

AMONG the matters under discussion at the reunion in Kowloon was the kind offer by Bishop Pozzoni of Saint Louis School. Its acceptance made it necessary for the Maryknoll Mission Superior to take up his residence in Hongkong, to guide its early days as a Maryknoll institution, thus leaving Wuchow vacant. The *titulaire* of Kochow was transferred thereto, and the western vacancy was filled by giving Father Meyer double responsibility as pastor of Kochow and director of the new Catechist School.

The faithful of Kochow and Maoming, its district, received the announcement of their impending loss with cheerful resignation. The settling of a half-dozen "slaykons" and preparations for the Christmas Feast were accompanied by the hammering together of boxes to escort the former pastor's effects to Wuchow.

Diabolical Persecution

Since my return from retreat last fall, the principal event has been the baptism of a woman who for three years has been the victim of apparently diabolical persecution. These persecutions have been generally rather petty, such as being awakened from sleep by a blow, or hearing harsh, unnatural cries at her side at times when she was preoccupied with some household duty and being startled into dropping whatever she might have in hand. At other times they were more violent, such as throwing her completely out of bed. Although the entire family, husband and wife and two boys,

A KOCHOW PAGODA

PAGAN TEMPLES IN THE KOCHOW SECTOR

testified that they, and the neighbors as well, heard the cries, it was only the wife who received bodily assault. The husband, a man of about fifty, had spent all he had in trying superstitions and incantations, but without avail. Finally one day the victim consulted a sorceress, and the latter, during her seance, made the statement, astounding from such a source, that only the Lord of Heaven had power over the spirit oppressing her. "Lord of Heaven" is the Catholic term for God, distinct from that used by the Protestants and pagans, and consequently the entire family came to the mission compound asking for relief.

I was away at the time, but the catechist gave them some holy water and explained the necessity for believing in the true God and freeing the house of all superstitions. After my return, the husband came back for more holy water, stating that relief was always obtained by sprinkling it around, and that the attacks were not so frequent. He also left the older boy at the mission school to study Catholic doctrine. The others at home learned the rudiments, and from time to time applied for Baptism, but I told them I would send them a catechist. I was afraid that the case might be one of hysteria, rather than truly diabolical. In addition, in the section in which this family resides, there is not another Catholic, and I wished to be sure of a good start. Twenty years ago, a catechist sent there had been burned alive by his own pagan relatives, and unusual bitterness against the Church existed until quite recently. As the people of the district had all become interested in the case, and had even sent delegations asking the missioner's help to free the woman from her persecution, we were trying to go slowly so as to make the best of our unlooked-for opportunity.

Affairs were at this stage when I went to Hongkong for retreat. The attacks had decreased considerably, and even when they were most violent, the sprinkling of holy water would give relief. All the holy water had run out, however, when a relative paid the family a visit. During his stay, he went to a nearby pagan shrine and performed one of the usual superstitions. As though Satan considered this a

special invitation, the attacks became particularly violent and the ghostly cries drove the superstitious relative away. The family took the woman into the home of our catechist, trusting that the Catholic environment would protect her, as in fact it did. Noting this, they borrowed money from the clan and rebuilt their house, hoping the demon would abandon his attack with the loss of his accustomed haunts.

On my return, having investigated the matter, and being quite satisfied that the manifestations were really diabolical, I arranged that Father Meyer and I should soon go to the new home and baptize the entire family. However, on my return from the recent visitation, I again found the woman waiting for me, saying that the attacks were continuing as before, and begging me to baptize her immediately instead of waiting for Father Meyer's arrival.

Charity would admit of no further delay. So, bringing her into the chapel, I made her a child of God and freed her from her savage persecutor, reading the exorcisms with more than ordinary recollection and fervor. She left in joy, promising to return immediately if the attacks were continued. As ten days have elapsed without adverse report, we hope that Satan has been completely routed.

WILLIAM F. O'SHEA

American Catholic Mission, Kochow,
March 12, 1922.

You will note that I am settled at Kochow. By getting down here early I have been able to give about eight weeks to the school before having to make the visitation of the Christians. I am very glad now that I have done so because it is proving valuable for myself as well as for them.

The Catechist School

The school is enough of a success, to make its continuation an assured part of our policy in the future. I have been convinced of the truth of Father Price's words, "*We must have catechists and make them effective.*" I was fortunate in

finding a book of outlines of instructions to catechumens, written in French but to be given in Chinese, that just fitted in with the length of my course. In addition I have two very good catechists to help me. There are twenty-five men here getting four instructions a day. The catechists give two—the third is read from a sermon book in Chinese—and I give one. This leaves me time necessary for preparation and for my own work in Chinese.

The longer I am here the more convinced I become that our one watchword must be "Instruction". The hospital, the school, and other means will bring the people, but our work is of little use if we do not instruct them. The more I think of it the more it seems to me that the places with which I have been in touch, personally or otherwise, all show less a lack of converts than lack of opportunity and means for systematic instruction. Every individual missioner, no matter how well or how badly he spoke the language or how newly arrived, was almost necessarily left to his own devices.

A case in point: in 1902 a priest baptized three hundred adults in Sunyi district. It was after the Boxer trouble and a decree of the Empress Dowager had started something of a movement towards the Church. Of that number, I am sure, from what I know of the Chinese, that a large proportion were men who would have made good Christians if they knew what Christianity meant, and would have handed it down to their children. What was really the case? Many fell away; many died without taking care to have their children baptized; and on my arrival in Tungchen, out of that three hundred I did not find fifty of either themselves or their children.

Evangelization in the Open

We have before us, I believe, a great work. The Chinese are capable of much enthusiasm, and once given to a belief or practice they do not easily abandon it. Pagan beliefs are losing their hold, that is patent, for they have lost the imperial sanction and many are so obviously puerile that new China will not even consider them. We must instruct our

Christians, so that they may be able to give reasons for their faith. Formerly the Church had to hide, but now she must come out into the open and dispute with paganism the possession of men's souls, and our Christians must be so well instructed that they can take part in the fight. Every well-instructed Christian family will be a focus from which the Faith will radiate to relatives, friends, and neighbors; a little lump of leaven that will leaven that part of the mass with which it comes in contact.

To have well-instructed catechists is a *sine qua non.* But I think that if a means can be found to overcome the practical difficulties in the way of giving "missions", as we know them in America, we should have also a mission band, made up of those missioners who speak the language best, to give missions to the people. That would, it seems to me, insure the proper *absorption* of the new converts so as to prevent their lowering the tone of the rest of the Christian community.

Chinese Psychology

A Chinese will take everything you may give, without bothering to inquire about the motive that prompts you. If you want him to become a Christian you must ask him, or get another Christian to ask him. I had that experience with the dispensary. I won no converts until I got a good catechist from Canton on the job and steered every patient over to him for a second kind of treatment. Now Father Dietz doesn't know what to do with them all.

BERNARD F. MEYER

April, 1922

News from that part of Kwangsi still staffed by the French priests speaks of bad conditions there and serious apprehensions are felt for the safety of one or two of the priests. What a terrible accounting some of the Chinese leaders will have to render on Judgment Day! They are so engaged with their own quarrels and moves for power that they make little or no effort to protect the people. It is said that China never had so many bandits as she has today.

Visitation Difficulties

On March 22 I returned from a week's visit to the south of Kochow, where I met only about forty Christians. Kochow has the largest number of Christians of any of our missions, but they are almost all in the region to the north and west of the city. The south is a great virgin field of over fifteen hundred square miles of thickly populated territory, in which many of the villages are large and quite wealthy.

I am beginning to grasp the magnitude of the work here in Kochow. Since Easter I have covered about half the district and find the Christians and neophytes scattered through more than seventy-five villages. At thirty of these Mass should be said on each visitation, if our work is to be most effective. If the same holds true of the rest of the district it will mean that our Christians and neophytes live in one hundred and fifty different villages, and that Mass should be said in sixty different houses and chapels.

It is one of the difficulties of our work that the Christians are so scattered—two or three or a half-dozen in one place, a dozen or a score in another. Chetung, with a hundred and seventy Christians within its walls, is the one bright exception.

Making the rounds three times a year will require the missioner to be away from Kochow at least six months every year, not to count extra visits that he ought to make between times to the more important stations. I plan to meet every individual each time, and as it often happens that they are too careless to come to me, I must go to them. If one can do that, the scattered condition of the Christians may become a blessing, for every separate house of a Christian, if its inhabitants have any zeal at all, becomes a focus from which to spread the Faith.

May 27

This fortnight was spent in visitation. The region visited is that lying to the west of Kochow, slightly north, where the Christians are most numerous and zealous. Chetung, (the Valley of Wheels, *i.e.*, water wheels), is a large village

that is entirely Christian. Some of its inhabitants have been Christian for a number of years but the remainder did not come in until about five years ago.

Lungwoh's Pride

Lungwoh (Dragon's Den), over in the neighboring subprefecture of Fachow, is the parent of the missions of Tungchen and Kochow. It belongs to Bishop Gauthier, but, owing to lack of priests, he has asked us to care for it temporarily. Lungwoh was established, some fifty or more years ago, from Shekshing, a community sixty miles to the south which dates back three hundred years. For twenty years Lungwoh had a resident priest, but with the establishment of the mission of Kochow, and later that of Tungchen, it became only an out-station.

How proud the people are to be called "old Christians", and what tales they can tell of the days of persecution! In a nearby village one man became a Christian, whereupon the members of his family bound him, placed him in a bamboo crate such as is used for carrying pigs to market, and dropped him into the river. Father Fleureau, the pastor, was captured and imprisoned, and escaped by jumping over a wall, so injuring his foot that it troubled him for the rest of his days.

Lungwoh is proud also of its bishops. Its founder became a bishop of Canton, and Bishop Gauthier spent the first months of his mission career there.

Typhoon Damage

I returned home on Thursday evening and that night we had a typhoon, the first in twenty years so far inland. Here at the mission it did comparatively little damage beyond blowing down part of our back wall, but I went out today to a little chapel a half-hour's walk away and found the roof partly blown off and all one side fallen in. The repairs will take a hundred dollars. It should be rebuilt, as the other walls are now out of plumb, but we haven't the money. For miles around, bamboo and other trees obstruct the roads and many houses have fallen in. Here in the city an old

grandmother and a child were killed by the fall of a roof. The river rose very high, and we were afraid that it was going to flood the chapel and house, but it came only as far as the main gate. If the rain had continued some hours longer we should have had to move everything up off the ground floor.

The Kochow chapel has been flooded a number of times, once to a depth of six feet. The last time was three years ago. We never know when a flood may come, or how serious it may be. And what a mess there is after these floods! When the water recedes it leaves after it an inch of slime over everything, and the water-soaked walls do not dry for a month. It is regrettable that the mission was not originally built on higher ground.

July 29

The plague continues, and again the school has had to be closed. Sometimes the plague seems to have almost died out, and then it starts up again in another part of the city. The public schools have been closed since about May first, and most of the wealthy people have fled to the country, which makes the town seem even more decrepit than usual.

As I write, an old woman is gathering up weeds and grass in the vacant lot nearby for fuel. Lady Poverty is certainly a close companion of most of these people. For many of them the recent rise of forty per cent in the price of rice means that they will go hungry for days. One notices that when rice goes up in price, the death rate goes up, too.

Kochow's Standing

In the days of the monarchy Kochow was a sort of regional capital and was quite flourishing. But under the Republic more power has been transferred to Canton, and Kochow is little more than a county seat. Besides the local magistrate, it has the district court for six counties and an army commander who is charged with preserving peace within the same district. Local policing is done by the magistrate. Then there is also the College or Normal School for the six counties.

Kochow's commerce is confined to rice, pigs, and lumber,

with articles of common use made from wood. There is a large population depending on the city but their exports are limited and their wants are few. Lack of raw materials for manufacturing and the practice of imposing taxes, together with poor transportation, make it impossible to bring in the materials and export them again as finished products. Wages are considerably cheaper here than in Canton but the tax that must be paid on the raw material, not once but several times along the route, and again on the manufactured articles, leaves the balance in favor of Canton and nearby places.

BERNARD F. MEYER

American Catholic Mission, Kochow,
October, 1922.

Followed by the "Come back quickly!" of those we left behind, we embarked on one of those long, narrow, mat-roofed boats for a float down to Kwangchowwan. The river was at a high stage and the current, aided by rowers, carried us swiftly along. By evening we were at Fachow, where our crew wished to anchor for the night, but after a look at the Mission (at present without a missioner), we made the men keep their agreement and sail on. About midnight we anchored in the midst of a mosquito playground.

Under way at an early hour, we were at the Muiluk chapel (also without a missioner) for Mass. In the afternoon we reëmbarked, this time on a seagoing sailboat. The wind was contrary and, instead of arriving at Fort Bayard in time for Mass, as we had expected, it was nine o'clock in the evening when the wireless poles and twin steeples of the church finally loomed up in the moonlight. We were warmly welcomed by Bishop Gauthier; Father Baldit, his procurator, formerly of Tungchen and Kochow; Father Cellard, pastor of Fort Bayard; and Father Zimmerman, old-time missioner from Luichow. The Bishop is living in a house loaned by the Government, as he has not yet decided whether he will make this place his center or move to Pakkoi.

A Glimpse of Famous Territory

Those of us who had not visited Kwangchowwan before were a bit disappointed because of the sights we failed to see; but perhaps we expected too much from this territory made famous by the Disarmament Conference, and were looking for another Hongkong. Fort Bayard is more like a peaceful country town sprawled out on the level plain in little suburbs. There are some nice foreign-style houses, but the French inhabitants are a mere handful,—a few business men and officials and army men. There are many Chinese and Tongkingese, too. The costumes of the Tongkingese women differ enough from the Chinese to make them conspicuous at a distance, and their glistening black teeth are "different" also.

But what helped most to give the place a foreign air was the not-to-be-mistaken presence of a flock of Fords, old in years and experience but still hanging together with the aid of wires and strings. There are good roads, which are kept in order by the chain-gangs of bandits in captivity. Bishop Gauthier engaged one of the "put-put carriages" and took us for a drive some miles out of town to a place called Lake Surprise, a scenic body of water hemmed by walls of high cliffs, probably an extinct volcanic crater. We went to the highest point and looked over a wide expanse of land and sea, and then went down a long stairway to the edge of the water and inspected an old temple, a well kept one with an unusual array of gilded gods.

The Kochow Schools

In our boys' school there are different groups preparing for Baptism, for First Communion, and for Confirmation. Three teachers are occupied in conducting the two divisions of the school. Two are in charge of the part which specializes in Christian Doctrine; and one, a diploma graduate of the public High School, conducts the Arts and Science school, wherein is taught regular "book-learning", including rudiments of English. The latest to enroll in this department is a gray-haired father of a family, who sits on the same bench with his son. The students,

of our schools are all either Christians or preparing for Baptism.

In the women's department, which occupies the orphanage house, there are about twenty women and girls studying doctrine, reading, and writing, under the tutelage of an experienced and very capable and pious woman from Canton. Of the women, the most are preparing to be Catechists, to help fill the crying need for women instructors. Several of these women are from Tungchen.

Kochow Grandmothers

Then there are some aged women, who, after long and toilsome lives, have come to spend their last days in peace and are happy in having the chance to pray and to learn the teachings of religion, of which they were deprived in their youth. One of these, despite her age and infirmity, preferred not to be a beggar in the market place so by gathering fagots and carrying wood she earned her living and saved enough to provide her coffin. Assured that she will have a decent burial and be in nobody's debt for it, she no longer has any cares in this world.

The Orphanage.

Because of circumstances peculiar to this city, there are few foundlings presented at the orphanage, but there are some ten or so, orphans and half-orphans, depending on the "spiritual fathers" for their rice and raiment. Among these is *Ah-Three,* who when he was a baby lost all his family in the plague. When he was brought here a year ago, his meager frame was wrapped in clothes many sizes too large for him, and he was afraid to glance at the Fathers, much less open his mouth to speak. You ought to see and hear him now! There is not a livelier boy in the compound, and he is always doing errands for the teachers. But at times he must be a bit too lively, for whenever the bamboo cane is heard dusting a jacket down in the school, it is generally followed by the lamentations of *Ah-Three.*

ADOLPH J. PASCHANG

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong,
October 9, 1921.

Kwung Wy was one of Father Gauthier's first Christians of twenty years ago. He was an old man with the deeply lined smile that settles on kind faces in old age. His eyes were large and clear, which in itself is remarkable in opium-ridden China of the past, and his voice was so gentle that I misjudged him as weak and felt dubious about hiring him to teach the village Catholic school.

The first year I offered him two dollars a month as wages, and he was content although his village is the poorest in the district. The "school", which was also his bedroom after class, and my bedroom and chapel whenever I visited the village, was the middle room of three. The other two housed pigs and buffalo, and beasts and pupils used the one entrance. It was the only room the village could give, yet he was the most generous of our Christians with Mass intentions and occasional gifts.

A month ago the village was raided by bandits. The raid occurred in broad daylight while the men were in distant rice fields. Most of the women escaped. But the old school teacher, with four of his pupils, and five women were taken for ransom. One of these women was found later in a pond nearby, drowned in an effort to get away. As head man of the village, the school teacher was made an example of in the attempt at extortion. While the bandits searched all the houses, they nailed the old man's hands outstretched against the wall. They later drove nails in his fingers to force him to tell where non-existing treasures were hid. Then all the captives were marched to a mountain pass about twenty miles away, to be kept till ransomed.

The boys were quickly paid for at several dollars a head. A few weeks later the village had borrowed enough money to buy back the women also; but the price set on the head of the teacher was too high—one hundred dollars. A hundred dollars to these farmers is easily equal to a thousand in America, and their season's crops were not yet cut.

In despair, the old man's son sent word to us. He had raised fifty dollars as a mortgage on his farm, and asked us

for the rest. It may seem heartless on our part to have hesitated, but actually we have many requests and a loan to one would swamp us with many others. As Kwung Wy was our teacher, however, we compromised by advancing his salary for two months, and by hiring his son as cook—though we did not need him—to make up the deficit. In the meanwhile the bandits sent word that the captive was very ill and they offered to take the son as hostage till the ransom should be paid.

The boy, who is only fifteen and a likable chap, set off, but in the deserted mountain paths he was captured by another band of robbers. The original band protested, but the delay in exchanging the son was fatal to the father. He was released but was so weak that when he tried to walk the twenty miles home he died on the way. Thank God, he was a frequenter of the Sacraments and had his rosary with him.

This will give you some idea of the dangers that our women catechists must face in going to distant villages. Like the young men in Ireland, they never know from day to day when they may by summoned before God's Throne. Perhaps it is this that keeps them prepared.

FRANCIS X. FORD

January 10, 1922

We started the New Year right by admitting a blind child, aged three, to our orphanage, and a seventy-eight-year-old homeless grandmother to visit with us. The old ladies are a temptation to which we always succumb, for in China where old age is reverenced perhaps more than elsewhere, a homeless old lady is pitiable. We receive only those who are without near relations and incapable of much work. The two dollars a month allotted each is enough for food, and the little they earn besides keeps them happy and in clothes. Our grandmothers now number fifteen and we have American sponsors for five of them.

The orphanage proves a mighty force for saving souls. During November and December there were one hundred

fourteen dying babies baptized. They are now doing missionary work for us in Heaven.

School Developments

Last year we opened two modern schools, one in the city of Yeungkong where we have only a handful of Christians, and the other at Taipat town. Both are successful in number of students and quality of teachers, but the town school has quadruple the number of students of the city school. The city school has to meet keen competition. The public schools have large grounds and decent buildings. The one around the corner from ours has sixteen teachers and two hundred boys. The Protestants have a three-story brick building and eight teachers for forty boys. The Catholic school has two teachers and thirty boys. But thirty is simply all we can accommodate. The boys sleep in bunks three tiers high, in a mud house. This new term we shall turn over the basement of the priest's house to them and thus can admit thirty more, but that is only shelving the question of building till next June.

At Taipat our Saint Patrick's parochial school has one hundred ten boys and three teachers. The teachers sleep in the attic and the boys are scattered in odd corners. Twelve sleep in a rice bin, twenty others on the floor and a few have beds, while others trespass on their friends in the town. Our shop is only rented and though it is sadly in need of repairs, including something better than a dirt floor, we hesitate because of its temporary character.

This year's beginning in even a small way has given us a permanent footing in Taipat. The three pagan schools have closed and the Protestant school was so depleted that the minister gave up his lease and has left us alone in this big town. I breathed more freely at the news, for two of the seven villages within a two-mile radius are Catholic, and we have a growing number of converts in eight villages nearby.

Education as a Means of Conversion.

It might be objected that our primary work in China is among the pagans and that we may let the future take care

of our Christians. Whether we should cast out into the deep, or tarry to mend our nets, is not really a serious objection to our schools in China, for education is a strong means of drawing pagan souls, besides caring for our own. The school at Yeungkong has resulted directly in twelve baptisms and the conversion of two persons now under instruction, comprising three entire families. It has produced three promising aspirants for the priesthood, and any one of its students, if he continues through the course of seven years, will be better fitted to work as catechist than are our present catechists. So the school is justified and all expenses incurred now will be repaid with interest in the near future.

FRANCIS X. FORD

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong,
June, 1922.

Since we started the makeshift orphanage we have baptized seven hundred and sixty-six dying babies, yet the affair has not been advertised much as we had no Sisters to manage it properly. We have been obliged to place out the healthy babies among nurses in the city, and this without the careful supervision of a Sister is only a temporary arrangement at best.

Industrious Grandmothers

We have eight blind girls now at the mission, and twenty grandmothers. These demand very little care, but it would not hurt them to have more. The old ladies are all over seventy and without near relatives. They work every day, gathering firewood or hauling stones or at other light work usual for womenfolk over here. The mission gives them just enough to live on, but they earn their own pin money for such luxuries as tobacco and meat. It was our policy to let them continue working more for the sake of peace and contentment than for the revenue they bring in. Some, however, elect to abstain from tobacco and spend the afternoon in the chapel praying. Whenever another postulant begs admittance, I put the question to the rest: "Is there any room?"

I myself would answer, "No," but they spy out another corner of the house or alleyway, or move their cots closer together, and always answer, "Yes." If Yeungkong had a health inspector, he might have closed our institution long ago for lack of room.

A House of Mercy

The Sisters' grounds will contain the following: a simple convent two stories high of bedrooms, workrooms, and a tiny chapel; a house of three rooms for the orphans and blind girls; a slightly larger home for the mission grandmothers; a small dispensary and a large girls' school.

It's a big order for one year's building, but the children and old folk are here already and they must be housed near the Sisters and we simply must have their present quarters for our boys' school. It was reduced to a dilemma: either build the boys' school or move the orphanage, and we chivalrously said: "Ladies and children first!" Besides, they are now occupying the site of the future school, anyway.

Once we have the buildings, the Sisters' work will be pleasant and fruitful, and the least worry financially of the whole establishment.

A Digression on House-Mates

June in the tropics is a thirst developer, but we need no Eighteenth Amendment to keep sober in China. We can have our delirium tremens without even home-brew.

This very evening, as I sat reading, a spider measuring an eight-inch span dropped on my book. I'm not a Jack Horner but he made me jump. Then a cockroach alighted on my shoe. (They fly, over here, and are the size of humming birds.) I shook him off, and in the excitement he ran up the lining of my trousers. I'm not a Buddhist, either, but hatred of cruelty to animals, especially mankind, hastened the creature's end.

It's strange how pride can inflate a timorous soul over the destruction of a bug, and I sat me down contented. But a glance at my left, and I made another record leap. Within an inch of my ear a lazy tree toad clung to the wall

and watched my head as though to choose the softest part of me on which to land.

The chiming of the clock caught his ear, and he leap-frogged over the lamp and taxied to my chair. He must have been stalking a June bug that flew to me for protection. If there is anything I dislike worse than a toad on a sticky, sweltering night it is a bewildered June bug. I shied my book at him, or her, and missed, of course, and shook the washstand—and a lizard ran out and disappeared behind the bed.

With an Irishman's hereditary disgust for reptiles, I blew out the lamp and left them in darkness, till they should come to their senses and quit civilization. An hour later I returned and my book lay open at this passage:

"Faithful Buddhists are told not to kill the least insect, lest in doing so they should cause death to some deceased ancestor whose soul animates the insect."

Despite all learned commentaries to the contrary, the Chinese evidently observe this rule, for all animal life is perfectly at home in Chinese dwellings. I can brazenly claim our house is the cleanest in the city. Eternal vigilance is the price of vermin-proof homes the world over, but "eternal" is too weak a word for vigilance in China.

I live on the second floor, yet thousands of some one of the hundred and fifty species of ants take possession of recently bought books and dwell therein. These are neither bookworms nor the termites known as white ants. The two latter, along with flies, grasshoppers, crickets and mosquitoes, are distinct and additional pests.

So, viewed together and simultaneously, as they appear in China, toads, bugs, centipedes, spiders, ants, and other vermin, form ever so many reasons why Buddhism did well to enjoin strict sobriety in spirituous liquors.

FRANCIS X. FORD

The Need of Brothers on the Missions

In our missions there is a big opportunity for young American Brothers, both in the centers and in the more re-

YEUNGKONG ON THE YEUNGKONG RIVER

Tall building at left, the convent under construction; at right, the priests' compound

mote mission stations. There are schools to be staffed, institutions to be managed, secretarial positions to be filled. Much mission work now performed by priests could be shared by Brothers.

In school work, a Brother could relieve the priest as head of the school system in a mission. This would mean the periodical visitation and examination of pupils in the several schools, the supervision of drill and sports and singing, the keeping of records both educational and financial. In specialized schools, such as industrial or agricultural, there would be required, in addition, a knowledge of the sciences taught. The Brother, while not actually required to teach, should have at least a grasp of the rudiments.

Secretarial work at the center would be similar to such work at home, but would require also a knowledge of bookkeeping. In the mission field the Brother could often take the place of the priest in making visitations, examining catechumens, regulating practices, investigating new openings, superintending the construction of chapels, and handling the payroll.

Qualifications for Brothers

Special qualifications will make a Brother valuable in mission work. He should be a young man, not over thirty-five; in good physical condition and willing to "rough it"; of a cheerful frame of mind; one who likes, and is liked by, boys; who can stand on his own feet and stand alone; and who has some taste for study. Such qualities are not hard to find in our American young men. Coupled with practical piety and a desire to help God's cause in whatever way possible, they will guarantee the success of American Brothers in China.

The need for such Brothers is growing daily in China, for our Catholic schools and institutions have an appeal for the Chinese and we lack men to staff them successfully. That this work suits the American character is evidenced by the men engaged in similar work for Protestant missionary bodies. This is an opportunity for men, requiring no long course of training in theology, combining the work of the

teaching Brotherhoods in America, the Saint Vincent de Paul Society, and the Big Brothers.

FRANCIS X. FORD

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong,
July, 1922.

When it comes to building, please give me a nice easy job like digging the Panama Canal or putting through the New York subway.

Before you begin, there is the money problem—a bad one. Everybody knows the missioner is without cash. (If you ever hear of one who is not, get his address and visit him, because he is rarer than any animal in the zoo.) But the money problem is, after all, only a minor worry. Either you have the money, or you haven't it, and that's all there is to it, unless you are an imaginative person.

Building Plans

Down the street from the mission, you see a fine piece of property just about the right size for a Catholic school. You know the city needs schools and you would like to present the city with a gift of one. Soon the Christians get wind of the fact. You did not tell them, but they know. The Connaught people may be able to see the wind, but the Chinese can see anything, even the buildings in your mind. The congregation begins to flow into your room. Each member is a born optimist, and each one assures you that the property will be yours before nightfall and at a price so low, that you wonder whither their famed love of bargaining has flown.

The Site Secured

Six months later, you are still dickering about the price of that same property, and, unless you are made of very persistent stuff, you would like to throw up the whole project. They say "blood is thicker than water," but money is the thickest substance yet discovered. It can put an insurmountable wall between brothers; it often keeps

friends apart for life; and it may even be the means of selling out God Himself. After you have gotten the ground, and realize that you have been cheated, you find out, to your keenest hurt, that some of your own flock, whom you were paying to obtain low terms for you, were boosting the price all the while. "Old timers" tell you this is the native way of doing business.

Contracting

The contractor begins to litter the place with his mess, and you heave a sigh of relief. You say, "At last, this thing is coming on!" But you are mistaken. *A-Wing* kills half a day telling you how *A-Kwai* fooled you on the bricks; *A-Kwai* kills the remainder of the same day telling you how *A-Wing* tried to fool you, but was discovered to be a robber by the contractor, who turned the job over to himself. The same accusations and counter-accusations are thrust and parried back and forth, from the man who laid the stones in the foundation to the man who puts the yellow mud under the tiles of the roof. Listening to it all, you firmly believe the world has turned topsy-turvy and you almost wish the day of dissolution for all things were at hand.

One great lesson you learn: people in China do not mean one half of what they say, and they are perfectly sure that you know they don't. Two days ago, *Hung* and *Pong* were calling each other thieves in as many different ways as the Chinese language provides; today, they are walking down the alley, the arm of one so tightly around the neck of the other, that you wonder how they can walk.

The building proceeds and heroic patience is called forth daily. If any of our missioners ever comes up for canonization and there is question about his practicing virtue to an heroic degree, just look up his record and see if he did any building in China.

Pagan Objections

If the building is to be higher than an American woodshed, the pagan neighbors begin to pester you. The good winds will be interfered with and their families will surely become

sick and die. Your first caller suggests that you round out all the corners so that the dear little *feng-shui** will not scrape their backs in their up and down career. Another wants the roof removed for the sake of the same *feng-shui.* A third wants the second story windows bricked up because they overlook the beauties of her back yard and no one can tell what evils that might bring upon her populous household. Still another, more venomous than the rest, will have no peace until the whole second story is torn down; and some one else, who has never appeared on the scene, gets busy taking up a collection among the pagans so that the whole affair may be taken to the Mandarin and a stop be put to the entire building process. The last busy meddler is the least nuisance of all; the collection rarely gets beyond thirty cents, and even if it does, the mandarin has, as a rule, too much sense to pay attention to it. Chinese officials have their faults, but opposition to schools can hardly be named as one of them.

At last the building is finished, and you feel like intoning an oft-repeated *Alleluia* and *Deo Gratias.* But immediately the bills begin to pour in, and such an assortment! You thought they were all covered in the contract; you took for granted that the man who bought your old bricks would cart them away; but you were mistaken. You have to pay extra for the carting and you can thank your lucky stars if the carting does not cost more than was paid for the bricks.

Friendly Frankness

The school building is not what you expected, but it is a good building and, in the words once quoted by a zealous Redemptorist, "It is my child, even if it has bow-legs, and I'm proud of it!" Then comes the most cruel blow of all. A missionary friend comes to visit you. He manages to deplete your vanishing supply of canned goods fairly well, and then, in all candor, admits to you that the school is pretty good. You hug this rare bit of information to your heart for a brief second—when lo, he ominously continues: "You must now begin a separate school for the girls; this

* Spirits of good and evil.

one is not large enough to accommodate both girls and boys." You knew it all along, but you were hoping no one else would notice it. So once more, in spite of your eternal resolutions to the contrary, you are up to your neck in lime, bricks, mortar, and debts, building a girls' school before the year is out. *Sic semper nobiscum est.*

PHILIP A. TAGGART

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong, August, 1922.

This week I have been indulging in a feeling closely akin to that of a father-in-law. A-Chan, our "Number Two", took care of Father Hodgins so well that in a sudden burst of gratitude I asked him if there was some little way I might be of use to him. He hesitated a while, and then told me I could buy him a wife.

Selecting a Helpmate

I asked him how much his first cost, and he said "five tens;" she was cheap because she had a sore neck, but in the long run she cost him in doctors' bills more money than a good one. I asked him how much a good one would cost and was told that it all depends. On the return from Hong Kong he went up to the village of Pakwan and there saw the light of his eyes and made all arrangements without asking questions. Of course the "holy father" would pay! Last night he came up with the glad tidings that the new bride would cost "only twenty-four tens". When I asked him why he chose one so expensive he gave me more light on Chinese family life than I ever picked up in books on the same subject.

In Favor of Country Girls

His first reason in favor of her was that she could not read, therefore she would not know too much; his second was, she was as strong as a horse and could work enough to pay for her own rice; and last and greatest of all, she was a country

girl. Oh, those city folks! If you hit them, and keep them in their place, they will run home to their mothers, or they will refuse to get up out of bed for a week; and if you do not hit them they will boss the house and your life will not be worth living! No, he would rather remain a widower than have a city girl. With city girls everything is clothes and gossip, and they know how to read and that would make him lose face. I gave in. So after the belle of Pakwan is sufficiently instructed we shall have some wedding chimes at Yeungkong. Father Ford has a lot of old Chinese furniture about the house, that is taking up good space and gathering dust, and the next time he goes on a mission trip the "holy father" will be able to furnish the couple's new home.

A Yeungkong Typhoon

A typhoon hit this place last week and for a time I thought it was the end of the world, so far as I was concerned. The wind just hammered the building, and the water poured in through every crack in the wall, and as this house is made up of a series of cracks it was difficult to find a spot where the water was staying out. Father Ford's nice new wall, built according to approved methods of the late building-construction class, is now in a condition that no architect surely ever intended it to be. Part of the old womens' home fell in, and one of our old grandmothers managed to get caught in the ruins. The poor old soul is still dragging on, but a few days at most will find her with the vast army of Yeungkongers in the hills behind our place. The village people who live in the little mud brick houses just outside our walls suffered most. Nearly all their houses fell in and then, when the flood came in the wake of the typhoon, their goods were swept out to sea. The Chinese tell us a great number of people were drowned; anything like exact numbers is out of the question, though some of them put it as high as five thousand. We were called upon to aid the sufferers with our means, and the Mission has given a donation as large as its slim purse will allow.

PHILIP A. TAGGART

"Quiet" August in Yeungkong

Within a radius of fifty miles, there were five attacks by bandits in one day. One band near Chiklung numbered several hundred men. They took away eight captives and ten head of cattle, and lost three of their number in the fight. At Taiho, to the east, another large band was successfully repulsed by the local soldiers—a rare event—with four killed and two wounded among the soldiers. The enemy casualties are unknown. Smaller raids at Pakwan and Taiko, and a holdup outside Yeungkong city, complete the day's list. Yet these are said to be quiet times hereabouts, and our Christians, when asked, answer that there are very few bandits on the war path this year. The local police can do practically nothing to protect the villages, as communications are slow and the mountains close enough for the bandits to retreat in time.

However, the bandits have not had it all their own way. Before the attack at Taiho the robbers visited a pagan temple to pray for success with firecrackers and prostrations. The local soldiers happened to be warned of their approach and inflicted severe damage on them. The bandits hastily retreated, paid another visit to the same temple, smashed the idol they had shortly before adored and set fire to the building as a warning to the gods!

A disgusting feature of the victory of the soldiers was the treatment accorded eight prisoners caught. These bandits were shot, and then their hearts were cut out, cooked, and eaten by the soldiers. This is the first time I have heard of such happenings here, but the Christians tell me such are not infrequent. The bandit's heart is supposed to increase courage in the soldier.

The Problem of the Cities

Last night our talk centered on the "eternal question" among missioners in China: why the merchants and city folk are not more attracted to Christianity. Though the problem involves finances and commercialism, we steered clear of them to some extent. For no problem, I am convinced, in missionary work depends exclusively, or even

in great part, on finances: Providence takes care of real needs.

It is curious that the Church's condition in China approximates that in Europe rather than that in America. Chinese Catholics are rural, not urban, and the total Catholic population of China's cities makes a feeble showing. To a visitor this is not so apparent, for our city churches and cathedrals are large and well built, and rightly so, for they are the centers to which the villagers come for feast days. The villages in China have no shops, and all wares are bought and sold only in the towns and cities, so there is greater communication between city and village than would otherwise be necessary.

Then again, a priest settled in a village would be lost to the neighborhood, for there is no exchange of visits between villagers. Hence a missioner in China, to be accessible, lives somewhat apart from his congregation. This has given rise to the anomaly of parochial residences without congregations. Long established residences gradually attract conversions in the neighborhood, but the absence of the missioner on his visitations makes conversions at home few and unorganized.

Perhaps the reason for the non-conversion of city folk is that it has never been given a fair trial. City folk are harder to reach than villagers, because of business occupations. How to remedy this condition was the topic of our evening chat. We are better placed than most missioners by our rule of two together, which leaves one missioner always at home base, and even now we can count results from the steady presence of a priest. Of our ninety-nine Catholics in the city of Yeungkong, seventy-one have been baptized recently. But this is a mere handful in a city of thirty thousand souls and the problem is still unsolved.

A Local Crusade

Father Taggart suggested a plan which we shall try to carry out this year. It consists essentially in rousing the apostolic spirit among the Christians themselves. It is the testimony of some old missioners that Christians born in

the Faith show less enthusiasm in converting others than do newly baptized converts. Perhaps this is true the world over. At any rate, we ought to make capital of the eagerness of our new converts to interest the pagans.

We plan, therefore, a local crusade consisting of public prayer for the conversion of Yeungkong City. It will take the form of adoration of the Blessed Sacrament throughout the day by bands of schoolboys, orphans, the women of our Old Folks' Home, and the local Christians. There will be a daily conference bearing on the subject, and talks and essays during class hours for the schoolboys. Emphasis on prayer at the beginning of the work will draw down God's grace.

However, it is easy to talk of what we intend doing. We shall be cautious of foreseeing results. This plan of a steady stream of prayer is really but a carrying out of Father Price's ideas. He intended to make Yeungkong a Lourdes Grotto—our chapel is dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes—and to establish a perpetual novena there for conversions. The plan has not been carried out since his death for several reasons, chiefly because of lack of means to instruct catechumens at the home base. At present, we have a sufficient force to provide systematic instruction and we are more or less able to take hold of a new idea and see it carried out. The parents of our pagan schoolboys, and the growing circle of pagan friends in the city, will give us material to work on now. The mission is becoming known and the presence of our Sisters with their works of charity and education will attract the city dwellers. So, looking ahead to the coming year, we expect to be busy enough.

The Mission Altar

We are gradually getting the chapel in shape, while keeping in mind a possible removal to a larger chapel. Our present building is limited to one-hundred-thirty seats and even on week-days more than a hundred of these are filled. Almost any activity here this year will crowd our chapel. The altar and sanctuary rail are finished and are being stained, and the effect will be pleasing. We are using brighter colors

than are found in American churches, yet sparingly, and they will soon tone down under our tropical sun. The altar will be a luxury for a mission chapel, but Brother Albert is doing the carving and, like the medieval cathedral builders, feels he must do his best for the house of the Lord.

FRANCIS X. FORD

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong,
September, 1922.

We on the missions talk so much about education, and the need of schools for our Christians, that perhaps a wrong impression may be given of exactly what we mean and need in our mission in China.

School Program Defined

First of all, we do not mean elaborate buildings or courses, nor have we in mind higher education for our boys and girls. For the great majority of our Christians, we do not hope to give even an ordinary parochial school training of eight years. All of this is well and good, but far beyond our present needs or possibilities. By schools we mean simple elementary grades, equal to the first four years that for every American child are taken for granted nowadays. For more central schools we need an eight-year course that almost equals the American parochial school. For the very few, we need a high school course.

At present we have but the elementary schools, and those in only a few of the principal missions. That is a hard fact to grasp. Many of our Catholic boys are growing up unable to read or write; most of our adult Christians can neither read nor write; and, unless we change conditions in most of our Christian villages, the Church will limp along with the handicap of an ignorant congregation. This may not seem appalling in view of the fact that many an American is a self-made man who has tutored himself to a creditable degree, but conditions are not the same in China.

A Great Gulf Fixed

In America every one has the advantage of instruction by the spoken word, whether in sermons, lectures, or conversation, and a grasp of the alphabet enables one to master the language. In the villages of China, where most of our Christians are found, sermons and lectures are practically unknown and conversation is limited by the ignorance of the villagers. The Chinese language is such that one may know one hundred words without becoming able unaided to learn the one-hundred-and-first. Hitherto there has been a hard and fast division between the educated and the illiterate. It could be said truly that once a man put his hand to the plow there was no turning back; and equally true was it that the boy who had sat at the feet of a master was stamped with a seal that prevented future manual labor. This has not been galling to the laboring man, for although the scholar had his honors, the worker was respected and was usually the better fed.

Most Converts Illiterate

Were our Christians of both classes, had we converts in sufficient numbers among the educated, there would be little or no problem before us, for the literate Christian could teach and preach to his unlettered brother. But this is not the case. Fully ninety-nine of a hundred of our converts are from the uneducated class. Thank God, they are ready to believe the truths of our religion and with much labor master the bare essentials; but without the written word or the presence of the missioner to recall constantly the truths they have once learned, many of them make no progress in appreciating the beauties of our Faith and some slip back into merely nominal Christianity.

Hitherto the missioner has done what he could to remedy this condition in some degree. With a small school at the central station, he has carefully chosen a few boys and given them a little schooling and a better instruction in the catechism; he has hired more or less educated Christian or pagan teachers to drill the catechism in sporadic doses in a few villages: and thereby he has saved many to the Faith. Very

few of our Christians have had anything more than the above in the way of either secular or religious schooling.

The Lack of Teachers

To better the Catholic education of our boys requires intelligent teachers, but at once we are faced with the difficulty of finding Catholic teachers. There are two ways of solving the problem: convert pagan teachers, or train a number of our boys from the lower grades up to the higher. Both methods are slow, but the latter is the surer. During the past three years at Yeungkong, four Normal School graduates have been converted, but by the time we have a sufficient number of educated Chinese converted, the boys from our schools will be ready to take up the work.

Schools and Conversions

The question is often asked, Of what value are schools in the direct conversion of the Chinese? In the villages the schools are as necessary as the catechist, for otherwise we could not receive entire families into the Church. The village boys and girls attend school for two or three years and there learn the doctrine better than their elders can in the evening classes. But our higher schools in the city are run on a different basis. Pagan boys enter rather for the secular education than for any study of religion, although they attend all religious exercises with the Catholics. Hence conversions among them are not so numerous. At Yeungkong, however, we have had thirty-two conversions due directly to the school. These include the families of the students converted. The pagan boys at our school are mostly city boys, who return home after evening prayers and thus become apostles in their homes.

In all our schools, remember, we are aiming simply at elementary education equal to the parochial school grades in America. High schools are of the future, although this year we shall have a few graduates who must attend the Government High School, since we have not a sufficient number of Catholic graduates to warrant a Catholic High

School. The following statistics give an idea of the present development of schools in the Yeungkong Mission:—

BOARDING SCHOOLS

	Boys	*Girls*
Yeungkong	52	
Taipat	84	
Chiklung	46	
Pakwan (Just opened)	16	
Taikau (" ")	12	
Chiklung		24
	210	24

DAY SCHOOLS (Lower Primary and Doctrine)

	Boys	*Girls*
Manshui	26	10
Cheungtinnam	22	6
Noling	20	
Chashan	12	
Kolungshui	20	
Shekhang	26	
Taishap	29	
Sheungyeung	16	
	171	16

TOTAL NUMBER OF STUDENTS.....421

FRANCIS X. FORD

Fall Cleaning

Today, October 11, we started to put the house in order for the new arrivals. We began with the storeroom at the bottom—not that we hope to put any of the men there although Fathers Meyer, Walsh and Ford lived in it for nine months. As usual, as soon as it was cleaned up a bit and the Chinese spotted a place six by six, there were applicants at hand to make a bedroom out of it. The curate told them

to consult the pastor. "See Father Ford" is a life-saver. For what the curate does not like to refuse, or hesitates to grant, he can always say "See Father Ford", and push the onus back one. This curate life is not altogether without its blessings.

Appreciative Chinese

One of the professors from the Normal School came this morning with two tins of biscuits, a box of cigars for the pastor, and six tins of tobacco for the curate. It was a real widow's mite. The poor fellow needs every cent he can lay his hand upon, but he wanted to show his gratitude for a few favors received. Many of these Chinese have real gratitude too, despite the rumors to the contrary—though some of them do resent having their so-called inferiority rammed down their throats.

What Price Cleanliness?

During our last trip to Hongkong, we must have contracted some disease that cannot bear the sight of dirt. After a year here I thought I was dust proof, but in a fit of weakness I had the rooms cleaned up. The place looked so different after the cleaning, I thought I was lost when I returned from a walk. The same germ that caught the curate evidently lighted on the pastor, too, for the workmen that are running over this place with paint brushes seem to be as numerous as the flies in our not yet immaculate kitchen. They peek in the windows when you eat and count the mouthfuls for you. I had to draw the line the other day when they started to feel the shaving soap on my face. Just where and when they are going to turn up is something that no mere white man can ever hope to know. By degrees I am getting used to the goldfish privacy. Perhaps after the workmen go, I shall be lonesome for company.

Feast of All Saints

We said Mass today for the first time on our new altar. The altar was made by Brother Albert and is a beauty. It would do credit to better churches than our own little chapel.

INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL AT YEUNGKONG

BRIDGE WHICH THE LATE FATHER PRICE USED FOR HIS FAVORITE WALK

The Christians were delighted with it. A good many carpenters from the city came to see it and they are all sticking their thumbs up in the air, which means the thing is first rate. The altar was erected at a price that would seem ridiculous for the same work in America. All we had to do was buy the wood. Brother Albert did the rest. I do not know just what the wood is called in English, but it is almost as heavy as stone and has a more beautiful grain than any woods I have seen in America. When some of the panels were polished they looked like a dark red marble. Like all good things, it makes one long for more. Now we are looking for a church to put it into, instead of our already overcrowded chapel.

I was given quite a surprise during Benediction when I heard the Chinese boys singing "Maryknoll, my Maryknoll", in fairly good tune and recognizable English. I knew Father Ford was training the boys to sing something for the arrival of the Sisters, but I did not expect to get it at Benediction that night. A few days ago I mentioned the fact that in America at Benediction we always said the Divine Praises. Tonight, without a warning, they gave me the Divine Praises, too. It is only a little bit of progress, but "Maryknoll" and the Divine Praises were a bit more of progress for one day than I could rightly expect.

Bread Upon the Waters

It is strange that our people at home should not take the interest in an old folks' home that they do in an orphanage. Certainly in China there is no comparison between the two as a means of propagating the Faith and winning the good will of the people. The Chinese cannot see the need of an orphanage, but with their ingrained respect for old age, they can see the need of an old folks' home and they appreciate it. I do not think it is saying too much to call our grandmothers' home our best advertisement in Yeungkong. The old women all become Catholics; several of them are daily communicants. As far as saving souls is concerned, I believe the work is as fruitful as the orphanage. Old women the world over are famous for their love of gossip,

and ours are no exception to the rule! They trot from one end of the town to the other and talk "Catholic Church" and what the priests are doing. In this way they are as good as six catechists and a ton of printed matter. Of course, people may not pay much attention to the idle prattle of old women, but they are hearing about us and constant hearing tends to break down prejudice and fear of the foreigners and their doctrine.

Future Catechists

Today, November 10, a little organization of our Catholic schoolboys gave their first doctrinal sermons. It was a pleasant surprise to hear one of the older boys give a fine explanation of the doctrine of Purgatory. The talk was opportune. The intelligent way in which it was given made me feel that the catechist question will settle itself in time, so far as this section is concerned anyway. Should the school serve no other purpose than making the Faith reasonable to the young Catholics, it will be worth while. If it can produce intelligent Catholics, who can stand on their feet and open their mouths and have something to say when they do, then it will be doubly worth its time and trouble.

PHILIP A. TAGGART

Chapter 5

THE HILL COUNTRY

(Tungchen and Loting)

September 18, 1921

IT was only yesterday that I got in from a two weeks' trip, but to complete the visitation will require full two weeks more, so this evening finds me again twenty miles from home.

The Mountain Tea House

A trip in almost any direction from Tungchen means climbing a mountain or two, and this was no exception. At the top of the mountain we crossed today was a tea house, opened and endowed many years ago for the free dispensing of the Chinese national beverage to thirsty wayfarers. Now for some reason or other the dispenser no longer tends his pot and the roof is falling in. It was not the first time we had passed this way, so we were prepared with a tomato can equipped with a wire handle. There was water in the ravine, and near-by furze gave us fuel, so it was not long before the pot was boiling and we could quench with a sip of hot tea the thirst consequent on a four-hour jaunt in the hot sun. The three of us—my boy, a Christian carrying the Mass kit, bedding and so forth, and myself—lunched together on cakes and cocoanut meat, and, after a rest and a smoke, were off again for the latter half of the journey.

Journey's End

Almost at our destination I took off my shoes to cross a river that proved to be waist deep. Then rain began and so I walked on barefooted, and the feel of the wet grass under

my feet took me back fifteen and more years to when, on rainy afternoons, I used to play through just such grassy puddles as these, driving the cows home from the pasture. But near the end we met a slippery gully filled with small stones, and I turned from dreaming of other days to envying the toughened pedal extremities of my porter.

At the end was a warm welcome, a bath, and dry clothes, and then an evening smoke after a dinner—which was rather better than usual—of chicken, fresh pork, hot salted peanuts roasted in oil, and rice.

The Missioner's "Spare Time"

Tonight there are no confessions to hear, as this is a village of catechumens, so I may retire as early as I please. Tomorrow's journey, as well as that of the day after, being but two or three miles, will give us all a rest. I am at present employing some of the spare time thus afforded in learning Chinese characters, which I write with a fountain pen. The pen is much more convenient and rapid than the native brush and can be used for writing out sermons, for letters to catechists, or for rough copies of more formal things to be later copied by a native. I have spent considerable time with the Chinese brush and, while I do not expect ever to attain any notable proficiency with it, the mere fact that one can use it, however imperfectly, seems to raise him in the estimation of the people.

Chinese with the Chinese

This applies with much greater force to such everyday things as language and customs, and from my own limited observations I have come to conclude that one's influence, other things being equal, will depend on his knowledge of the language, customs, and, of course, the character of the people and that one who is satisfied with a smattering of the language, and then gets angry if he is not understood, or who persists constantly in disregarding the ordinary rules of Chinese etiquette, should not be surprised if he finds such sensitive people as the Chinese keeping aloof from him.

BERNARD F. MEYER

November, 1921

One of the far-reaching resolutions of this year's fall session of the Maryknoll Mission Council, presided over by Maryknoll's Superior, in person, is the resolution calling for the establishment of a Catechist School. A school of this kind for the training of those who must ever be the indispensable aids and go-betweens of a missioner and his scattered flock is a big proposition and calls for a big man, and so it came about that Father Meyer, one of the experienced pioneers of the Maryknoll Mission, was selected for this position, and had indirectly to forego the pastorate of the Tungchen Mission, to which Father Dietz has been appointed. And so the Tungchen Mission must suffer a bit for the good of the whole. Fortunately the Catechist School will be located near Tungchen for the time being and Father Meyer will be close at hand to help foster the mission he has done so much to build up.

The Tungchen Situation

Tungchen is certainly country and the pastor is beginning to feel like a "rural dean". A young goat came straying into the dining room yesterday, and today a chicken walked in. The dog lies at the door and casts longing eyes in our direction, though he realizes he cannot enter the promised land. The village is all at one side and numbers but a few thousand souls; as for the rest, we are surrounded by rice fields and hills and a winding river, broad but very shallow. What a contrast to Wuchow!

It is now generally known in town that the missioner is back after his Hongkong trip and every day brings individuals with fevers and chills, and injured limbs, and all sorts of pains, and Father Meyer takes care of them in great style. Why, even a paralytic came the other day. The missioner in these parts certainly has a work to do similar to that which Christ gave to his disciples: "And into what city soever you enter . . . heal the sick that are therein, and say to them: The kingdom of heaven is come nigh unto you."

FREDERICK C. DIETZ

American Catholic Mission, Tungchen,
February, 1922.

During the latter part of January, Father Meyer left Tungchen to take over the Kochow mission and found a Catechist School there. His going was attended with many sighs and regrets on the part of his former flock, who had learned to appreciate him.

Tungchen's Debt

It is not flattery to say that Tungchen owes a great deal to Father Meyer. By his zeal in ministering to the Christians, making three or four trips a year when only two are strictly required; by his patience and helpfulness; and by medical aid accompanied with considerable success, he has given the Church "face" in these parts. So much so that a general movement towards the Church is in evidence. Every day brings pagans who wish to study the doctrine, who ask to have their children study in our school, and so forth. In town one of the prominent shop-keepers held up our head "boy" for over an hour the other day, inquiring about the "Lord of Heaven" doctrine. Prejudice and suspicion seem to be disappearing. It is too bad Father Meyer cannot be here to reap the harvest he has sown.

Father Paschang left with him for Kochow. This leaves Father Dietz alone at Tungchen, but in a few weeks a curate will come to reside here.

A Maryknoll Reunion at Kochow

Father O'Shea sent up a note from Kochow, asking me to come down for a day or two, and before I had a chance to refuse, his horse arrived to fetch me. The occasion was unusual. Father O'Shea was at Kochow preparing to leave for Wuchow. Fathers Meyer and Paschang were there as new pastor and curate. Father Ford was there and Father Hodgins. It was too good to miss, so I had Billy saddled and we started off in the rain. The farther I got the more it rained, but with the aid of a straw rain-coat such as the Chinese buy for eight cents, I managed to keep most of the moisture on the surface. At Kochow I found Fathers Ford

and Hodgins nursing blistered and aching feet, the result of a thirty mile hike in nasty weather on the previous day. After spending a few happy days together, Father Hodgins and I set out for Tungchen. It was a two day's trip and everything went quite well except that Father Hodgins once went through the bottom of his "chair" and that Billy, the horse, once got away from me and I had a hard time getting him back.

The Need of Catholic Doctors

Father Hodgins left for Loting, after spending a day and a half with us. He will have a rather hard four days climbing over the mountains, but the scenery will be ample compensation. With him I am sending one of our new Christians, whose infant boy needs medical treatment such as only a foreign doctor can give. This illustrates the need of a few Catholic doctors hereabouts. As it is I have to send him to a Protestant, and when he comes back he may be baptized a Protestant and decide to join the Protestant Church, for all I know. We should have two or three Catholic doctors scattered through our missions.

FREDERICK C. DIETZ

The Family Unit

Still more people are coming around wishing to join the Church. As many as twenty names were given me in one day. These represent not only men, but women and children as well. It is a principle with us to insist that all the family become Catholic, for experience has shown that it is the only proper way. I was told the other day that some years ago there was a similar movement in the Kochow Mission but as unfortunately individuals, and not whole families, were baptised, most of these have been drawn back into indifference or even apostasy by their pagan relatives. Men are important as the heads of the house whose word is law, but the mothers are equally important as being the more inclined to superstitious practices and wielding the more powerful influence over the children.

The American Dollar in Tungchen

I was doing some bookkeeping this evening and two things struck me rather forcibly. First, that it takes considerable money to run a mission like Tungchen. Rice, firewood, school, catechumenate, dispensary, upkeep, improvements, catechist salaries, expansion, all these are a steady drain on the moneybag. Yet they are the *sine qua non* of progress. Without money one can accomplish little, in spite of all the good will in the world. The second thought that impressed me is this: that although the sum seems big when calculated in Cantonese dollars, yet it seems small in American money. I believe that if our people back home realized how far even a little goes over here, they would enjoy giving the more.

For instance ninety cents will feed for a whole month a schoolboy whose parents are too poor to be required to pay. Sixty cents a week would make sixty boys and women happy, for it would enable me to give them a little meat one meal a week. Now all they get is rice and a little greens or turnips, twice a day. In fact I am so convinced that they need this little meat, that I am going to give it to them whether the money comes or not. A pair of wooden shoes can be bought for a cent and a half, American money; a cloth pair for fifty cents. A little Sunday suit for the boys to exchange with their every day rags on the Lord's day could be had for one American dollar. What chances for some good-hearted folks back home to make uncles and aunts of themselves! At slight expense, they would make both themselves and others happy.

Oil and "Face"

Paul, the cook, is in charge of the "Standard Oil" can and feels the weight of his authority. The head catechist, Mr. Leung, evidently felt rather hurt to be classed as one with the butcher, the baker, and the candle-stick maker, by being limited to one lampful of kerosene a week. (These lamps are tiny things and hold about a teacupful.) So, to save his face, he came to me and asked for more. Paul happened to be present and a verbal battle ensued. Mr. Leung learned that Paul didn't consider him any better

than anyone else, and Paul learned that Mr. Leung needed more oil because he got to the chapel to make his meditation in the morning before the others arrived to hear Mass, and the pastor learned that there was evidently a slight mutual dislike existing between the two parties. The pastor magnanimously awarded the catechist an extra lampful of oil each week, in consideration of his important position, and sent him off as happy as a child who has found a penny. The kingdom of Heaven is for such.

FREDERICK C. DIETZ

American Catholic Mission, Tungchen, March, 1922.

The usual greeting of beggars, and their thanks upon receiving an alms, is: "May you grow rich!" A blind man came one day and we gave him some rice. So he kept repeating "May you grow rich!" I told him I didn't care to become rich; that Christians care most to have God bless them and gain Heaven after death. But he kept repeating, "May you grow rich!" He was finally convinced, and went off stupefied, repeating: "God bless you!" It was his first lesson.

Reminder of Gospel Days

A leper has been coming here daily for some time. We give him enough rice for one meal, knowing that he can easily secure the remainder necessary and gather a few daily coins besides. The catechist teaches him the Sign of the Cross, the Our Father, Hail Mary, Creed, and Act of Contrition, and a few aspirations such as "Jesus save me, Jesus have mercy on me." It was a touching sight to see him squatting on his heels gazing musingly up at the catechist breaking to him for the first time the glad tidings of Christ and the Resurrection of the body.

Industrial Training

This month deserves to be marked with an asterisk, for it saw the actual beginning of the industrial feature in our

school. One of the catechumens who is here learning the doctrine is an expert basket-maker by trade and has agreed, for a small monthly wage, to teach the boys. For the time being we have limited the class to the children who were in school last year or whose parents have been Christians for some time; and this with the idea of stimulating the new children and their parents to make serious efforts to learn the doctrine. This feature ought to develop into a great boon for the Christians, who are very poor and cannot find sufficient fields to support their large families.

Paul the Versatile

The unusual is always happening. Paul, the cook, turned out a loaf of bread today which was simply perfect from all the points of view of a connoisseur. For fear he would forget how to make it so well in the future, I complimented him and presented him with a prayer-book inscribed—"To Paul—in appreciation of his culinary achievements." The chances are that Paul will go down to his grave without knowing the import of those words for they are written in English, but that is after all an insignificant matter so long as he remembers the magic formula for the bread.

Medical Beginnings

Here at Tungchen I have my hands full. I wish I had Brother John to take care of the medical work. Brothers with a knowledge of medicine would be a great help. Father Meyer and I have often talked that over. I am kept busy from one to three hours every day administering what medical aid I can and my reputation is fast growing. However, as it is, I manage to find a little time most days to keep up the study of the language in which I am far from proficient.

FREDERICK C. DIETZ

June 1

Four Tungchen women—our best catechist and the other three—left by raft for Kochow, where Father Meyer is opening a course for women catechists next Sunday. The first-

mentioned was formerly with the Sisters in Canton, and later with Bishop Gauthier, and she knows her doctrine thoroughly. She has suffragist tendencies and I have heard her deliver pointed speeches to men negligent in their duties. As for speed, she holds the record, as far as my experience goes.

Father Paschang also set out for Kochow. He expects to make the forty miles by chair in one day, and if he does so, he will nurse a few aching bones tonight. Of all the means invented for travel-in-state, a chair is about the least comfortable, and it grates on one's democratic sense. However, the Chinese don't look at it that way and are eager to make the money; so that by taking a chair, one really helps them to make a living.

"Shades" in Chinese

Now that my trip and Pentecost are over I am going at my books with a vim, for this is the first opportunity I have had all year. I am studying the catechism and the daily prayers. The language of these is different from the ordinary spoken language, which necessitates learning new words and new characters. Besides these two branches, there exists at least one other, the classical; and this is reserved for the scholar and requires many years to master. The multiplicity of languages shading into one another is one thing which makes Chinese so hard.

If I speak, I use one word for "to be"; if I wish to write, I use another. If I speak, I say "happy" with two words; if I write, I use only one character. Then why learn the middle or book language? Because if one doesn't he cannot read the simplest Chinese books. All of our prayer books and doctrine books are in that language, as well as the ordinary books and newspapers of the Chinese. To me, it seems that one cannot understand China until one reads its books and thinks its thoughts. I note that Father Farmer, the convert Methodist missioner of Kwangsi, after fifteen years of experience, says: *"The missionary who reads and speaks Chinese intelligibly, beyond all doubt has a better hold on the people."* It's one of those "hard sayings"—hard, but true.

Feast of Corpus Christi

We have been practicing for the procession, the first to be held here, so far as I can discover. Long gowns were made for our seven altar boys. The boys were delighted, for never before had they been dressed as "literati". Their bare feet sticking out underneath appeared incongruous, and their companions laughed more heartily than I have ever seen them laugh before. We also had a canopy made. The silk, trimmings, and work came to about six dollars in American money, but there is nothing "cheap-looking" about it. Most things, I believe, can be bought or made up more cheaply over here than in America. The exception is in the case of foreign goods, which must be imported.

The procession was not long, in point of either time or numbers, but it was the best Tungchen could offer, and we trust the good God was pleased with it. The boys had been diligently trained by their teacher and were all that could be desired. Probably they would have preferred a cymbal-and-drum racket, such as commonly accompanies pagan ceremonies; but perhaps the idea has found lodging in their little brains that the Lord is not in the whirlwind and can be worshiped with restraint in spirit and in truth. I believe it is not stretching the truth to say that the Chinese, one and all, are as fond of a racket as most of us are anxious to avoid it. Noise seems to have more charm for them than music.

July 15

A big shipment of seeds arrived from San Francisco. Father Meyer has proved the advisability and practicability of a foreign garden in China, for his garden here is a great success. Without it we should never see sweet corn, asparagus, cabbage, tomatoes, or onions, on our table. And the cost of maintenance is small.

The first rice is being harvested and the Mission received today, as an installment of rent on an adjacent field, about seven hundred pounds of rice grain, which amount to about four hundred pounds of hulled rice. This quantity will feed one hundred persons about three days; the average person eats about a pound and a third daily. Rice at its

FATHER DIETZ AND TUNGCHEN TYPES

dearest comes to about three cents a pound, American calculation, and since rice is the principal part of an ordinary Chinese meal, it appears that one could hardly speak of a high cost of living in these parts.

August 18

I spent some days preparing the spiritual and the financial reports for the year. According to these, the Tungchen mission embraces four hundred seventy baptized Christians, one hundred thirty-eight unbaptized, and six hundred sixty-four new catechumens; seventy-eight baptisms occurred during the year. Money expended during the year for all purposes comes to about twenty-eight hundred dollars, American money.

FREDERICK C. DIETZ

American Catholic Mission, Tungchen,
November, 1922.

A Christian of East Bank, who is to be married in a few weeks, came in to make arrangements. He asked to stay over a day and have one of the teachers explain to him the Church's doctrine on matrimony.

All Souls Day

Many of the Christians went to pray at the graves of their departed. We ought to make much of this feast for the reason, among others, that the pagans may not accuse us of lack of reverence for our dead. The Chinese have ingrained in them a devotion to the departed spirit so great that it amounts to worship.

Miscalled Justice

On the way back from a call, I visited the "County Jail", to see one of my catechists. His case is typical of Chinese "justice" at the present day, so I shall mention the facts. On the Feast of the Assumption, I gave him twelve dollars wages and six dollars for shop rent. On his way home, he

was relieved of this money by some soldiers of the local magistrate of *X*. He accused the soldiers before the magistrate, who, instead of getting him back his stolen money, sent him to jail for several weeks. Words fail when trying to describe the interior of this prison. I had a glimpse of it through the bars. A large open enclosure, as filthy as can be imagined, and all prisoners huddled together, petty magistrates, teachers, common bandits, kempt and unkempt, all pell-mell. Our catechist, who was not a well man, has lost the use of his voice. Meanwhile, his wife and children have no means of support. With the help of Kochow, he has appealed his case for reconsideration in a higher court.

Snake Elixir

Paul, the cook, captured a snake about four feet long. He nailed shut the head so that the poison creature might not bite, and exposed him for general admiration. He plans to soak the thing in rice wine and then drink the wine. This is reputed to be a wonderful medicine. Let us hope he enjoys the drink and a long life afterward. Certain it is that many of our better-educated Chinese envy his good fortune.

The Handicap

I am offering the generous sum of five peanuts for every ditty, song, or riddle the school children bring me. The response has been overwhelming. There is a lot to be learned from the children, not only in the way of speaking the language, but also with regard to an insight into the traditions and sentiments of the Chinese as a race.

The language is the big handicap. One feels it at every move. Talking, preaching, writing, reading—efficiency twenty-five to thirty per cent. There is only one remedy for it, and that takes time. And how the little spare time one has, flies! Often I feel I am not doing enough to make conversions. I decide I might do this, and that, and that, to get nearer people, to exhort and instruct them. I want to do all this, but I can't for I am still lame at the language. This is one of a missioner's trials.

Good News

Brother John is due here in a couple of weeks. Father Sweeney will arrive from Loting about the same time. Then the Tungchen staff will be complete for the year.

FREDERICK C. DIETZ

American Catholic Mission, Loting,
November, 1921.

At Loting, just across the river from the great pagoda, downy with mosses and vines and marking the flat city like an exclamation point, our boat moors. We ascend the steps of a cliff and go right in the door of the mission. This is the center of our parish, which is not quite the size of Massachusetts. Father McShane follows the lead of his heart, and first of all takes a peek into his orphanage. He finds that he has adopted twenty-four hungry infants since he has been away.

The infant orphans here are over fifty in number, five months after the establishment of the asylum. Father McShane has colonized a good part of heaven with baptized waifs, and since the founding of the home at the mission, forty per cent of those received have flown above. To keep sixty per cent alive shows good care, since the majority are brought to the mission because their lives are despaired of, and nearly every baby gives evidence of neglect by the parents.

One Waif's Story

A three-year-old blind girl, bought for a couple of dollars, makes a companion for another little blind lassie of the same age. The latter cost eight dollars, paid to a crippled beggar who had adopted her from the pagan orphanage. He had her do the begging, feeling her way though stores in the business district, and getting here and there a handful of rice in her basket, while he directed the cuisine at home. One day the little tot of three years stumbled into the mission, and there received such kindness that she took a firm grip on a table leg when the old guardian came to take

her home with the spoils. He found her so insistent on remaining, and the offer of eight dollars so compelling, that he signed her over to the mission.

Superstition and Suspicion

Two children died one day, and two children came the next. Dying infants are always removed to the back yard. The pagans have a superstition that an infant dying in a house leaves its death-devil, who lingers in the dark corners ready to destroy by the same disease any other child venturing into the house. So, lest the pagans should imagine our asylum full of devils of departed infants, and refuse to bring others there to certain death, Father McShane built a little shed in the rear, where those who are certainly dying may flicker out.

The reputation of the orphanage is still good, although an old itinerant doctor has spread all over the district the rumor that the Fathers want babies in order to pluck out their eyes for food and medicine. Many of the simple folk believe this old fiction, though we always say, "Go and ask old Mr. Yip over at the cemetery, who buries all the babies. He always tells the truth." Still, the Chinese can't solve our "crazy" custom of paying money for a dying girl baby. The catechist may give a lecture on the eternal soul, and some will see a gleam of light, but others still insist that anything so useless should be thrown into the river. One woman next door to the mission has, according to the gossip of the street, destroyed eight of her girl children.

On the other hand, one old lady walked twenty miles with an infant from a distant village. This is her second trip with such a burden, and now she announces that several people of the village desire instructions.

JOSEPH A. SWEENEY

Pagan Thanksgiving

For three days, the whole town was in gala attire to celebrate the staying of an epidemic, last year, by the gods. Three big temples were forested with paper pennants and

festoons, and each had an exhibition of Japanese and Chinese paintings, dwarfed shrubs twisted into strange shapes in their growth, gold fish, parrots, and floating stones. The "Occidental department" of the museum consisted of a few colored pictures: a ferry boat and the Brooklyn Bridge when Manhattan was in good part pasture ground; the Franco-Prussian war, interpreted no doubt as the late war; the German fleet about 1895; and, with all these late wonders of the West, a picture of all the Popes from Peter to Leo XIII, arranged in semi-circle about the Blessed Virgin. None of the spectators knew what this last picture represented.

An Indian file parade closed the celebration. Through the narrow streets the wonders were carried, and big idols rode on the shoulders of coolies, who were halted at different door steps, where the family feast was displayed on tables and the firecrackers and the joss were lighted from the holy fire of the idol's joss stick. At frequent intervals in the procession came the bang of metal drums, and the wheezing of asthmatic horns and flutes of bamboo. Chinese music sounds best at ten miles' distance.

The Pioneer Brother

Brother Albert left for Hongkong, after a month of painting and wood-finishing, and such diligent study of the language that he will soon converse fluently with the natives. Brother Albert is right at home with the yellow men. He unrolls his straw mat and sleeps the sleep of the just on a boat deck beside them and eats the chopstick service of rice and greens as unfinickally as an old missioner. His hearty acceptance of the life is a requisite virtue for one who will travel all over the territory, directing construction work at the various missions, or even as an instructor in future Maryknoll industrial schools. We hope that the bandits do not meet him down the river.

Christmas Joy

There was no inspiration from music or added ritual in our mud brick chapel. The first Manger could not have been

much more homely, but our six low Masses were filled with Christmas joy. The chapel was crowded with many newcomers and there was more volume in the chant of prayers. One crippled old man in the crowd had come a long distance in a chair on Christmas Eve with the names of thirty adults in his village, who with their children seek entrance into the Church, and this good gift, together with the holy memoirs read in our missals about the very Christ on our altar, made enough happiness for this day and world.

The Unfaithful Steward

News has come of the death of the catechist who opened this mission about four years ago. The poor fellow had taken advantage of confidence naturally placed in him, and stolen a sum of money from the mission. His dismissal made him bitterly vindictive. He started a sect of his own, worked against the Mission, and now has answered a sudden call without time for repentance. His relatives want us to "save their face" by conducting the funeral service, but he hadn't made his Easter duty and we must refuse.

JOSEPH A. SWEENEY

Loting School Plans

Father McShane plans to open a good sized school after the Chinese New Year. He has been carefully gaining the hearts of these pagan people, so that they now offer him their children for Catholic education. He is adding sixty desks to our old school, and is placarding the city gates and other bulletin boards with the advertisement of his curriculum and teachers. Catechism and Bible history are the first subjects on our list. The curate is professor of English. Besides our present Catholic teacher, we have engaged from among our catechumens one of the best teachers in Loting, who will leave an important position to teach for us at one hundred fifty dollars a year. An aspirant for the Church is an old sage who for forty years has been a respected pedagogue. Though still unbaptized he marches his

pupils to Mass, and patrols the aisle with direful glare and an occasional thump, keeping his charges in order and their voices briskly chanting the Mass prayers. He says he will bring most of his school with him.

A Zealous Apostle

Ah Leung, our cook and utility man, is the most aggressive convert-maker at the mission. He has used his spare time during the past two years studying the catechism. Now, he is gathering his friends from far and wide and is instructing them. He presented Father McShane today with the names of one hundred fifteen aspirants. Besides he takes a day frequently to trudge out to Tungheilong where he preaches to the people, and all the adults there seem anxious for a course of study and baptism.

A Dip Into Kwangsi

Father Murray regretted that we had come to visit during a lull in the bandit warfare and that there was nothing to see. The bandits have been painting Pingnam red since Christmas. When, in the winter, they drove out the soldiers and held the town for seven days of looting, two hundred of the poor people, including the city fathers and their valuables, took refuge at our Mission. As the looters came to the gate, they found Father Murray on guard. When he stood unmoved before their leveled guns, they left him and the Mission untouched. For this the people of Pingnam hold the priest in great esteem. And his dispensary work has so increased his favor with them that they have started a fund to build a hospital. Every child on the street knows Father Murray, and often a little shaver will run up, take his hand, and walk along as with his father.

A May Party of Consequence

A man came with a big red paper, which unfolded, showed lines of beautiful script inviting the Fathers to attend the commencement exercises at the Middle School of Loting, the high center of learning for a hundred towns and hamlets. Our school boys were also invited, and some of them have

brought a new school uniform made over night. Father McShane, leading his uniformed students, went over this afternoon to the big bamboo structure erected for the event. As the ceremony went on Father McShane was urged to take a place on the stage, and when he declined was pressed again and again for a speech. Old educators from our whole district read papers.

Father McShane was reminded again today that he should start a middle school of his own. It is said about town that the head teacher at the Loting Middle School clears a very good salary over and above expenses yearly. There is good evidence that a Catholic Middle School once established would maintain itself.

JOSEPH A. SWEENEY

American Catholic Mission, Loting,
May 13, 1922.

As we look back at the developments in Loting since the Superior's eventful visit, we cannot but feel that they are the result of the Mass offered then in our little chapel for the success of this Mission.

A New Village School

This does not mean that very extraordinary things have happened, and yet I would not at all reckon some of them as ordinary occurrences. Recently, a nearby village sent a delegation with the request that I take over their school. The reason advanced was that the pupils were too poor to engage the services of an extra teacher who would teach the higher grade. Fortunately, the teacher who managed this school last year was one of my catechumens, and he urged me by all means to take advantage of this offer, because, he said, it would certainly mean many more catechumens from this village.

It did not take me long to assure them that I would be very happy to take over their school. We then settled on the extra professor, the salary, and the name of the school. I

was rather amused at the concern they manifested about the name—in fact, it seemed, for a time at least, to outweigh the other two considerations. I thought Saint Paul would take good care of them, so we named it Saint Paul's Catholic School.

Since opening this school I have received the names of at least seventy-five adults who want to enter the Church. These with the forty pupils give us a very good start, indeed, in this village, and I have every reason to believe that the majority of this number will persevere.

Saint Joseph's at Loting

And here at Loting we have done even better still. At the Chinese New Year we opened Saint Joseph's School for boys, and now we have over seventy registered. These are divided into two classes: primary and higher. For want of accommodation, we have had to refuse a number for the primary grade. We were especially fortunate in securing two very good professors, and at a very reasonable salary. Father Sweeney is teaching English, and I am certain this has helped very much in bringing so many to our school.

We have brought this school up to the Government requirements, and from the comments already made, including the Mandarin's, we have reason to be very much gratified. It was only yesterday that I was approached by several responsible persons who asked me to open a Middle School.

Of course, for more than one reason I could not think of attempting this proposition so soon. First of all, I must prepare for the Sisters. Then, I should like to have a respectable building for our primary and grade school. Moreover, the expense of a Middle School such as Loting already has, would be about five hundred dollars a month. Then, too, to properly direct and manage the school question in this district, I imagine would take most, if not all of one priest's time. Nevertheless, it is one of our ambitions, and we feel grateful that the prospects for its realization are promising.

DANIEL L. MCSHANE

Chapter 6

STONY SOIL IN BANDIT LAND

(Wuchow and Pingnam)

UCHOW, in the Province of Kwangsi, has the unenviable reputation of being "the city of no conversions". Maryknollers are looking into the problem, and in the process the Maryknoll Mission Superior has gathered the following interesting data.

Milestones in the Ecclesiastical History of Wuchow

1636–8 Father Francis de Escalona, Spanish Franciscan, establishes himself in Wuchow and publishes four brief works:

1) Doctrine and Proofs of the Unity and Trinity of God.

2) The Mysteries of Religion.

3) The Falsity of Idols and of the Various Sects of China.

4) Decrees of Chinese Emperors in Favor of Christianity.

By spreading these broadcast and by preaching Father Escalona gained some success, but afterward his life was seriously threatened and he was obliged to leave the region.

1711 Some Augustinian Fathers build an oratory near the East Gate. The persecution of 1724 obliges them to abandon their work.

1869 Father Pierre Foucard of the Paris Foreign Missions attempts to settle in Wuchow, but the mandarins treat him coldly and the notables placard the city with calumnies and insults. It becomes impossible for him to remain.

1874 Father Foucard makes another unsuccessful

attempt. This time several thousand *literati* are congregated at Wuchow for examinations. The *literati* have always been notorious for their conceit and opposition to Christianity. In this instance they have the town placarded with the following declaration:

"For two thousand years our Chinese Empire has reverenced and followed the doctrines of Chau-kung and Confucius. Why then permit a perverse doctrine to gain entrance and cause trouble and confusion? We learn that a barbarian of the Religion of Celestial Chastisements wishes to come to our city to preach his doctrine here. This is an outrage!

"This is why we have entered into the following agreement: if any resident presume to rent his house to the barbarian, all of us will certainly unite to demolish it and will punish this man. Gathered as we are for our examinations, our determination is as firm as a citadel and we will not permit the doctrine of the barbarians to parade its monstrosities amongst us.

"If, after the examinations when we have dispersed, any inhabitant of the city of Wuchow shall venture in secret to rent his house to the barbarian, we shall certainly destroy this house and punish the owner at the next examinations. All workmen and artisans are forbidden to engage in the service of the barbarian under penalty of being summarily expelled by the inhabitants of the city, who could no longer find employment for such people.

"Should anyone presume to contravene these orders, he shall be made to feel the resentment of the entire populace. One and all, we have but one determination and we have made it known. It will most assuredly have its execution. Let each one submit to it.

"This statement is clear."

Father Foucard's efforts were hereby rendered fruitless. The general animosity compelled him once more to quit the town.

1897 In virtue of an Anglo-Chinese agreement, Wuchow is declared an "open port".

1898 Father Paulin Renault succeeds in buying a property near the Little South Gate (where the Maryknollers now live) and setting up a permanent residence there.

1899 Bishop Chouzy of Kwangsi dies at Wuchow and is interred there.

1920 At the invitation of Bishop Ducœur, Maryknoll takes over the Wuchow district, and Father James E. Walsh assumes charge of Wuchow.

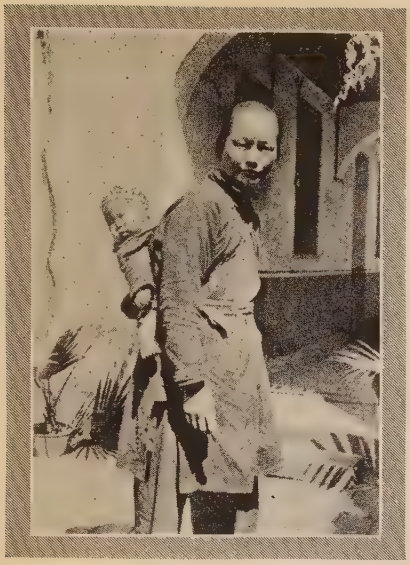
1921 June. First fruits. More than a dozen people desire to become Christians, as a result of protection accorded at the Mission to many refugees while Wuchow was under siege by the Cantonese.

JAMES E. WALSH

American Catholic Mission, Pingnam,
November, 1921.

Pingnam, Maryknoll's only established mission in Kwangsi, is situated on the West River about eighty miles from Wuchow. In normal times, we have daily boat service between the two places and the trip takes twelve hours up the river and nine down. Our district has a population of four hundred thousand. Of these, one hundred fifty are registered on our books as Christian. Our Christians are scattered through the various villages of the district, the farthest outpost being over the mountains, a distance of a two days' journey. The language is, for the most part, the Hakka dialect, but toward the north of our district, we have a touch of Mandarin. Cantonese is fairly well understood by all.

As one approaches Pingnam, one does not get the impression of a city built on a hill, but rather a town on stilts—as all the shacks along the river front are supported by



PAGAN NEIGHBORS AT WUCHOW

A CHRISTIAN MOTHER AND GRANDMOTHER

wooden piles. When you get off the little steamer, a ferry boat will take you to shore and then you ascend a long flight of stone steps and come to the business section of the town. It is one street and is outside the wall.

The mission property is within the walled town. Roughly speaking I should say that the compound is two hundred by one hundred fifty feet. I have seen all the Maryknoll missions with the exception of Yeungkong and I think that, materially speaking, our plant is better than any, although our house cannot be compared with that of Loting.

The Missioner's Initiation

I arrived on September 8, Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady. Pingnam was surely a dead town. The war between the two Kwangs had had its effect on the town, and everything was shut tight, but worst of all was the destruction of property.

As the Kwangsi soldiers were defeated, they retreated to the mountains and turned bandit. There was nothing else for them to do. On this account, Père Séosse felt it was both unwise and imprudent to attempt now a complete trip of the mission. However, we went to two villages—one a trip of two hours, the other twice the distance. Both villages boast of fairly good mud-brick chapels. The former town has about twenty Catholics, all of whom turned out to greet us.

Taiyung is only an eight hour journey from the mountains, the abode of the bandits, and consequently they were quite active in that vicinity. We stayed at Taiyung three days to give the Christians an opportunity to go to confession and Communion. Just before we left, I baptized six babies, my first baptisms in my own district.

Père Séosse felt it was unsafe to venture further, so we returned to Pingnam.

Shortly after our return, I left for Hongkong and retreat. Father Murray and I left Hongkong for Pingnam on November 10. We were marooned in Wuchow for a week, owing to the war.

GEORGE F. WISEMAN

The Drawbacks

One evening in December we heard weird sounds coming from the catechist's room. On investigation, we found him and two more of our celebrities trying to sing *Adeste Fideles*. The idea of training a choir for Christmas came to us, and so the next day letters were sent to the different villages, asking all boys from twelve to eighteen years of age to come to the Mission. The result was that we had about fifteen boys. They stayed one week, and then departed, giving the excuse that they were "too young to wash in cold water".

The day before Christmas, we were all busy preparing for the feast. We expected to have about one hundred Christians at the Mission. Only seventeen came. Of these, ten were little boys, and of the other seven only one man had ever been to confession and Communion. I asked the old man where the other Christians of his village were, and he replied that they had all become Protestants, because "the Protestants have schools and the Catholics have none". Father Murray and I talked the situation over and came to the conclusion that, if we were to accomplish anything, our school and catechumenate would have to be opened immediately. So we set to work to do it.

Shattered Plans

The day after Christmas, we kept our catechist busy writing letters to all the villages, telling the men to come in for one month. The plan was to bring the men in for one month and give them a good start in the doctrine; then to do the same for the women; and then to send a catechist to each of the villages. The catechumenate was to open on January 1, but our plans were shattered. While at dinner that night, word came to us that three thousand bandits were at Konghau en route to Pingnam. One of the merchants in town came as a delegate of the people, asking us if we would protect them. We gladly gave permission for them to come in, bag and baggage.

Here are some entries from our diary for the days that followed.

Enter the Bandits

Many refugees coming in. Real scare on. Report comes that Konghau is in flames, and the people here are terrified lest the same fate befall Pingnam. Telegraph message later in the day denies the Konghau rumor and also states that the bandits merely want the Cantonese to leave the province. Incidentally, the bandits are all ex-Kwangsi soldiers.

December 27

Still the refugees come. The bandits are coming toward Pingnam. About four P. M., the Pingnam Guard escapes by north gate and thus hands over the town to the bandits who are three hundred strong. About half are armed with guns—the rest have knives and daggers attached to bamboo poles. All in all, they are a fierce-looking lot. No dinner tonight. Our refugees are well in hiding. Father Murray and I on guard until midnight. Bandits try to break in about nine P. M., but leave after a half-hour—not, however, until they are told in good American to *get out of here*. Bed at midnight, but we don't undress.

Bandit Chiefs

Father Murray and I take turns guarding the gate. During my Mass, one of the head bandits tries to enter the compound. Father Murray refuses him admittance. He puts his gun against Father Murray's chest. Father Murray pushes it to one side. Bandit goes away.

Two bandit chiefs call, and confirm the story that they simply wish the Cantonese to leave the province. They both say that no damage will be done Pingnam. They demand a thousand dollars, and also food while in town. Merchants collect the sum in a few hours.

January 1, 1911

The bandits gave us a New Year's present by leaving the town. The Pingnam guards have returned, but they did not enter until they were very sure the coast was clear. The town was looted and there is no money to be had. We, ourselves, had run out of cash. Place in an awful condition.

Cantonese "Rescuers"

The Cantonese general arrived with ten boats filled with soldiers. They looked over Pingnam and then left for Konghau, which they reached two hours later, and . . . Konghau *in flames*. As soon as the report of the burning of Konghau reached Pingnam, the merchants started a relief committee. Within three hours, four hundred dollars were collected and handed over to us as custodians. They asked us to go to Konghau at the head of the relief expedition.

The relief committee visited a village half way between here and Konghau and found it destroyed. The people are in misery. We started for Konghau in a sampan. To prevent being fired upon, we had the "Stars and Stripes" flying, and also a Red Cross banner.

I myself visited two villages on the way up and found them absolutely destroyed. It is impossible to describe the ruins, sufferings, and misery which those soldier-bandits of a so-called modern government left in their wake.

Konghau was reached at about seven P. M. Before coming to the city, we were stopped several times, but finally were allowed to pass. A store on a ruined street was hired as our headquarters. There, I met one of the Cantonese officers. He had studied in France, so we used French as the medium. He told me his heart was sick over what had happened, and it had every right to be, as the carnage was no advertisement for the Cantonese Government which is seeking recognition from the world powers. It was here I learned that, on arriving in Konghau, the soldiers could find no place to stay and were so infuriated that they burned the town.

We walked around Konghau and found the ruined town deserted. The people had fled to other villages. There was therefore no chance to do relief work, so we started to walk to Pingnam in order to visit some of the villages in the interior. We called at six of them and found similar conditions. The sudden arrival of Cantonese troops stopped our work and we headed toward the river, where our boat was waiting, and returned to Pingnam.

We learned on excellent authority later, that some Canton-

ese took two hundred women from Konghau to Wuchow and proceeded to sell them at public auction, but that Wuchow officials stopped the sale.

A Banner Presentation

After things had quieted down, the mission was "bombarded" by the town commissioner and merchants who presented us with a large banner as a token of gratitude for what we did. They must have had intuition that our food supply was almost nil, as they brought along chicken, eggs, cakes, and other eatables.

Pingnam's First Catechumens

The commissioner informed us that he and some of the merchants in town wish to become Christians. Eleven came later for instruction. These are the first catechumens from Pingnam itself, that the Mission has had since its foundation.

The Pingnam Dispensary

One patient was a man from a village many miles away. During the trouble three weeks ago, his house was burned by soldiers or bandits and he was left destitute. He worried so much over the misfortune that he became sick and his brother argued in this fashion: his house burned; he worried over it and got sick; therefore, the only way to cure him is to apply hot irons to his chest. And that the brother did! Imagine the result. The poor man's back and chest were horribly burned and he was also suffering from shock caused by the *remedy*. Father Murray fixed him up and told him to return in a week.

Father Murray is still playing the part of village doctor. He has done wonderful work in the dispensary and the kindness he has shown the people has won for us many friends.

Pingnam wants a hospital and the officials seem to think one can be put up for a few hundred dollars. They left us the balance of the Konghau relief fund (two hundred dollars) for the beginning, but it will be many a long day before enough is collected. They also asked for catechisms.

Echoes of the Strife

This is April, and for two months we have had to give a square meal the absent treatment. We decided to send our boy to Wuchow, to get provisions, but when he got on the boat he heard heavy firing on the river and he ran back. The next day he made the trip and reported that the boat was fired on about two hours down the river.

The Pingnam pastor went to Wuchow for the remainder of the provisions. He spent a few days in Wuchow, and succeeded in getting back to Pingnam without meeting any pirates.

GEORGE F. WISEMAN

American Catholic Mission, Pingnam,
May 1, 1922.

For over three weeks I have been at this Mission. I went up the other day to see Father Séosse at Kwaiping. Whenever the foreign business men come up the river, they stop at the Pingnam Mission, and so this time the Standard Oil agent kindly invited me to make the trip in his launch. Of course, the bandits were on hand, in plain view on both sides of the narrow river. Although they fired on a Cantonese steamer the same day, they let us by. Whenever we came to a particularly dangerous place, the pilot always sent a pressing invitation for us two Americans to show ourselves on deck. The boat is a fast one, about twelve miles an hour, and our trip was for all the world like a trip up the Hudson around West Point or Poughkeepsie.

The Kwaiping Mission

After four hours we arrived at Kwaiping. This city was formerly the seat of the Imperial Viceroy from Peking, but after the Taiping rebellion, which started here, it was punished by having its name changed and the capital moved to Kweilin. However, no one could take away the natural advantages,—its position at the junction of the Lau and West Rivers and its central situation, so that it still remains a

fine, beautiful city, showing no signs of the thousands that were slaughtered in its streets by the old Imperial troops.

The riverside here was covered with boats, all of which had been commandeered by the army of occupation, and a reign of terror existed in the town, so that we found the mission compound filled with refugees. There were active preparations for departure, and all they were waiting for was the arrival of the other Cantonese troops from up river. Father Séosse, who gave us a characteristically cordial reception, said that the mountains around the town were filled with bandits, most of whom were former members of the defeated and scattered Kwangsi Army.

Père Séosse

The mission, while very extensive, is not very convenient, having been the first effort of Father Heraud, who is the champion mission founder of Kwangsi, and who was a guest at Wuchow last year. I got much valuable information about mission work.

Father Séosse told us that Father Tessier, who was at one time stationed in Wuchow and whose present mission is in the country about fifty miles from Pingnam, has probably died the death of a martyr. So close to us!—yet between us and him are mountains filled with rival bands of brigands. I made the offer to hire a friendly band and try to relieve the siege that Father Tessier has been undergoing for four months, but Father Séosse said it would be useless. Even could we force our way through, we could not induce Father Tessier to leave his people, whom he has inspired to make a fight for their lives and homes. Village after village in that section has fallen, and a fortnight ago a postcard from Father Tessier came through, asking that the Bishop be notified that the end was in sight—and that their rendezvous would be Heaven. Another hero goes to grace the courts of the Blessed! *

WILLIAM F. O'SHEA

* Information received later stated that Father Tessier was saved—almost miraculously—by internal strife among the attacking bandits.

May 5

Another detachment of the Kwangsi soldiery has come into town. That makes five hundred or so inside the city walls. The Cantonese are staying outside the walls. The police force, one hundred strong, has retreated to a neighboring hill where it can keep an eye on both enemies—the bandits and the Cantonese.

Our compound filled to the brim with refugees. We two Maryknollers got a sound night's sleep, but I doubt if anybody else did. There was practically no looting, however, as the newly arrived Cantonese soldiers were too fatigued from their long march.

Saved at the Eleventh Hour

While walking along the beach, the next day, I saw a group of soldiers looking at something. Approaching the group, I found a man lying on the bank, bleeding from several wounds, particularly one in the face. I asked help to bring him to the Mission for treatment, but nobody responded. I couldn't bear to leave the man in that blazing sun, for, although he was shot down for insubordination, looting or some such offense, he was still a human being with a soul to save, so I took his uninjured hand over my shoulder, and thus bearing his weight, got him to the Mission. Not one of the thousand other soldiers we passed offered to give me a lift.

If I'm the ambulance corps, Father Murray is the surgeon, and he immediately got to work, while I had the catechist assist me in giving our patient the briefest and most cogent exposition of Christian Doctrine that we could put in words suited to his condition. It was soon found that his death was only a matter of hours, a revolver having been emptied into him at short range. By the time Father Murray had dressed the wounds, the patient was willing to be baptized. As Father Murray had done the work, his should be the consolation. He obediently yielded to my good-natured dictation and named the man John, not realizing I was having this "good thief" named after himself. We feel sure that "John " was sincere in his desire for Baptism.

The Mission Diplomat

A Christian came in from Kongtau, Father Séosse's district, stating that his wife and adopted son had been stolen by the Cantonese retiring from that town. Armed with our cards, and accompanied by the catechist—who speaks fifty words of English—Father Murray sallied forth to see the responsible officer and secure the release of our Christians. Some attempt was made to locate them, but, it being obviously difficult to ferret out two captives among the number of women scattered through the fleet of junks and motor-boats, Oriental diplomacy decided that they had already gone ahead in other boats bound down river. "All right," said Father Murray, "but the telegraph will put Canton in possession of the facts, and you can make your explanations there." What they call a "diplomatic gesture", wasn't it?

When we had sat down to a late supper, we were surprised by a shouting at the gate. Rushing out, we found the missing wife with the boy strapped to her back. After Father Murray's threat, the search had evidently become successful and a safe-conduct had been given her back to the mission. Everybody in the compound, pagans even more than the few Christians present, took the incident as an augury for the successful outcome of all the trouble.

Calm After Storm

The rest of the night passed without incident. After early Masses, Father Murray and I went out to see the "sights". But there weren't any. If the Cantonese had come down like the Assyrian, "like a wolf on the fold", they had left like the Arab, and did "silently steal away", so far as a hundred motor-boats could be silent. Except for the Asiatic Petroleum Company's floating "go-down" and two small half sunken junks, there wasn't a sign of man's presence upon the water-front, the still-rising water having carried away whatever débris the army had left behind. In the town, we noted our refugees of the night before opening up—or rather, boarding up, as the soldiers had done the opening—their places of business. China lets nothing

trouble her very long, and already the market trade was starting. Two men came along carrying one of the largest fish we've ever seen, slung between them on a pole,—which fish was to be chopped up and sold while still writhing.

WILLIAM F. O'SHEA

American Catholic Mission, Pingnam,
August, 1922.

The South China Summer

Yesterday the heat descended on our house like a blanket. It was only ninety-six in the shade, but somehow we were paralyzed. Mass and breviary seemed a heroic day's work. I also said a prayer that that terrible sun would not find our famous voyageurs, Meyer and Ford, on the road, according to their almost inveterate habit. This is not the weather to be doing thirty miles a day and sleeping in Chinese huts at the end of it. I think that even our most ardent are becoming reconciled to that.

Precarious Peace

Bishop Ducœur writes that he is heartsick at the difficulties and dangers his missioners and Christians are meeting every day. In Kwangsi one really lives with a sword of Damocles over him, never knowing what will happen next. Although catechumens may come for the sake of protection, yet any systematic instruction, or in fact any routine mission work of any kind, is almost impossible. We try to hold our own as best we can, and wait for better times.

As for the loveliest village of the plain, Pingnam, it is just now enjoying peace and quiet. The countryside around is quite disturbed, as usual, but we have not had any turmoil within our city walls so far this summer, and do not just at the moment anticipate any.

JAMES E. WALSH

CHAPTER 7

MARYKNOLLS IN HONGKONG

Maryknoll Convent, Kowloon,
November, 1921.

HE pilot climbed aboard before eleven and guided us through a narrow waterway—the entrance to Hongkong harbor. On both sides the hills rose bare and high. As we glided on, brown sails and yellow sails, patched sails and tattered sails, carried their junks and sampans leisurely past the *Empress*.

China for Maryknoll Sisters

At last Kowloon came in sight—Hongkong on one side of the harbor, high and mountainous, Kowloon on the other, with a flat edge. Over on the dock crowds were waiting and we scanned them anxiously. A white helmet waved at us—we occupied no little space along the deck rail—and we knew China's Maryknollers had located their Superior. And more helmets waved, and cassocks hurried through the crowd to join another group watching at another point. We drew up beside a pier and the gangplank was let down. In the crowd all the Maryknollers could be seen.

At last they were on board, and then the greeting!—a greeting impossible to describe but easily imagined when you consider that Maryknoll's apostles in China were greeting their Superior and welcoming their colaborers.

We went at once to Holy Rosary Church, and there—with the priests on one side and the Sisters on the other, for this is China—Father Superior gave Benediction. The *Magnificat* rang out, and some sang who could, and some who couldn't.

Homemaking

Then we inspected *Chatham Road, No. 19.* It is a red brick house, of two stories, a little weather-beaten because it faces the sea and this is a typhoon country. Our first glimpse inside showed bright yellow upholstered furniture in the reception room. But we found ourselves really comfortably, though gaudily, provided for.

There are two rooms on the first floor, not including the kitchen. One is a combination refectory-and-community room, the other a reception room. Upstairs are three large rooms, a bathroom, and a little clothes room. There are running water, lights and a gas stove. Father Superior came in and wondered about a chapel, and promply we gave our plan. A large room on the second floor could be used, and we would crowd into the two other rooms.

At half-past five there was Holy Hour in Holy Rosary Church—an opportunity for which we were grateful. And it was with a "Blessed be God!" in our hearts that we went to bed that night, the end of our first day at home in China.

Bishop Pozzoni

The Bishop came. He spoke of Maryknoll and its work, and blessed each of us. Father Superior asked him about having the Blessed Sacrament in the house and he made no objection, asking only to see the proposed chapel.

The First Mass at the Convent

On Friday Father Superior said Mass for us in our own convent. We had been up late the night before, getting things ready, and it felt like Christmas Eve—waiting for the Midnight Mass when Christ would "come unto His own" in this, our Bethlehem.

Father Superior said a few words about the influence which might radiate from this new tabernacle, erected in a pagan land to Him who gave His life for all men.

Mass that morning was for this tiny new seed of Maryknoll —the beginning of the work of the Maryknoll Sisters in China.

SISTER MARY PAUL
Mission Superior

The Feast of Our Mother

On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Our Lady's children in China were happy. There was no Mass in our own chapel, but we divided up and each had the joy of going to two Masses. Father Superior, assisted by Father Ford and Father Paul, sang High Mass at Holy Rosary Church. Father Superior came over after Mass and waited for Bishop Gauthier, who came with Father Walsh. It was a happiness to welcome this kind friend of the Maryknoll pioneer priests. He saw our chapel and said, "Very poor but very clean!"

In the afternoon four of the Sisters went to Happy Valley Cemetery to give Father Price a share in his favorite feast, or rather, to ask Father Price a share in his day. They left some white chrysanthemums on his grave.

"Holy Night" in China

There was much to be done—rooms decorated, chapel made ready; and we were even to have a Crib, because dear Sister Xavier of Chusan had sent us a tiny Infant to remind us that we were all united at the feet of the Babe of Bethlehem. After early night prayers we worked on in silence until time for midnight meditation. And there was joy in each heart—a new kind of joy, because we had never before felt the Christ Child so near.

And it all seemed like a dream! The call to chapel was "Holy Night", and there was the "congregation"—the six Canossian Sisters and the six Maryknollers, the latter the choir for the High Mass.

The altar was beautiful with immense poinsettias that drooped their petals close to the tabernacle and that glowed a deeper red in the light of our new sanctuary lamp. In the corner was a Crib—a poor affair made of tar paper that had lined a Maryknoll box, and some excelsior that had packed the same box; but then, Bethlehem was poor and we know that few hearts were any happier than ours as the Midnight Mass went on and was followed by a Mass of thanksgiving.

Later we gathered round the Christmas tree, opened the

Maryknoll boxes, and investigated the stockings that hung by the fireplace, and we pictured the family—grown much larger since we left—looking into the deep blue sky glittering with bright stars and hurrying onward to the chapel because winter winds blow cold.

It was almost four when we moved upstairs, repeating again and again—"This is Christmas and we are in China!"

The New Life

We are having August-at-home weather—hot and humid—in this month of March, and everything, including the typewriter, is on a strike. Our chapel yesterday—Recollection Sunday—looked like a "Dutch room". All the faded pictures of Dutch boys and girls who once romped on the walls when our chapel was a nursery took out their geese and kites and had a glorious time in the fields near the windmills. They have gone "home" again because a wind came up from the sea and dried them up.

Some days we feel that we are not doing much, and then we realize that we are not doing the material things which were done at Maryknoll, the progress of which can be measured. We study, and try to speak and, after fighting some waves of discouragement because of the elusiveness of Chinese in general, we keep it up; and that, with the spiritual side of our life, is all that is expected this year. Of course, we do not stop there, because every moment is occupied—*Deo Gratias*. There's mail, filing, sewing, necessary household work, so that everyone has just a little bit more than she can conveniently do in a day. And we are grateful for this year, for this manner of being dropped into a new world. It is undoubtedly better than going straight to the missions, because in this way the adjustment is gradual.

It will be summer when this reaches you and Maryknoll fields will be bright in their fresh green, but even now little song sparrows are singing their heads off here when we go up the road for our morning walk.

Sister Mary Paul
Mission Superior

AT ST LOUIS INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, HONGKONG
Brother Michael Hogan is shown in the lower photograph.

St. Louis Industrial School, Hongkong,
June, 1922.

I am having a quiet day or two with Father Walsh at his Industrial School. The school is perched midway on the rock called Hongkong, reached by steep winding roads. The ground floor is ten feet below the street, but the back garden is fully fifty feet above the roofs behind us. It would make a splendid retreat for a Trappist if he were satisfied to quit his garden tools. He could not escape community life with all its noise, but the quiet courtyard with its background of motionless ships and lazy sampans, with treeless mountains and sleeping mounds still farther on the horizon,—all in a haze that cheats the eye of distance and makes the scene unreal—is restful to the spirit, and the din of man-made noises sounds as soothing as nature's winds and bees.

It must be a well-regulated school, for outside of playtime the boys are out of sight and out of the visitor's mind, and only perfect order could accomplish this.

The building is dingy enough—all buildings of the Chinese section are this when typhoon and summer rains have weathered them for seasons—but within, the rooms are clean and cool and flyless and inviting. Even the exterior in the glare of our lusty sun has a dazzling brightness that enriches it, and it is only on a cloudy day that the cracks and blotchy weather stains appear.

Looking beyond Externals

I daresay you will be shocked at my abuse of adjectives when you visit the place. Fresh from the refinements of modern life with its ordinary conveniences, you may possibly be aghast at the poverty of the school, its lack of furnishings, its cracked walls and very poorly mended floors, its leaky roof and Spartan bareness; but a year or two in the interior of China dulls the senses, or perhaps purifies them, and the makeshifts that the Westerner invents for modern luxuries, though clumsy to the æsthetic, loom big in our imaginings, and the little touches of civilization, here and there, in our dwellings change us from Crusoe to Crœsus in our thoughts, and color our descriptions.

The missioner in his dealings with the Chinese has so accustomed himself to disregard the mere externals of their life, their disordered mustiness and unlovely dirt, that he is readier in watching their spiritual welfare than in undue solicitude for their indifference to neatness.

The Healthy Chinese Boy

In looking over the Industrial School, then, we need not pause at the building itself or its sanitary arrangements, but can consider the boys. The boys, not the buildings, make the school. In America, the healthy youngster is usually pictured as a country lad with wind-tanned cheeks and laughing eyes, carrying a fishing pole down a winding lane, in a setting of apple trees, followed by a barking mongrel with limpid eyes and a shortened tail that wags in adoration of its young master.

His counterpart in China would be hard to find. The village lad is more often a wan-faced, bony specimen, clean enough and sunbrowned, but underfed; while the city boy is pallid and soft or bruised, sophisticated beyond his years and as brazen in spirit as in color. Of course, there are exceptions. I am not blaming the youngsters and, coming from the interior, I may be prejudiced in favor of the village lad, but, at least, neither answers the description of the "healthy boy".

So, at the school, I was pleasantly surprised to find healthy Chinese youngsters—bright boys and dull ones, tousled-haired and neat, smiling and serious, odd shapes and orthodox, but all healthy and happy.

Playing the Game

By habit, the Chinese are more apt at standing stupidly in groups for hours at a stretch, like loafers around the village post-office. When urged into action, their exercise takes the form of military drill or Western games, like volley-ball and tennis, regardless of their age and inclination. Chinese youngsters of elementary school age are young for games so complicated, and they are stiff-kneed, though earnest and willing to suffer to learn the foreign games. Here at the

school, it is refreshing to see them play leapfrog and marbles, with many an argument and occasional fist fight; and dirty hands and dirtier knees bespeak the boy in every one of them. Fortunately they are stockingless, for otherwise it would take a score of devoted mothers to attend to their darning. They are typical boys, but not typical Chinese boys, for they have clear eyes and a smile whenever a priest comes in sight,—not a sickly smirk but an honest, sturdy grin. Intellectually, I daresay, they are not wonders, for they are orphans and a Chinese orphan has many handicaps, but, at least, they told me the size and population of Hongkong, and boxed the compass for me, and that's step number one in the making of a good scout.

FRANCIS X. FORD

American Catholic Procure, Kowloon,
June, 1922.

What sort of men should be sent to the missions?

Poor health is no insuperable barrier to this work. I have heard it remarked that often the most delicate men live the longest and do the most work on the missions, and I believe this is true in many cases. But extreme nervousness is a form of poor health that is certainly a very grave obstacle to a life such as we lead here at present. For this job it is the worst possible defect a man could have.

Take the situation. You know the state of our mission. The work consists simply in sending men out to staff missions in the country where they are cut off and alone. They live in a bad climate, which increases nervousness. They live on poor food, which doesn't help it. They live in the midst of revolting conditions—dirt, squalor, and lack of sanitation. They live surrounded by a population of pagan people with whom they have very little in common, who are sometimes hostile and who are always nerve-racking on account of the difference in mentality. As for the Christian Chinese, the young missioner is not prepared to find them still imbued with dishonesty and deceptiveness.

Then there is the unsettled state of the country. The missioner never knows when a band of pirates or soldiers is going to descend on his place and cause trouble. All he knows is that it does happen—and may happen to him. In regard to external events, one lives in a state of perpetual uncertainty. It is literally true that one never knows what is going to happen next. I am sitting here working at this typewriter in perfect peace. There is no trouble or rumor of trouble in this whole neighborhood. Yet if my "boy" walked in this minute and said there were a thousand pirates at the front gate who demanded to get in and ransack the place, it would no more surprise me than if he came to announce dinner. I'm not saying it wouldn't make my heart beat faster, for it certainly would. But it wouldn't surprise me.

It does not pay to send out people who cannot take care of themselves. What this work needs is the type that the French call *débrouillard*, or the same idea,—*un type qui sait se tirer d'affaire*. The missioner must be a man to whom we can say, "See here, we don't know what you're going to meet but you just stand on your own feet and use your own head. You'll make plenty of mistakes, but always try to land on your feet."

I used to think the mere word *American* covered this ground, but there are all sorts of Americans. The term *man* might express the idea. We all have found out that this is a man's job.

JAMES E. WALSH

PART II
ALL MARYKNOLL-IN-CHINA REVISITED

Father Peter Chan, S. J.

Bishop Melchior Souen, C. M.

Father Yeung (see page 265) with Father Paulhus, A. F. M.

THREE OF THE NATIVE CLERGY OF CHINA

Chapter 1

CATHOLIC SISTERS AT YEUNGKONG

Maryknoll convent, Yeungkong,
January, 1923.

ON November 19, twelve of us left Hongkong on the Kongmoon boat. The next morning we had Mass in the "Maryknoll procure" at Pakkai. The almost bare walls, the crude altar and equipment, gave us our first impression of a mission chapel. All during the Mass we tried to keep from contrasting this with many places in the home land where there is much more than can be used. Mass that morning meant much—partly because one feels that, the less there is in the chapel, the more one should try to give to the Sacramental Christ.

A steam launch ran us from Kongmoon to Pakkai. We were traveling in Western style. But at Pakkai we caught the first glimpse of our junk,—a big hulk of unpainted wood, with "cabins" at one end and a deck space at the other. The deck was rapidly being filled with boxes, trunks, pig crates, mats, oil cans, soldiers' packs, Chinese travelers, and so forth and so on. We took a look from the launch, then we went up a perilously shaky plank. We were on a junk—the like of which we had heard so much about.

Our schedule was, to start at noon. But we pulled out early the next morning,—at twenty minutes of four, to be exact. Any one who knows China can realize that it was far from a quiet time when the boat got started on its journey. Our hearts had other reasons, however, for beating rapidly—at last we were really on our way.

The trip to Yeungkong usually means only one night,

but we swung down to our cabins a second time to the light of the little oil lantern. It was the end of another day when we passed the Yeungkong breakwater and the beacon—a tree stump in the water, on which a lantern is hung at night. We went over the bar and the boat began to come to life. Chinese, curled up here and there in blankets, unrolled themselves and began to do up their bundles. Baggage was pulled about. We were in doubt about the fate of our boxes and bundles, for there seemed to be no order anywhere. Finally, however, our "boy" had every piece lined up.

The Yeungkong Welcome

Sampans came hurrying out from shore. As we waited, over the waters came the welcome from Father Ford's boys, who were drifting closer in their sampan. They made an attractive picture in neat dark uniforms, a picture particularly pleasing to us because they were the boys of our own Mission school.

Baggage was tumbled off the junk into the sampans at a lively rate of speed. Soon our turn came and we went forward for our last push over Yeungkong waters to home. On the way, Father Ford's boys sang. The final number was "Maryknoll, my Maryknoll", as we neared the Yeungkong landing. The natives were attracted and they followed along the shore. We are the first Sisters in this part of China and we were surrounded by a staring crowd while waiting for our chairs. But at last the chairs came. We were lifted on high. The boys and their band went on before and we followed after, up "Main Street", where business was suspended and shopkeepers came out to see the strange newcomers.

A burst of firecrackers told us we were near the Mission. It was a big welcome, a real Fourth of July celebration that would do any American boy's heart good, that greeted us as we went into the Mission chapel for Benediction. Over the tiled roofs of the low Chinese houses we glimpsed the yellow convent, but it was not until after our prayer of thanksgiving that we inspected our new home.

Dreams Come True

Our convent has wide verandas and three floors. It is a triumph for the Chinese builder, for Chinese houses usually have but one story. But no one would ever question the "made in China" stamp that our convent bears. It is an object of admiration for all hereabouts. The neighbors have no hesitation about coming on the veranda and staring in. One can never tell what kind of face, or what number of faces, will meet one's gaze in a glance at the window.

Our convent chapel needs more attention before it can be ready for Mass and the Blessed Sacrament. Accordingly, the next morning, we hurried to the Mission chapel for Mass. The Mission bell rang the Angelus and it was good to hear those tones floating over the pagan village. The Mass was one of thanksgiving—at least that is the intention we started with, but the distractions of the chorus of Chinese prayer were a good bit for some of us. We sat in the women's section—the rear—and saw some of our future protegées, five little blind girls all gaily dressed for the occasion and some old women whose heads nodded more than once.

Later we inspected the Mission orphanage and old folks' home. A smile and "Tin chu po you" go a long way, and we were glad they do, because we had little else to give. The dialect here is peculiar to Yeungkong and our Cantonese needs some adaptation before it will work well.

Boxes and trunks were unpacked and we began to take root.

November 25

The regular visitations of the old folks' home and the orphanage began. The "Doctor", as they call Sister Gertrude, had more than one case. Besides the patients who appeared at every corner with an ulcer, or a pain, or a cough, there was a group of interested bystanders eager to see the performance and to be of service. The old folks were most solicitous as to whether we had "eaten", and they were content only when we told them we had "eaten full up".

The little blind girls know us now. They respond much more promptly to our "Tin chu po you."

November 29

An old lady died during the night and the funeral was set for three. Sisters Magdalen and Paul started to the cemetery. The procession had preceded them, but after a walk of about ten minutes beyond the city gate, along the country road, they came in sight of the cortege: the coffin of unfinished wood, swung on the shoulders of four men, a few old men, and a few old women, who when they spied the Sisters immediately stopped and let the "cuneung" go ahead. These old folk hobbled along with a broader smile, and they kept up a good pace over the narrow paths until they reached the "holy mountain," where the mounds and little headstones mark the resting place of many Christians. A few bursts of firecrackers gave a Chinese touch to the ceremony.

Thanksgiving Day

At the orphanage, one of the nurses lost her own child. You would not believe the stories of China's inhumanity if you could see the grief in her face and hear the low cry as she sat by the side of another child that had been given her to care for. Our hearts went out to her, but she, being a pagan, would not be comforted.

Feast of the Immaculate Conception

Sister Infirmarian and her assistants went joyfully to the orphanage this morning. The sun was never brighter, and the air had grown somewhat warmer, though not enough to affect the dampness and cold within those four windowless walls which we call the nursery. This brick room had lately been scrubbed and whitewashed. Its bare walls took on a different aspect. A crucifix and two pictures were hung. The boxes and stands were arranged and babies put wherever possible. Babies who had never before been bathed, or given milk, now received "the surprise of their young lives".

Father Ford came to bless the "Holy Child Nursery and Guardian Angel Orphanage," just as the last baby was being bathed.

It was a happy day for us all. Not the least happiness was our first Benediction ceremony in our little chapel. How heartily each of us sang the hymns this afternoon! Could we ever praise Him enough?

We thought often of Father Price and felt assured that he today was with his beloved Immaculate Mother, interceding for this, his Mission.

Saint Ann's Home

The octave of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception was a warm day, and the sun shone brightly as we started off on another joyous task—moving our old folks into their new quarters. First, however, they needed to be bathed and newly clad, and this was no simple process.

Two of the "youngest" scrubbed the two wooden planks and horses which comprised their beds, while others helped to carry these and the new bamboo chairs, the new bowls and chopsticks, to the new Saint Ann's Home. What a happy day it was for these lovable old grannies, for the six Sisters, and for good Father Ford, who brought it all about! Father came to bless the Home, after which the old folks partook of their first meal that day. They eat at nine in the morning and four in the afternoon; but the morning meal was omitted on account of the bathing process.

There was no table, but a big square board was set up, around which they all gathered. In the center stood two huge earthen bowls of rice and a half dozen smaller bowls containing some greens and small fish. Each old lady was soon pushing into her mouth, with the aid of chopsticks, the contents of one or two bowls of rice and, for variety, greens and fish—heads, tails, and all.

The Favored Sex

The Feast of Epiphany was set for the convent housewarming. The day was a beautiful one, for the sun was shining and the air was not too cool. Dozens of colored paper lanterns and streamers, hung about the gate, the porches, and the rooms of the lower floor, made our house appear quite festive.

The first group of Christians arrived early. The men, accompanied by Father Ford and his teachers and catechists, walked solemnly through the convent, while the women stood demurely outside awaiting their turn.

The rooms, of which door and windows (with a few exceptions) were left wide open, were ready for inspection. The porches, running around the entire house on every floor, gave ample opportunity of seeing not only Yeungkong City but glimpses of the Sisters' cells, which were objects of curiosity. The visitors encircled the porches a number of times, especially the third story, and many no doubt experienced their first sky-scraper thrill as they looked below. Going up and down the stairs was another "big feature," for houses in Yeungkong have only a ground floor.

Ladies Next

Next came the group of Christian women, headed by two or three women catechists. The little wooden 'slip-on' shoes which some of them wore made a clatter on the stairs and were often taken off before proceeding further. The women clung to the bannisters and peered awfully over the railings of the second and third floors. Every detail of the house was a novelty to these simple people. Little genuflections or clasping of hands were made before each crucifix, statue or holy picture—and these were not scarce, even in this convent in China.

The Younger Generation

Next came the students from Saint Thomas School and we are sure they enjoyed the day thoroughly. These boys visited the convent several times; in fact, some of them remained throughout the day. Some pagan girls in dark blue dresses made a striking group. They wore big silver stars on their "saams" to show that they attend the Mandarin's school.

The Notable Notables

At about five, Father Ford appeared again, with the Civil Mandarin and other Yeungkong notables, fifteen or twenty

WHEN THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS ARRIVED AT YEUNGKONG

Insert shows the Sisters on the junk that carried them over the South China Sea. In the group, third from the left, is Sister Gertrude Moore, who later died and was buried at Yeungkong.

in number. These solemn-appearing men walked through the convent, looking very dignified in their long, straight, silk or cotton coats, dark grey or brown in color. They had hardly gone, when Father Ford returned with the Military Mandarin and his group.

A photographer was waiting outside. The four Mission Fathers and all the Yeungkong notables, together with six somewhat timid Maryknoll Sisters, stood, trying to look pleasant, while dogs, pigs, and chickens, which had strayed in from the alley, poked unconcernedly about the group.

Gifts and Gratitude

The Christians presented gifts to the Sisters. Among other things were two baskets of eggs, a live rooster, six wee brown birds, sweet potatoes, tangerines, four high bouquets of artificial flowers covered with glass, a lovely Chinese bride done in wax, and, best of all, a beautiful red hanging to be placed above our altar. It bore huge characters in black, which read, "It is the Lord". There were, also, five pictures with Chinese characters giving a message of welcome to the Sisters from all the Christians of Yeungkong. The workmen presented a bush in bloom. Its flowers reminded us of apple blossoms and gave quite a touch of beauty to our chapel, where we immediately placed it.

Holy cards, rosaries, and the last of our precious Christmas candy, were given out to various visitors. And thus the day was spent, as Christians and pagans came, some to kneel before the little Infant Jesus, others to gaze vaguely, although respectfully, at Him Whom they knew not. We retired that night, filled with overwhelming gratitude to the Lord of all, for this day and for every day spent in China.

A Maryknoll Sister

What Price Souls?

A beautiful little girl, three years of age, was offered us by her mother for ten dollars, today. A little later two babies, one day old, followed, and these we bought for forty cents.

In contrast, the little dog presented to us yesterday cost sixty cents. Souls are cheap in China—but worth any hardship, sacrifice, or suffering to procure. We regret to see any chance to secure these pass by, but for the means we are entirely dependent on good friends at home.

January 12

"War" in the air told us that soldiers were on their way, so we all moved down from the top floor. Ours is the sole skyscraper in town and it offers itself as a fine target for even Chinese guns. Lights, too, were dim that night and this was with a purpose.

January 13

Everything quiet, apparently.

January 18

The Mission curate came over again to "scare" us. This time he urged us to buy an extra quantity of rice, oil, and so forth, since war threatened. It is strange how, in the beginning, we take everything for granted. We receive extraordinary news, watch strange customs, meet these dear, queer people, with the one expression that satisfies us: "This is China, you know." Father's warning, then, to fly the American flag, to keep to the first floor during any firing, to offer hospitality to two Presbyterian women missionaries outside the city wall, was listened to complacently. We resumed our work peacefully, without being disturbed by soldiers or bandits. Some amusement was caused by our wee black puppy, who is tied just inside the heavy barred gate leading to our compound. He and an aged Christian are our gatekeepers.

February 1

The war is on, as wars go in China. During the past few days, although our classes went on uninterruptedly and our missions duties were performed, we heard occasional shots in the distance and we sometimes peeped out to look over

the hills, where tiny figures could be discerned. These were the expected army. Within our wall, which runs around the entire city, we see the "home guard" keeping watch. These Chinese soldiers in every conceivable uniform or costume, of every color and shade, make one wish to smile. We ask ourselves how the opposing 'army' can be distinguished—what an officer wears—if these men were trained; for there is no attempt at order or discipline, as far as we can see.

More women seek protection in our compound, while the Father's is "full up", we hear. We begin to realize what a timid people the Chinese are. They make no attempt at resistance, nor do the men chivalrously remain home to guard their women and their homes; rather, they hide themselves wherever they can, or flee to a neighboring village.

February 5

All is quiet in Yeungkong and most of the Chinese who sought refuge with us have returned to their homes. The Fathers have very kindly lent us their Victrola for an indefinite period and John McCormack never sang so sweetly before.

This noon a large group of the women and children who had taken refuge here during the troubled period, came to receive instruction in our religion. We ask prayers for these good people that they may persevere in their good desires. To show their gratitude for the protection we gave them, they brought gifts of eggs and oranges.

Among the Sights of Yeungkong.

The neighbors all turn out to watch us take our walk daily. Whether one, two, or six Sisters walk, doorsteps are crowded and not only the children, but women, too, wave their hands gleefully and call out "Cuneung" and "Tin shue po you." We took our walk on the porch after dark today, hoping thus to distract the natives less than usual, but out of the darkness came cries of "Cuneung!" the Chinese word for "Sisters".

February 11

One old lady, one of the teachers at Saint Thomas College, two babies, and a new little eleven-year-old blind girl brought to us today, received the Sacrament of Baptism. Father Cairns gave the conference, on Our Lady of Lourdes, which was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. We enjoyed a Chinese supper, the first of our weekly Chinese meals where chopsticks, bowls, and Chinese conversation are enforced. After a happy recreation, which included a one-act Chinese play, we said night prayers with grateful hearts.

February 12

We received from the Fathers today a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes and one of Bernadette. These belonged to Father Price who received them from Bernadette's own brother. Bernadette herself thought a great deal of this statue, considering it a good likeness of Our Blessed Mother. Needless to say, these treasures are highly appreciated.

Chinese Pets

Toys are very scarce here, so the children amuse themselves with all sorts of insects. One of our little neighbors we saw playing with a large bug, which she had tied to the end of a long string. We were surprised to see the little one allow the bug to run over her hands, but there was no danger we were told, as the child's mother had removed the "teeth" of this pet.

A Maryknoll Sister

The Feast of Corpus Christi

The day was a cloudy one and, as this is the rainy season, we had our doubts about the procession. However, we went ahead and trimmed the baskets for the children who were to strew flowers, and made the wreaths they were to wear. The canopy was decorated with leaves and flowers. At noon it began to rain, but we kept up prayers for fair weather. At four o'clock there was just a little drizzle. Our opinion

on the weather was that such a light fall of rain "didn't matter". Father Ford said that was just what the Christians had said. It was, of course, too wet to erect an altar under our large tree, as first planned, but an altar table was placed in a corner of our wide porch, which could be seen from the front and side porches as well as from the yard. At Saint Ann's Home an altar was erected in the refectory, and the decorations were very beautiful. The entrance gates to the compound, the home, and the convent were prettily decorated with branches of green. Our school children had been told to come at five, but no later than three they arrived. As it was raining, we brought them into the convent and, to their great surprise and delight, played the victrola and had them form a ring and skip around the table. These children are full of fun and are quick to learn.

At five o'clock the church bell sounded and the children formed a line. We had four "strewers"; two were our only Catholic pupils, Malia and Ah Nap, and the other two are splendid little pagan girls, Ah Kai and Ah Nuen.

The ceremony at the church began with the singing of "Ave Verum" as the Blessed Sacrament was placed in the monstrance. Then the procession formed. The school girls walked first, next the school boys, then the four little strewers immediately before the boys carrying the censors. As the Blessed Sacrament was carried, hundreds of pagans looked on. How The Sacred Heart must have yearned for these poor souls! Surely He must have cast seeds of faith into many a starved heart. May we worthily coöperate with the Master, that these seeds may bear fruit!

Guardian Angels

The first Benediction was at Saint Ann's Home, and the second at the altar on our porch. Then all proceeded to the church, where the final Benediction was given. While in procession, the Christians chanted litanies and the whole ceremony was very inspiring. On returning to the convent, we distributed medals and holy cards to the children. The cards were Guardian Angel subjects, and the little ones listened with wide-eyed wonder when we told them that each

had a beautiful angel to guard her. It was an entirely new subject to them. They had heard much about bad spirits, but never before about angel guardians.

June 5

A visit to the pagan orphanage gave us four baptisms. One infant had been placed on the floor, half of its body resting in the basket that it would be taken away in as soon as it died. The clothing had all been removed and there was merely an old cloth thrown over the child. The other babies were not so near death, so had not been placed on the floor, but they were completely covered with old rags. It is by no means a new experience for us to visit this pagan orphanage, but we never quite get used to its odors and dirt and to the slovenly women in charge. The babies that survive there are sold as slave girls, so we have good reason to pray that this orphanage may be closed and that all the "not wanted" babies may be brought to our Guardian Angel Orphanage.

The Sacred Heart Dispensary

The Sacred Heart Dispensary opened this morning. News of it had been spread, and there were some sightseers with the patients. All considered the dispensary very fine, but no one appreciated it more than Sister Nurse, who, up to the present, has been obliged to take all supplies in her bag over to the Mission. A large cabinet, made in Yeungkong, was put in place yesterday, and by nightfall was stocked with medicines. A beautiful crucifix, with statues of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Heart of Mary—all gifts from a Circle—are in prominent places. These will be a help in arousing curiosity. The day was made a holiday for all, and the blessing of the dispensary and the medicines was given by Father Ford at five in the afternoon.

Neighborly Missionaries

The Misses Willis, two local missionaries, called this afternoon (June 18). We certainly enjoy an occasional English conversation, and, besides, these ladies give us much

helpful information. They were quite surprised to hear that we are not going to Hongkong until September, saying that we shall find this climate very trying during the summer. They leave in two weeks and the Presbyterians have already left; hence we are the only foreigners in town. As to the question of climate here, the Sisters who spent last summer in Hongkong say that they consider Yeungkong a cooler place, and it is true that none of us have felt the heat very much so far. But we must thank our good pastor for our large, airy convent which catches every passing breeze.

Prodigal Grandmothers

Some time ago we took in an old lady, at Saint Ann's Home, who was not looked upon with favor by the others as they claimed she had leprosy. We had the woman examined by the Protestant doctor, but he could find no traces of the disease. Three of the old women were not convinced and made things unpleasant for the woman; so, while we disliked to send them away (particularly as all three were baptized), we were willing enough to let them go when they suggested it. Our prayers followed them, for we feared for their faith among pagan surroundings. Within a short time one of them returned and asked to be taken in, promising to cause no more trouble. In less than a month another applied, and today the third, after an absence of some three months, knocked at our front door. We rejoiced at the "prodigal's" return, at the same time taking care not to show too plainly how happy we were to open wide the doors to receive her.

Fruits of the School

As the school term is almost ended, we are endeavoring to make sure of the baptism of some of our girls before they leave us. The parents of three of the children were interviewed today (June 23) and are willing that the children be baptized. These girls are already well instructed in catechism and know their prayers; they are very happy over the prospect of becoming Christians. We sincerely hope we shall have similar success with all our children.

"Private" Warfare

At noon on July 28 a quick succession of shots told us there was trouble again in our little city. Immediately crowds rushed into the convent grounds. Our pastor too was on hand in no time. He told us that it was a little private war between two generals. Throughout the afternoon the fighting continued, but at nightfall all was quiet, and we were told that the battle had been fought and the winning general was now our new mandarin. Many of the people on the premises had come from a distance, so remained at the convent for the night.

During Mass the following morning we were again surprised to hear shots. All day long the bullets whistled. While the Sisters were at the Orphanage a bullet, which had evidently traveled a great distance as its force was spent, entered the building through a doorway, striking one of the blind children. The little one was thoroughly frightened but the only injury sustained was a tiny bruise.

Our good pastor remained at our gate all day and spent the night in the gatekeeper's tiny room. At about ten in the evening, the shooting ceased.

Yeungkong is quiet and peaceful again. The shops have not yet reopened and the poor families who buy rice in small quantities are living on wee rations. The "down town" district, "12th Street", is flooded from the heavy rains. The swollen river is plainly visible, even from our second floor.

Saint Dominic's Day

We united our prayers with all our Sisters, as well as with the thousands of Dominicans the world over, to honor our holy Father. The prayer for ourselves was, that he would obtain for us even such a zeal for souls as he possessed. The chapel looked very beautiful, with graceful bamboo decorations, pale pink roses and tiny lavender flowers.

Sister Mary Magdalen had wished to give our orphans an outing today and planned a sampan trip, but, as the water is particularly swift now and the wharf still flooded, the idea had to be abandoned. At the breakfast table we made

plans for the day: a visit to Chinese virgins at ten; a romp with the children at two; a walk to the hills at four—the latter a much longed-for excursion. Before we reached the native virgins' house, we had gathered a large crowd of followers and they went in with us. In the entrance was a brass Buddha, and inside we saw many gods. There were virgins who looked like men, with their shaven heads. They were very gracious, invited us to drink tea, and showed us about. We asked them to return our call, and they promised to.

At two o'clock our orphans came to the convent. The Fathers had sent over their victrola in the morning, and the children, blind, lame and halt, had a jolly good time. There were candy and cookies, and a hunt in the attic revealed toys, broken but immediately welcomed. Our youngest baby came to the party in a dainty American dress. She proved to be real Chinese, however, for she slept through all the noise. Shortly before four, the children said their farewells, and left with their treasured toys.

At four-thirty the start for the hills was made. The climb proved a strenuous one, but the view and the breezes were worth twice the effort. The river with its many inlets, the tiny neighboring villages known to us by name only, and the numerous rice fields, were spread out before our delighted gaze. On the highest peak we sang "Maryknoll." At six, we heard the bell of the Mission ringing the Angelus, and we left for home, after a most happy day.

A Maryknoll Sister

The Death of a Maryknoll Sister

Sister Mary Gertrude, one of the first six Maryknoll Sisters sent to the missions, died at the Yeungkong convent on August 21, 1923, of typhoid fever, contracted during the discharge of her duties as nurse infirmarian. In less than a year, she treated over six thousand patients at the mission dispensary.

A solemn requiem Mass was sung for the repose of her

soul, at the Maryknoll convent in Kowloon, on August 27. A few words of appreciation were spoken by one of the Maryknoll priests.

A Tribute

"'May the Angels lead thee into Paradise; at thy coming may the martyrs receive thee, and bring thee into the Holy City, Jerusalem. May the Choir of Angels receive thee, and, with the once poor Lazarus, mayest thou have rest everlasting.'

"As we knelt at her dying bedside and heard this prayer of the Church from the lips of her kind pastor; as we saw her Sisters close for the last time those eyes of our dearly beloved; as the final breath was sent forth from her body; we could not but feel that the Angels did lead Sister Gertrude into Paradise.

"How Father Price and Father Hodgins must have rejoiced when another soul from the Maryknoll mission came home! They may have been praying for this blessing for the young community, they may have asked for the pruning of a strong healthy vigorous branch, in order that the tree itself become firm-rooted and verdant. It is significant that each of the three who have 'gone home' had labored in Yeung-kong, where they spent themselves for Christ. No doubt part of the growth of Catholicity here, is due to the prayers of Fathers Price and Hodgins, whose remains lie in Happy Valley Cemetery, across Hongkong Bay. We can reasonably hope that special blessings and gifts will come from Heaven through the intercession of Sister Gertrude.

"When we said the prayers for the dying the Mission bell was being tolled, and the Chinese Catholics had assembled to pray for the happy death of the kind-hearted Sister Nurse. Her death was happy and edifying.

"In her care of the afflicted the trained hand of the nurse was strengthened by a love like that of a mother. In her brief mission career she alleviated pain for thousands. She had a great career ahead, but the one she has been called to is the greatest career. 'Greater love than this hath no man, that he lay down his life for his friend.'

"Her knowledge of the human body, her understanding of human nature and of the peculiar characteristics of the Chinese, were above the ordinary. Her genial disposition attracted everyone and endeared her to all with whom she came in contact. Her sweet voice, ringing through the chapel at Mass and Benediction, and her skill as an organist, will be missed by the Chinese and by the other missioners.

"Yet, though we all feel keenly the loss of such a valued member of the community, our natural sorrow should be replaced by supernatural joy."

Sister Gertrude's Funeral at Yeungkong

To the critical or æsthetic American eyes, the funeral would have appeared extremely simple, or, possibly, it would have been called crude; for the Chinese coffin (the hollowed trunk of a tree), carried upon two huge bamboo poles over the shoulders of twelve coolies, some of whom were not fully dressed, was carried from the convent into the church with much noise from the shouting bearers.

High Mass was sung. After the blessing of the body, the coolies, with considerable delay and loud shouting, finally proceeded to the street, where they placed their grave-digging implements upon the draped coffin.

A procession of Christians—men, women, and children—began their mile walk to the cemetery, and prayed aloud as they walked, sometimes through showers of rain and pools of water. At the cemetery, the Sisters selected the plot, and the grave-diggers began, while we, under umbrellas, watched and waited. Firecrackers were being exploded, along the line of procession, from the time we left the church, and the last of them were set afire in the burial ground. (Sister Gertrude, during her illness, had expressed the wish that there be firecrackers just as at a Chinese funeral.)

The native coffin, encasing the breathless body, was lowered, and the pastor of Yeungkong spoke on behalf of Christ: "*I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, although he be dead, shall live; and every one that liveth, and*

believeth in me, shall not die for ever." And he recalled one of Father Superior's favorite texts: "*Unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone.*"

Sister Gertrude is the first of us to so enrich the soil of China proper.

A Maryknoll Sister

Chapter 2

A YEAR OF CHINESE MILITARISM

(Yeungkong)

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong,
December, 1922.

HINESE Dethronement Day occurred on October 10. This day was a sort of limited reproduction of our own Fourth of July; the students paraded the streets and we hung out the Chinese flag. In the afternoon several of the Normal School professors visited us and explained that today was quite the same as our own Independence Day. They were educated men and I expected them to know as much. But when some of our own youngsters, primary school students, started to compare the day's history with the efforts of Washington, I thought it pretty good. Comparisons are always odious, but in my own limited experience I do not recall ever having an American school boy talk Chinese history with me.

A Cold Welcome

On November 9 a telegram from Father Ford stated he was on the way with the new missioners. All the school boys begged to go down the river to see the new comers. The curate agreed, and a young navy of Chinese sampans was soon under sail. When it gets cold in the tropics, it goes right to the bone. That was one of those days. Every foot the sampan gained, the thermometer seemed to drop a degree. The poor Chinese shook so, they rocked the boat. It was the coldest day I experienced since the Chiklung house-warming; and that day was so cold that Fathers Ford, Hodgins and myself had even the tablecloth and the face

towels on top of us when we slept, to say nothing of the Catholic newspapers our good friends in America had sent us. This time we waited and shivered from nine in the morning until five at night, and the boat never put in an appearance.

Coin of the Realm

All the next day the Christians kept assuring me that Father Ford could not possibly arrive, because a certain general had taken all the boats to transport soldiers for his raid on Fukien. About five o'clock there was a wild scramble of school boys up the stairs to announce that Father Ford was coming up the street with a little man, and a great big fat one. Then there was another wild scramble down the stairs to get the firecrackers and ring the bell. It was a pleasant surprise to see Brother John as well as Father Paulhus. Brother John was about as wide as the alley and had a friendly grin on his face that won the Chinese immediately. He would make a fine "ad" for the ship that brought him across. Good humor is coin of the realm the world over. Before John was in the place twenty minutes he and about fifty Chinese were holding an animated conversation in the sign language.

Pioneer Maryknoll Brothers

Brother Albert and Brother John left for Hongkong. Brother Albert did some fine work for us while he was here; and, short as Brother John's stay was, he made good use of it in going over our medicine chest, supplying needs, and writing out treatments for future cases. As soon as the town learned the fact that he is a "doctor", there was no end of callers with complaints—real and imaginary. We did the best we could and tried to impress upon the women that one of the Sisters who will live here in a few weeks is a student of medicine and will know how to look after them and their babies. A Sister with a knowledge of medicine will be a godsend. Owing to the Oriental ideas prevalent, we can do nothing for the women who are seriously sick. With a Sister, this will be all changed.

Yeungkong Lepers

Returning from outside the town, one day last month, I met a band of lepers—men, women, and children, old and young, to the number of about fifty. They were a pitiful sight, indeed. They were hopping along, minus most of their toes, and one woman had only half a foot. As these were the first lepers I have seen in anything like a large number, I had a good look at them and dropped a few coppers for them. They picked the money up, but how they did it is more than I can tell. They had no fingers and they would not let me drop the money in the palms of their hands. People say there is a colony of about three hundred of these poor unfortunates off in the hills behind the city. One lone leper who came into the town last year was almost stoned to death until he managed to get shelter in our doorway; today's large band marched right through the city, buying what they needed, and nobody seemed to notice them.

Publicity for the Mission

The whole town knows the Sisters came. Our boys paraded through the city this morning and this evening. When the sampans pulled up to the landing steps, there were about three thousand Chinese on hand to look at the Sisters if not greet them. When the Sisters went up the main street I thought the Mandarin would have to ring out the riot call, but after a little pushing and squeezing they managed to get by. The Sisters' coming is the best all-around advertisement the Catholic Church has ever had in Yeungkong. Thanks be to God, we have passed out of the forgotten-corner-in-a-back-alley stage. Father Cairns happened to meet an English lecturer who was in the Orient getting material for moving pictures. The lecturer made the trip to Yeungkong with the Sisters and cranked his little machine at their landing and upon their entrance into the Mission compound. In a few weeks we ought to have some Maryknoll "movies". The moving picture outfit caused a stir. The city is not used to such things. Some of the wise ones, who had visited the far-off and fabled cities of Hong-

kong and Canton, understood what the camera was, after it was explained to them, and they gained lots of "face" with the multitude by explaining in Chinese just what moving pictures are.

Saints and —

We had quite a celebration on the feast of Saint Francis Xavier, with firecrackers and a feast and no end of Chinese decorations. The nice thing was that all was provided free by our Chinese friends, most of whom are pagans.

At Mass the old catechist told the people that the day was the feast of two great saints: Saint Francis Xavier and Saint Francis Ford, their pastor. I think a lot of my pastor and was glad to hear he is traveling in such fine company.

The Year's Gift to the Christ Child

The day before Christmas the Christians came pouring in for the feast; they were all over the place. The contingent from Taipat, however, were conspicuous for their absence. The bandits have decided that the Taipat section is a good field for their operations, and when a man is liable to be shot and have his children kidnapped if he ventures beyond the city wall we believe he can be excused from Mass even on Christmas.

We had several hundred confessions, and on the feast itself there were fifteen adult baptisms,—not a great number, but a gift, just the same, for the Christ Child. The reports of the catechists were encouraging; every one of them showed substantial gains. Chiklung led, with sixty new catechumens. Alive or dead, Father Hodgins is a good worker.

A blessed year was 1922. Our mission institutions have grown, our baptized Christians have increased in numbers, and a crop of catechumens far beyond our expectations has sprung up. We have built a large new convent, a new orphanage, and a new old folks' home. Already we have broken ground for the new Yeungkong Boys' School and plans are under way for a girls' academy. A dispensary is being built.

SISTER MARY PAUL VIEWS THE SISTERS' FIRST CHARGE

NURSES AT YEUNGKONG MAKE THEIR REPORT TO THE SISTERS

At Chiklung, a new mission has been started and enriched with the life of Father Hodgins. Already it promises to yield a great crop of Christians as soon as a priest can be spared to gather in the harvest. In each of the missions, there are signs of progress; no retrogression is to be noticed—for all of which we thank God and the good friends of the mission who have helped Maryknoll and ourselves to make the work here possible.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come in Yeung-kong!

PHILIP A. TAGGART

The Feminine Touch

I am only now beginning to realize what changes the Sisters' presence will make. Take the orphanage, for example. Under our benign and benighted régime, the place was an eyesore. Without constant, patient supervision, Chinese women will not take proper care to sweep and scrub. The only improvement in a baby's condition upon entry into our orphanage was that it got more to eat; but whether the food was a pig's knuckle or a cup of tea made little difference to the zealous and ignorant caretaker.

We ourselves knew little about baby rations, and less about preparing them. The Seminary course, except in the tract on Infant Baptism, never touched on babies at all and our home training gave us no practice in handling them. My duty as an uncle at home consisted chiefly in remembering the baby's name. We had to fall back on our own experience as infants, allowing for race and climatic differences, with but vague and discouraging results. The only success we had was in keeping the babies quiet, which I now find is an unnatural state for them.

Since the Sisters have taken charge, the babies cry whenever they are hungry, for they know it's the prearranged signal for feeding. In my time, they gave up crying in disgust as it brought no results but exercise, and that only made them more hungry. Now perhaps for the first time in their wee lives they have been washed in warm water,

and dusted with powder; and they smile in their dreams between whiles.

The Sisters' spotless place has taken the feminine world by storm. The pagan women gather in front of the orphanage and whisper and exclaim over its cleanliness. The mere sight of a Sister carrying the tiny infants to the chapel for Baptism will draw these pagan women, for they see love expressed in every nook and corner of the orphanage.

I fear the Sisters will not send quite so many infants to heaven as I did, for the babies have decided to enjoy life; but there will certainly be more Chinese in Purgatory because of the orphanage.

Rejuvenated Grandmothers

Later we tackled the next pressing need—a home for the folkless grandmothers. I pass over in charitable silence my past feeble efforts at home-making. It's enough to say the Sisters with brooms and blistered fingers swept out the newly bought old building facing their convent, and, with a patch here and there, the affair will hold together till the next typhoon.

There was a symbolic, solemn washing of heads, and a complete new outfit of clothing for each of the old ladies, that included even stockings and slippers, new comforters and mosquito netting, a handkerchief, and a medal. The toothless grandames are enjoying a foretaste of Paradise and have shed a decade of years in consequence, for the bare walls, brick floor, and wooden bed, though primitive in our sight, are luxury compared with the hovels these homeless women had. Many of them slept in doorways or abandoned temples and begged their daily rice. Even their former quarters here in an open shed were hardly better—the recent cold spell took off five of them. So their new, sheltered, clean room and warm clothing make them childlike in their enjoyment. Their thanks were worth the cost.

Travel Courtesies

I took advantage of a little sailboat that plies between Chappo and Chiklung. Usually the trip is made in six hours,

but we were ten on the way. I had plenty of time to make friends with all on board, which means, over here, simply smiling at them. We whites pride ourselves on our democracy aboardship; we chat with unknown deck companions and enjoy a freedom denied on land. Yet even in this the Chinese could give us pointers. I was a perfect stranger in a crowd of thirty pagans, but from the moment I scrambled over the gunwale until we landed, the theme of general conversation was directed both towards me and at me. They repeated antiphonally how fine the Chiklung chapel is; how kind the Father was to start a school at Taipat; from which they generalize that Americans come to China to help the Chinese. One volunteered the theory that all foreigners are kindhearted, but there was a little doubt expressed at that. Another said we Catholics adore God because He made heaven and earth,—evidently a memory of a sermon he had heard. All in all, no hosts could have been more attentive than these to an uninvited guest, and yet they were absolutely unlettered men. Not one smoked without first offering me the pipe. No meals were served by the ship, and I had not anticipated needing to eat, so when they saw my plight I had five offers to draw on their private stock. You might say this is the usual Chinese form of politeness, which is true; but they meant it. When we landed late that night I intended to leave my baggage on board and send for it at dawn, but two of the sailors hoisted it on their shoulders and led the way. The captain detained them while he lit a lantern and preceded us to light the pathway. The whole day's entertainment and accommodations cost ten cents, and the sailors seemed bashful at taking a tip, as they were not professional porters. Do you wonder our mission trips are delightful?

Father Hodgins' Boys

Chiklung was glad to see me, as I had neglected it somewhat since Father Hodgins' death. The Christians who had not been to Yeungkong for Christmas came to the Sacraments and they numbered fourteen. I brought the schoolboys their long promised drums and bugles, and im-

mediately had to issue an ultimatum—and several others—that the noise was to be limited to outdoors. I suppose there is music in a drum, but the boys seem to miss it somehow, even the rhythm. I made several frantic jumps downstairs to teach them that the beauty of a drum lies in its regular beats, played by only one set of sticks. Their playground has a low fence and the street outside is a grandstand whenever the boys exercise on the horizontal bars. I scored a bit by being the only member of the faculty who could hang by his knees or chin the bar with one hand, which I confess are the only feats I'm able to do. The youngsters are nimble enough and I've seen worse performers at amateur nights.

"A Boy's Will"

It is only the growing generation that has had a modern schooling, so the choice of a school is often left to the boy himself and Chinese boys are surprisingly critical, not as to the prominence of the school in athletics but as to the ability of the teachers.

Some of the reasons given by the boys for their choice of our Yeungkong school are that the fellow students are good boys, that the dormitory is clean, and one even ventured the reason that our discipline and curriculum are the most severe in the city. Fathers invariably send their boys because they are sure the boys will be kept off the streets at night.

The Chiklung Area

The Chiklung mission runs along the coast westwards for sixty miles, a narrow strip less than twenty miles wide, so a visit of its stations can be easily made, as villages north and south of a station are within hailing distance. There are eleven stations, but I could visit only seven this trip.

Our first stop was at "Back Bay", about twenty miles west of Chiklung. The Christians here are showing signs of real life; they are regular at prayers and their catechist is earnest. Fourteen received Communion at the Mass and after it we had the Baptism of twenty-one others, so that

makes Back Bay the principal station in the Chiklung mission.

If last year a chapel were useful, this year it is urgent. We have been using here as elsewhere the "parlor" of a Christian. It is large enough to house our eighteen boys in school, but the lease expires in February. We spent two days in fruitless search of another locality. The building that we wanted to buy last year is still available at four hundred dollars, and will be large enough with slight alterations. The owner is a pagan but his wife is a Catholic,—a rare combination in China. When I confessed to them that I did not have the money to buy, yet needed the property, they generously offered it rent free until I could raise the sum. I warned them it would be at least one year, but they are well-to-do and said they can wait even two years. So at last we have a chapel at Back Bay.

This western section is, I think, a good field for this year's work, especially since the fighting has cut us off from communication with Taipat and the northern stations. Last year's start is apparently wasted by this year's fighting, for we have not had any communication with the northern half of our mission for five months and matters seem to be far from finished. This has really been the history of the Yeungkong mission since 1918. If the Chiklung section remains peaceful for a year or two, we can be kept busy enough right there.

FRANCIS X. FORD

A New Year in the Old Way

Today, January 10, war clouds are gathering on the horizon and our much cherished peace is threatening to fly out the window. The bandits are coming and the only ammunition in the house is Brother John's biscuits.

The bandits have captured the town of Taipat and the refugees from that place are over-running the mission. I asked a few of the Taipat men just what the effects of the bandit raid were, but none of them had waited to see.

January 21

The rumors of bandits still persist, and the crowd is still coming in. A military man joined the party tonight with his tribe of sons, wives, cousins, daughters, aunts, and hired retainers. They all tried to fit in a six by ten room; and when half of them got in, it was even more crowded than a junk, and that is the last word in crowding. We decided to call the school off and turn the classrooms into dormitories.

Each refugee seems to be accompanied by his dog. The place has enough "bowwows" in it now to be considered a large brother of the Kings County Dog Pound. If there is any sort of siege, we may have to indulge in the Coney Island Special—fortunately there are mustard and canned sauerkraut in the storeroom.

January 24

This afternoon three hundred soldiers arrived from Yeung Chan, so the city is safe until three hundred one arrive from some other direction. Most of our refugees have packed up and left us.

Tiger Stew

We are hanging out a tiger skin to dry. It looks large enough to have covered an elephant. The pastor sent it down from Chiklung. Father Ford did not shoot the animal, he just acquired the skin in the ordinary way, but at a price low enough to make an American dealer in rugs grind his teeth with rage. The village folks always warn us about going out at night, and after one look at Mr. Tiger, I feel sure there was good foundation for their fears.

The head catechist gave us a little note for the medical missions. He says there is nothing more beneficial than tiger bones stewed in wine; and the longer one stews them the better they are. If you can stew them for two years, they will cure every disease that human flesh falls heir to. We ought to be healthy at Yeungkong from now on, for there is a big heap of tiger bones stewing.

January 25

The local situation is getting warm again. The refugees are coming back. The town gates are locked all day and everybody will have to stay in until the soldiers feel like opening them again. Food is beginning to get scarce, in the city, and prices are going sky high. We watched the soldiers form in battle array, on the hills behind the house, but that is all they did.

Father Ford is back after a very successful mission trip. In the vicinity of Chiklung the people are enjoying more peace than they have had for seven years. It is good to know that not all the mission is upset and troubled.

January 28

Hostilities are commencing. The outsiders are doing their best to get in, and the insiders are trying to keep them out. The hills about the place are full of soldiers or bandits, and while I am writing this, there is a busy tap-tap of rifle shots. Neither side has large guns; so it is reasonably safe inside the city.

Where the crowd of refugees will find place to sleep tonight will be a big question. The fighting may prove a source of missionary work; certainly there is opportunity now to give some instruction in Christianity to the large number of pagans who are on the compound.

It is rather difficult to write, with a Chinese at each elbow taking a rap at the keys now and then, to see what funny little English "worm" will reward his efforts.

PHILIP A. TAGGART.

February 5—"Normalcy"

Things are getting back to normal. The town has fallen to a bandit army and has suffered the usual sacking and looting that go with such falls. Another brand of soldiers is in charge, and, so far as we are concerned, one kind is about as good as the other, or as bad.

The outside division peppered the city for several days.

So far as we could see, it seemed as if the insiders would be able to hold out indefinitely; they had the walls to protect them and were in possession of two cannon that were doing effective work. They made enough noise to convince a sceptic like myself, anyhow. The outsiders captured a hill near the town and the insiders went out and drove them from it in short order; then they returned to the city, picked up all their belongings, and left the town in such a hurry that we did not know they had gone until the refugees swamped the Mission compound. Fathers Ford and Paulhus stayed at the mission proper, and I went over to the convent to look after the Sisters and the army of women who were huddled in their place.

The convent was a duplication of the Mission. It was crowded with men and women, with all their belongings from firewood to cats. About ten o'clock, the outsiders got wind of the fact that the insiders had fled, like the hirelings they were, and entered the city. Then it seemed as if hell was let loose. Fires started in about five different sections, guns were banging, people were screaming, and, through it all, one could hear the smash, smash of doors as the soldiers got closer on their pilgrimage of loot. The poor souls inside the convent walls were so frightened that one could hear a pin drop. They could not cry out, even if they wished to, and, strange as it may seem, even their babies were too frightened to cry. The convent is higher than all the buildings about it, and, from their place on the porch, the Sisters could see the soldiers making the rounds and carrying off the loot that had not been stored away safely before the trouble began. The soldiers did not enter the convent. They passed by and it was not even necessary to tell them that it was foreign property.

The Mission did not fare quite so well; a group entered it, but at a word from Father Ford, they left. Later in the night, another group broke into the women's quarters, but after two of them were thrown out, the others left also. When they were leaving, they fired three shots at Father Ford. As it was dark, he is not certain whether the shots were aimed at him, or just fired in the air to do a little scaring.

Taking What Comes

All in all, it was a very warm night and we were fortunate to come out as well as we did. I do not think there is any danger of the soldiers offering personal violence to any one of us; but then, there are the stray shots and the wild way the soldiers have of setting fire to places. If they should get a foolish notion to set fire to the house next to our place, all the good will in the world would not prevent our property from going up in the smoke, too. The nice new stucco front of the convent had a few good-sized chips knocked out by the bullets.

The way the Sisters took the thing was a credit to them. The three new ones have had their initiation, and the three older ones have had some more to add to the trials of Hongkong. This may be the end of the trouble, or it may be just the beginning. Most people seem to think it is the beginning. We shall have to trust in Providence, and take what comes and make the best of it.

February 26

A letter from Brother John, asking us to send him any spare medicine we had about the Mission here, states he is getting about one hundred cases a day for treatment. The diseases run from smallpox to mumps, and there seems to be no end of infected sores. He gave out his last bandage quite a time ago and now the Tungchen Mission is offering its sheets and tablecloths for medical work. Sister Gertrude felt a little bit jealous: we do not get anything like one hundred cases a day at Yeungkong, and we have not the field to ourselves. The Protestants have two foreign and one native doctor on their mission staff here. But there are many people who come under our notice, whom the Protestants will never meet; we can help such and so contribute our quota to medical, as well as spiritual, aid.

A Grievance

The head catechist was annoyed this evening. It seems that every time he tries to preach to the Christians, the head

lady catechist prays out loud. He claims that she storms heaven with such vengeance, when it is his turn to preach, that he cannot hear himself speak. We pacified him by telling him that we would see to it. Our lady catechist has now promised, whether they be daily or dominical orations she is making, that the sound will be no louder than is necessary for the Lord to hear. I do not know what caused the trouble. Perhaps his third cousin threw a stone at her fourth cousin's dog, or something, and the family council decided on retaliation.

March 26

The Yeungkong school is soon to be housed in a fine new building. The contractors are busy tearing down some of the old shacks that used to do service as a school house. Even the annex could not meet the need of the increased enrollment. We thought we could hold off building until our purse lost a little of its flatness, but the students are now taking turns sitting down, and if we get another boy they will have to take turns sleeping. So, much as we disliked it, we were forced to start on the new Yeungkong Boys' School. When it is finished, a few hundred pupils will be accommodated, and the decent building ought to have an appeal that our present shacks lack. The money will be well invested and I hope God will bless the pastor with enough funds to see it through. It will mean a year of hard scraping and close shaving; but then, there is no reason to fear that the Providence which has helped us in the past, will desert us in the future.

The War Cloud's Silver Lining

Today's count of noses in the Yeungkong School brought the number up to seventy-five. The principal is sure there will be more than one hundred before the end of the month. What looked like a dismal year as far as mission work was concerned is turning out to be a very successful one, indeed. The trouble has restricted the area of missionary activity, but it has increased results in the restricted area. If one is to judge by results, we are doing better this year than we

were last, when a larger territory was open to us. It is an ill wind that does not blow somebody good.

Good Friday

We had an even larger attendance at Mass this morning than yesterday. We had feared that the silence of the bell might keep some of the people away, but it did not. They were not only on time, but actually a little more prompt than usual, because they did not wait until they heard the bell before leaving their homes. Almost one hundred pagans prostrated themselves before the Crucified Christ. This was purely a voluntary offering, as they had not been asked to join in the ceremonies. Of course, we were more than happy to see them so willing to follow the lead of the Catholics. In the afternoon, Stations were well attended, and quite a number kept the silence from one to three o'clock. A few of the Christians who had broken their fast before midday, thought they had committed a sin, so they performed some sort of penance. They certainly keep a stricter Lent than we Westerners.

Easter Sunday

Considering the troubled condition of the country, the number of Christians who risked the trip here is wonderful. The day gave a few more baptisms, and when we tumbled off to sleep, tired and happy, we could say with contented hearts, "Haec dies quam fecit Dominus, exultemus et laetemur in ea!"

Our Housetop Sparrow

All day long our neighbor sits like a sparrow on the housetop. She is afraid the new school, which will overlook her mansion, will interfere with the good winds. This afternoon she gave a new portion of the wall a healthy shove and, as there was no resistance on the opposite side, it tumbled down. Our head catechist is a classmate of the new chief of police, and they often drink tea together. They must have been talking about the way the lady exerted pressure on the new school wall and the lady must have heard about it; at all

events, the lady is repentant. She came in to see me, accompanied by two soldiers, and firmly promised across her heart not to sit on the roof any more, and, no matter how sorely tempted she may be, she assured me she will not kick the wall until the plaster is dry.

PHILIP A. TAGGART

The Yeungkong Linguist

Father Ford believes I should send you a translation of Aubazac's Manual for hearing Chinese confessions, which I finished a few weeks ago. It meant a good deal of work. For the English-speaking student, Aubazac's phonetics are misleading at times, so, for practical results, it was not sufficient to translate the French text; I also used the system of romanization adopted by Cowles, the author of our Cantonese textbooks.

The work required was very fruitful for me. I began by making a small lexicon of the seven hundred and sixty Chinese characters used in the text, and looked them up one by one in the dictionary. By the time this was finished, I found I had memorized about five hundred without any conscious effort. This gives a pretty good vocabulary of everyday words for practice.

ANTHONY PAULHUS

April 14

A new band of real soldiers has arrived in town today. They are busy taking the guns away from the "citizen soldiers" and business is getting a new boom.

April 16

The Sisters called the Protestant doctor to examine a sick woman. He pronounced her malady a case of Asiatic cholera and suggested that she be taken to the hospital where she could be segregated. The doctors at the Protestant mission hospital are very kind; they are perfectly

willing to go out of their way to help our people whenever they are asked.

April 17

We had to make a call on the Mandarin today. One of our Chiklung school boys let the desire to see the "big city" of Yeungkong get the better of his good sense, and as a result, about halfway here he was kidnapped.

May 3

We learn from Chiklung that there is no further need of troubling ourselves about the kidnapped boy. His father found out who was the leader of the robbers, and retaliated by capturing, with the aid of a band of his own villagers, the bandit chief's old father. Now arrangements have been completed for the exchange of both captives. It was rather a high-handed way of acting, but it was the only way the father had if he wished to see his son again—unless he was willing to be fleeced out of a large sum of money.

The Motive Power

Every night during May, we had Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the Mission church as well as in the convent; and we shall continue this same program throughout June, in honor of the Sacred Heart. We shall also add special prayers at the other services, for the conversion of Yeungkong. During these two months three sermons are given each week in the evening, and as most of the Christians and not a few pagans of the city attend them, religion and devotion ought to be on the increase when June is ended. New Christians recently converted from paganism need a great deal of instruction; things that we take as first principles are dark mysteries to them.

The Sisters' Catechetical Work

The Sisters' catechumenate is flourishing. Twenty women come daily for instruction, and three times a week the Sisters visit the homes of those who cannot get away to attend the catechumenate. This work on the outside is very gratifying.

Chinese household duties are reduced to a minimum when the Sisters appear and visitors from all sides come to hear the Sisters explain the doctrine. Of course, at present, the Sisters have not many homes to visit, but they have driven their wedge into the solid mass of paganism of this city and, if the work continues at the same rate, within a few years the wedge will split the mass.

Pentecostal Harvest

Father Paulhus made his first missionary trip to Chiklung, where he heard a number of confessions and had two baptisms. The congregation at Yeungkong was larger than was expected and about one hundred and twenty received Holy Communion. In the afternoon, fourteen were baptized—two of the new Christians being students at the Yeungkong School.

PHILIP A. TAGGART

St. Thomas' School Graduation

Our Graduation Exercises at Yeungkong were notable and historic because they were another Maryknoll "first". Our boys' school has been running for four years. It grew in classes as needed, and, although the full seven years are not yet taken care of, we had a graduating class of ten.

The élite of the city were invited and all came, to the number of one hundred. The élite in China means, not successful business men, much less politicians, soldiers, lawyers or doctors, but principals and teachers. Poems were contributed by the civil authorities and the heads of the other city schools. Addresses were made by the guest of the day, Bishop Gauthier, and by the school principal (alias the pastor), and the principal of a Government school. Songs were sung in Chinese and English by both boys and girls; the girls sang the hymn to Our Lady of Lourdes in Chinese, and the boys wailed "Maryknoll, my Maryknoll" to a solemn and suffering audience. Prizes of wrist watches and dictionaries were distributed and the usual Valedictory was delivered by the senior student.

1. Students at Yeungkong 2. School erected by the Maryknoll Fathers

AT THE YEUNGKONG MISSION

Bishop Gauthier marked the occasion by a stirring half hour's plea to the students of China to save the next generation from the present chaos of wars and banditry by living upright lives as future officials.

The Future of the Graduates

Our graduates, with two exceptions, will enter the Government Middle School, but we shall arrange to have them sleep in the Mission compound to insure their hearing daily Mass and instructions.

The graduates must of necessity go to a public High School, for we have no equivalent in our Mission, nor in the whole Province of Kwangtung. The nearest Catholic High School is the Dominican one in Fukien Province, which is a four days' journey from here. However, the need is not a pressing one as I doubt if there are one hundred Catholic boys in the whole Province eligible for entrance. It will be a problem, though, within a very few years, for the dioceses of the Province are making good advances in education and there are possibly twenty modern Catholic lower schools now preparing their students. We have over four hundred pupils in our eight modern schools in this mission and we are still in our infancy.

School Influence

Of the ten graduates, three were Catholics before the school started, while six others have been baptized since. These six converts brought in eight others from their families. Since the school opened, we have had twenty-eight conversions of pupils and sixteen of their parents. Two of the professors have become Catholics, and seven of their relatives. Thus we can trace fifty-three conversions directly to the influence of the school. In addition, three students and three professors are under instruction at present.

The Girls' School Commencement

The Commencement Exercises of the Girls' School of our Mission took place on the same day as that of the boys'.

From the stroke of the bell to the bouquet of flowers for the Bishop, the affair took a short half hour. The girls had the advantage of being youngsters without the heavy rôle of wisdom-laden youth to sustain, and instead of a distracted pastor to lead in singing they had the patient, persevering school Sister. They sang in three languages with clear enunciation, and it was hard to believe the school had been in existence only a few months.

There are only twenty-eight pupils, but that is even more than the benches can accommodate and the Mission is faced with another building proposition. The weakness of the school is that it is only a day school, and in China almost every modern school provides dormitories.

At first thought it seems unwise to take the youngsters away from home influence at such an early age. But in China, home means one or two rooms where the family eat, sleep, and talk all night by the light of a single small lamp; where dogs congregate and pigs are guests of honor; where dirt and grime and insects of all kinds are right at home; where flowers and pictures and books are rarely seen; where, finally, everything conspires against study. The tenements in New York offer little inducement for boys and girls to study, but the majority of Chinese dwellings are coal cellars in comparison.

So attractive is the school in China, that children will come at six in the morning and not go away until dusk. The school in China, unlike American institutions, is the sole attraction for youngsters. It is a blessing that this is so, for it makes the path of the teacher much smoother. Here we have no "movies" to distract the children, practically no dime novels or other fiction, very few games outside of school sports, no circus, museums, zoo or vaudeville, not even a wide street, much less a park or playground. The school is the sole attraction ten months of the year, and whatever taste for beauty, or appreciation of art in any form, or love of flowers, whatever experience of bright colors and light and sunshine, the Chinese boy or girl acquires, is had from school life. More, the only books the average Chinese pupil sees are those in school, so that what Ameri-

cans derive from the model home circle is had in China o: in the school and the teacher wields an influence in many respects above that of the parent.

The Need of Dormitories

Much of this influence is lost on day pupils. They try to study at home in appalling conditions; they are handicapped by noisy chickens, pigs and ducks, by dirt floors and leaky roofs, by a dim light that prevents long study, by constant interruptions of neighborly squabbles and naked children, by the din and smoke that pervades the Chinese home.

Were the Sisters able to receive their pupils in dormitories, they would have the problem of refusing applicants, for the parents as well as the children estimate at its true value the training given by the Sisters. Hence we are resolved, please God, to commence building at least a dormitory this year. It will adjoin the convent, and the Sisters will live with the girls. We shall need at least one thousand dollars for this, but it will be a permanent building and a strong help in the Catholic training of our girls.

Girls are a hard problem in China. They are betrothed very young and must practically adopt the religion of their husband's family. Hence only those can be baptized who are not yet betrothed, or whose family are Catholics or catechumens, or whose husbands are willing. Of the twenty-eight girls in this new school we have already baptized four, while several others are catechumens. The school will insure Catholic brides for our Catholic young men, and that is comparatively rare in China as yet.

FRANCIS X. FORD

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong, August, 1923.

The present year seems to have witnessed a psychological change in Chinese bandits. Formerly I have seen attacks in villages and in towns, by day and by night, with re-

sistance offered and with humble submission, but the attacks were conducted in a Robin Hood manner, avoiding unnecessary violence and showing not only a well calculated estimate of the per capita wealth, but also a merciful leniency to the poorer victims.

The bandits this year, on the contrary, have shown unusual cruelty—barbarity unheard of in the memory of the natives here. Within an hour's walk of Yeungkong City, towns and villages were looted, then burned to the ground, several hundred men murdered and the women taken captive to be sold to the highest bidder. The city has been hemmed in for the past month by three gangs of bandits, numbering four or five thousand fairly well armed men. Our soldiers went out several times to give battle, but retreated each time.

The Siege

We were as truly besieged as any medieval fortress. Rice jumped from eight dollars a load to sixteen, and fuel from six to thirteen. The high prices did not affect the ordinary city dweller much, as he buys his rice early and stores it for half a year, but the refugees were hard hit. It touched our purse alarmingly, as we had thirty old folk and just as many orphans in our home, besides fifty students boarding at the school. Fortunately our credit was good; merchants were more than anxious to deposit their money with us till the siege was raised, and even promised to lend it for six months without interest. Otherwise we could not have continued eating our two meals a day. Even at that, we took a safe margin by limiting the meals to one a day, with gruel for the morning meal. I doubt if we gained by it, for the boys' appetites in the afternoon were increased by the fast.

During the month no ships entered the port, no market days were kept, and business with the outside world was reduced to the postal service. It was a month of activity at the Mission, however. Our schools were the only ones operating and the presence of Catholic refugees crowded our chapel daily.

Panic

But one day the word went around that the city soldiers were without ammunition, and that the bandits were approaching. The officials lent confirmation to the rumor by applying to the Mission for protection. I had sent word to the bandit chief asking for the "right of sanctuary" and had received answer that the foreigners would not be hurt but that we could not protect anyone inside our premises. Had Gabriel's trumpet blown, the effect could not have been more disturbing to our Christians. Within twelve hours everyone who classed himself as booty for the bandits cleared out of the Mission, and our house, which has been the refuge of hundreds in the past, was soon left nearly vacant. All our teachers went; also the younger Catholic women of the city and the wealthier students; and I had the unusual pleasure of being guardian of sixteen squalling infants in the orphanage cribs. The babies missed a meal or two in the excitement, but by nightfall three of the nurses came back and gave them the soothing syrup for which they were crying.

In the excitement of removing valuables from the shops by night, a fire broke out and burned sixty shops. These had been the temporary dwellings of refugees from the villages and many were reduced to the clothes in which they escaped. One Catholic had his two sons killed by the bandits, his wife and daughter taken captive, his house destroyed, and whatever was left to him was burned in the city fire.

This misfortune has followed closely on the battle among three rivals for the mayoralty, and on the floods and typhoon that ruined the last crops. After the typhoon we opened a "bread line" that fed several hundred for two weeks, but now rice is too dear to permit such charity.

Recuperating

Two hundred American Marines came from Hongkong at the call of the Protestant Mission. They could do little except offer protection and safe conduct to Hongkong which we, of course, could not accept. Today our solitary junk

came with reinforcements of men and ammunition, and the siege is practically lifted as far as the city is concerned. We have sent word to Chiklung to the emigrés, and school will reopen next week. The bandits will withdraw to richer pastures and one by one the towns will reopen to trade.

The Chinese recuperate very quickly from adversities, and the next good crop will efface the memory of past troubles. Unfortunately, nothing will be done about the bandits. They are well known by name and village, as they are local men; but each official, while in office, keeps his weather eye trimmed for squalls and likes to have the friendship of these armed men to help him retire gracefully if defeated, and to plan for a return.

FRANCIS X. FORD

Chapter 3

WORKS OF MERCY

(Tungchen and Kochow)

American Catholic Mission, Tungchen,
December, 1922.

ATHER DIETZ and the curate went to Kochow to meet Brother John Dorsey of Hartford, who has come from Maryknoll with his medical kit and a reputation that promises big success for our dispensary. Father Dietz has been doing great work in medicine, but two and three hours of labor in the dispensary besides the extra calls make it difficult for him to cover his other duties.

Brother John spent three uninterrupted hours in the dispensary on the first day of his work, Father Dietz and the curate assisting throughout. Once he is known, he will hardly have time for his meals. He is not only a good general practitioner, with a skill to diagnose and prescribe, but he also has the talent of personally nursing broken health.

Christmas Eve

The visiting Christians began to arrive early, and from daylight till midnight they kept Father Dietz busy hearing confessions and acting as advisor, arbiter, and father in affairs of their farms, finances, and families. During the whole day too they formed an unbroken line at the dispensary, bringing to Brother John and the curate all their bodily ailments, besides those of friends and relatives at home. At the end of it all we spent an hour decorating the church and erecting a stable and Crib, using several kinds of flowers from the garden, including roses; and then it was time for Midnight Mass.

Christmas Day

After the morning Masses, at which the people received Communion, candy was distributed to the children and all enjoyed a Christmas breakfast provided by a society which the people have formed for defraying the expenses of their visits. Then Father Dietz went to his desk, and Brother John and the curate to the dispensary. All day till dark we worked steadily, the pastor discussing their affairs with members of every family, and the Brother and the curate treating everybody, even two men with leprosy.

The Day After

Brother John enjoyed another run on the dispensary and reports that his big supply of bandages and gauze will soon be used up, and some of the medicines are going so fast that friends at home will have to hurry a few dollars across the water to replenish them. Gifts of medicine from hospitals are also acceptable, but ordinarily it is better to send the money, because the Brother and Father Dietz are skilled at preparing their own favorites, and can buy other supplies at wholesale as they are needed.

A Congregation of Two

The pastor is preaching a course of daily sermons to an audience of two — the leper, and an old blind man, who seems to be the only one willing to sit in congregation with the leper. Every afternoon, Father Dietz may be seen "orating" to them on the front lawn. The leper attends daily Mass from the field before the church door, for the others would not tolerate him within. Father Dietz must "lose face" by being friendly with him. Brother John is waiting for some American sponsor to adopt the leper, who will soon be baptized. If some American godfather or godmother will send fifty dollars a year or five hundred outright, we shall name him sponsor. There are others afflicted with leprosy, near the Tungchen mission, who may be likewise adopted; also blind beggars, poor students, and orphans. With the money, Brother John will buy land, build sanitary huts, and feed and care for the lepers.

December 30

Father Dietz is preparing for his mission tour, which will cover thirty stations and keep him away from the Mission, and traveling on foot, till sometime in February. His diet will consist of whatever Chinese food his very poor villagers offer him, and his sleep will be on bare board beds, for our camp cots are being used by two of the school boys who are laid out on the upper floor of the rectory with smallpox.

JOSEPH A. SWEENEY

Diseases of South China

There is a great opening, here in China, for the young Catholic physician, or the young man who is about to finish his last year of medical training. There is opportunity, also, for the nurse who would like to take a course in Oriental diseases. One year at a dispensary on the mission field will give experience that cannot, at any price, be obtained in America.

Every day, many hours are spent in the dispensary, relieving hundreds, each with a different ailment. Some poor creatures, after a walk of four days over hill and mountain, arrive at our little haven, hope shining in their bloodshot eyes.

Abdominal diseases, tuberculosis, diseases of the respiratory organs and of the heart, nervous disorders, dropsy and jaundice, come within our daily observation. Blind and leper cases, too, are not infrequent. Fifty per cent of the women and children are suffering from tuberculosis, or some skin disease. Many people are too poor to buy a meal of rice, costing two cents. They live on a little rice water and a tasteless kind of sweet potato, which is very cheap but which has little nourishment in it. I have had excellent results with some of the cases, as they respond to medicine very quickly. If the poor people could be taught the fundamentals of hygiene, what a blessing it would be!

Recently we had to make room for two blood poisoning cases, a mother and son, who came from a place twenty

miles away. The young man died—but he had been baptized. The mother, after three weeks at the point of death and with Father Sweeney and myself working day and night to save her, returned well and happy to her home. She is to receive instruction, and will bring many of her family into the Church.

During the past few weeks, there has been an average of ten blood poisoning cases a day. Those afflicted wait until the infection has spread, and then they come to us with the member covered with mud and in a horrible condition. Smallpox cases are regarded with no more concern than we show for a slight cold. The patient eats and sleeps in the same room with others, seldom going to bed on account of the disease. On his last visitation, Father Dietz reported several deaths from the malady.

From December 12 to January 27, we treated seventeen hundred persons in all at our dispensary. This dispensary work promises to be a most important part of our activity; it is the only means by which we can get in touch with the majority of the people.

We are now striking bottom in regard to equipment. We are all out of gauze and bandages. Drugs and other supplies are very expensive at Hongkong. If physicians at home would send along some of the many samples of medicines they receive daily, and for which they have no use, we should be very grateful. Indeed, let me assure you that, for any supplies which physicians and nurses may send over, we can make room and will return our most sincere thanks.

Brother John Dorsey

January 2

The school and the catechumenate are a special worry because smallpox has broken out in them. It is easy to isolate the school boys on the top floor of our house; the elders are not so easily controlled. Brother John, after giving a lecture in the catechumenate on contagion, and quarantining a child patient with its mother as nurse, found one

half hour later that the nurse had gone off about her affairs and left her sick boy playing in a closed room with ten other children. When these people were pagans they believed some healthy old superstitions about the devils of disease jumping from one child into another, but the world of germs is beyond their conception and fear.

Coöperation

Doctor Dickson of the Presbyterian hospital at Loting has promptly and generously responded to our appeal for smallpox vaccine, thus enabling Brother John to check the spread of sickness in our compound.

Brother John is the only man of modern medical skill within four days' journey north or south, and from the sea to the headwaters of the West River, east and west; so he has Pandora's box all to himself. After using hundreds of yards of gauze and bandages, and even bed sheets, he dresses wounds now with paper.

January 7

A troop of mutinous soldiers came to town last night, after killing their officers down the road a few miles and changing their allegiance from this month's tottering government.

January 9

The town has been on edge for two days, expecting the visiting soldiers to loot. With this new upset in the government the bandits may come out of hiding and freely ply their trade. Many are mustered and dignified as soldiers, and many soldiers with modern guns and ammunition fight only as bandits. While the military politicians settle some point or other, the country is terrorized and the peasants, indifferent to the points at issue, go near to starvation.

January 11

The threatened break did not come. The merchants bought off the soldiers, who marched out of town yesterday and seized the village of Paakshik today.

January 30

Father Dietz came home from another mission trip, only to leave again before daylight tomorrow morning. He is well pleased at the progress in evidence at the out-stations. He has traversed some country inhabited by tigers; and found the bandits astir in some places, but no nearer to him than the sounds of their guns. The only mishap occurred when he unintentionally sat down in a river and had to wear drenched clothes for a day in a cold wind. The Catholics have shown earnest faith by gathering around the evening fires in their mountain cabins to listen to his exhortations, and by introducing pagans to his talks; and again, on the damp cold mornings, by coming at daylight, many from long distances, to makeshift chapels for Mass, confession, and the sacraments.

Father Dietz seems to thrive on two Chinese meals a day and the board beds which are in all the mud hovels where he has to sleep. "Eat what is set before you" is his apostolic motto, but he confesses to have failed once before a dinner of land snails with a huge boiled bug, a biological stranger to him, surmounting the dish. In administering to the bodily ailments of his parishioners, he has depleted Brother John's big medical case, which had enough medicines to last a busy American physician for two or three months.

February 11

Today nothing unforeseen happened, so we'll reflect on the routine, to assure ourselves that we don't need to wait for something to turn up.

Father Dietz always has thirty stations and the work of twelve catechists to superintend; frequent sick calls, which call him from home sometimes over two days' journey; daily classes in the school and catechumenate when he is not on mission tour; and parish bookkeeping, which becomes worrisome when, as now, he has insufficient funds for his established works.

Brother John daily treats between twenty to sixty cases at the dispensary, and frequently takes his medical kit on

A CRIPPLE AT THE TUNGCHEN DISPENSARY

BROTHER JOHN AND AN ABANDONED BOY

long journeys into the country. Besides, he has the daily grind at the new language.

The curate is assistant and interpreter for Brother John, and teacher in the school. He is preparing to alternate with Father Dietz in making tours of the stations, besides doing the daily dozen.

All three have a multitude of regular duties towards leper, blind, and orphan dependents. This is to prove to our anxious friends that none of us has been taken down by the sleeping sickness or any other Oriental disease.

One Case in Many

One old woman and her little boy were added as Mission charges today. The woman is blind and staunchly claims that her eyes were affected by the profusion of tears she shed when her three older children died within one week. We cannot vouch for this pathologically, but we know that death left the woman alone with her youngest boy and some uncongenial relatives. Sometime ago she journeyed far from home to ask Brother John to restore her sight. Brother John could do nothing for her eyes, but seeing how poor she was, gave her and the boy some financial aid. This kindness, and others during the visit, opened her other eyes to the Church.

After she returned to the home of her pagan relatives, they saw that she no longer worshipped the household gods, and they questioned her. She replied: "Since the twelfth moon and the second day, my heart has been in the Heaven Lord Church and no more will I worship idols." For this, she and her son were cast out on the road, with only their tattered clothes and beggars' packs in their hands. After wandering as beggars in the market for a time, they came to Father Dietz. Today we ensconced them in a new home near the church, which we rent for three dollars a year, and there they will live till the boy is old enough to support the mother.

The Dispensary Status

Now, we don't wish to have recourse to begging, like some missioners we know; and if anyone has been offended

at our request for twenty-five good American dollars to feed for a year, a leper, a helpless blind person, or a young orphan, we wish to assure him that we had good intentions and that, if rice goes up in price, thirty-five dollars will be needed, a sum which we haven't the heart to request. So we shall merely mention, in a friendly way, that our dispensary is built mostly of mud, has one door, one window, and a thin roof, and that, with the medical apparatus, the curate, Brother John, and a patient, in there on a summer's day, and the tropical sun overhead, we shall need more handkerchiefs to mop off the perspiration. To the inquisitive, we are glad to reveal that the dispensary is ten feet wide, by ten feet nine inches long, and that in our dreams we erect a new one, with hospital beds, for five hundred dollars, and one without beds for two hundred.

JOSEPH A. SWEENEY

American Catholic Mission, Tungchen,
March 3, 1923.

Letters which arrived yesterday were very welcome, for we have not received any mail for weeks. The bandits are holding up everything and not a boat is running. The Chinese New Year is over and business will start up again in a few days.

We are all well and busy. At present, I have three cases of smallpox and five cases of blood poisoning on my hands. Patience was sorely tried waiting for the vaccine. It took twenty-seven days for my letter to reach Hongkong, so you can imagine the delay in vaccinating the patients. I have vaccinated all the boys and women on the compound and fifteen pagan families. In all the cases reported, the vaccination took successfully, in spite of the late date in giving it.

Many new faces appear daily at the dispensary and I had to take on another boy to help with the work. I pay these boys twenty cents a week, but one would think I gave them a thousand dollars. If I find any dirt or dust on the premises, I deduct two cents from their wages, and so the place is spotless.

The Joy of Service

Many of our patients seem never to have known a bit of kind attention. The women are housed in the school and the men in one of the mud shacks, but they could not be happier if they were in the Biltmore. One cannot help feeling happy in the knowledge that he is doing all that is possible to make inevitable suffering more bearable, and painful approaching death something other than a discouraging hopeless fate. I baptize many babies that are brought for medical aid but are beyond human salvage.

When I am not in the dispensary, I find plenty to do in the kitchen. I surprised the priests today with a real New England dinner. Instead of beef, I substituted pigs' feet, ears, and tails; and for vegetables we had cabbage, carrots, and fresh peas. A fat, peach pie finished the meal and we all declared it better than a turkey dinner. It takes very little to please our men and we have many good times after our day's work is done.

Brother John Dorsey

A Valley of Death

The three of us took a stroll today (February 27) up a nearby mountain. Like all mountains and hills in this land of graves, it has long been used as a cemetery. From the peak we spied a cluster of huts in a hidden valley, which seemed strangely lifeless. The houses were not old, as in a deserted village, yet nothing living seemed around them, not even plants or trees. Their mysterious silence was deepened by a stagnant pond that lay dead beside them. The hills that shadowed them, down which we made our way, were bare of trees and shrubs, and were weirdly gashed where the rains had cut fantastic gullies. Coming to the houses, we were not much startled at the sight inside the open doorways—rows and rows of coffins, all sealed and occupied. Some were old, and some new, and all set on frames protected from white ants by fresh lime. We had come upon a "Chinese Limbo".

Insuring the Future

When a Chinese dies, the "wind and water wizard" goes out to the hills looking for a propitious burial place. If by his magic he finds this, the dead one is interred and his family should soon be blessed with wealth. If the wizard doesn't, in the case of a rich man the coffin is stored in one of these houses and it may rest there for years till a suitable place has been found. The "wind and water" man may designate any grave his inspiration dictates. Sometimes he places it on an almost inaccessible acclivity of a mountain; and we have seen where he had chosen the center of a small lake, forcing the family of the dead to float out enough filling to raise an island for the tomb; and again, the center of a roadway, making the road turn out of its course. When the family do not acquire wealth after the burial of a dead member, often they unearth the remains and re-bury them in another place, always according to the advice of the "wind and water wizard".

Not long ago one of these potent fakirs was converted to the Church at this Tungchen Mission and he is now employed as catechist at one of our stations. He has a reputation for knowing the wind and water magic well, and even now is offered big sums of money to find good resting places, but, though he is quite poor, he always rejects the offers.

JOSEPH A. SWEENEY

March 10

American hospitals scarcely ever see such sores as come daily to the Tungchen dispensary. The tropics seem to give them more color, and long neglect renders many of them indistinguishable from leprosy. Brother John has to employ Chinese patience in his medical work with the Chinese patients over here, because many try to combine their old pharmacopœia with his Western approved methods. Just when a sore is healing, they will pull off his bandage and smear on some such mess as boiled spinach or cobwebs; or into a swelling, burn painful pits with joss sticks.

Diagnosis Under Difficulties

It is very difficult to find out from a patient what are the real symptoms of a case. "What is the matter with you?" asks Brother John. "My heart breath is sore"; "My heart makes tiu-tiu-tiu noise"; "My heart water has no peace"; "I have firestar-heat disease"; "I have living sore"; such are some of the replies he receives. The heart seems to be the seat of much trouble, and, in this backwoods conception of anatomy, seems to occupy all the interior from the neck to the stomach.

After the medicine has been given, and its application explained to the patient, the latter will come to each one of us four on the medical staff and ask us in turn about its use; then the whole crowd watching outside will endeavor to assist in the explanation, until the confusion of tongues is enough to make the tower of Babel a lone-rock lighthouse by comparison. Many say, "Oh, the Brother has a heart! Yes, the Brother has a great heart!" Some depart without even saying, "Thank you". And some others, before we can stop them, are down on their knees, hitting their heads on the floor in reverence for the good Brother.

April 1

Our parishioners, from a radius of two days' distance around, came to receive the Sacraments on Easter Sunday. Many arrived early in Holy Week. The ritual for the feasts was observed with all possible rubrics. Brother John stole time from his medical work to lend his artistic hand to the chapel; and Father Dietz, charged with a hundred other urgent duties, managed to teach the boys' choir to sing Chinese words to Western music. The barefoot youngsters, all carrying candles, walked in procession, and many of them nearly set fire to their neighbors when they turned around to catch the eye of proud parents. Some of the people made a hasty departure after the Easter Mass and rushed home to hide the family buffalo in a gully, or bury the so-called valuables of the house, because it was rumored that troops of disbanded soldiers were coming along this

road and looting. Sixteen adults received Easter Baptism from the hands of Father Dietz.

Famine Warnings

One of our catechists reports that in many instances people at the western end of our "parish" are down to a diet of herbs and roots. If this poor fare is taken in quantities, it becomes poisonous. Some of the poor creatures who put their wan faces at our dining room window, startling us to depression in the midst of a square meal, seem to confirm the catechist's report. We know for a fact, that many do the heaviest labor—the same that is done by tractors and freight cars in America—on a few bowls of thin rice gruel with greens. Plain rice will be out of reach till the next harvest.

Abandoned Boys

Recently Brother John adopted a little beggar of five years, and Father Dietz one a bit older,—both abandoned by their mothers at different and distant villages. The younger had been cast out at four years of age, and for a year had been begging his daily bite in the market, and sleeping on the open street or in ruined temples, with only the tatters of a coat to cover him, and only John the leper and the blind and crippled mendicants as his friends. Not a soul opened a door to him in rain, cold, or tropical heat, until we discovered him. The other boy was in similar circumstances. We have seen girl children reduced to this or a worse fate, but we thought boys were better prized.

April 16

Brother John's medical work in this town is constantly stimulating new friendship for the Mission. Although, up to date, not many adults have entered the Church as the result of his endeavors, the good Brother has great consolation in the dying babies which his medical calls enable him to baptize. The pagans cannot understand why the busy foreigner should rush all over town with a medical kit to attend such a petty thing as a baby. But Brother John al-

ways has a bottle of baptismal water on these trips, and the recent smallpox epidemic has given him many chances to use it.

JOSEPH A. SWEENEY

American Catholic Mission, Tungchen,
April 21, 1923.

Due to the density of the population, the enervating climate, the extreme poverty, lack of cleanliness, and ignorance of the people, disease epidemics are very prevalent. Just at present, smallpox is stalking through our alleys and into the homes. Each week, I am called to new cases. The people cannot be made to understand how contagious this disease is. When I go to visit the poor stricken children in their hovels, I find them carried in the arms of an older sister or lying in the midst of a large, almost starving, family, barely covered with the few old rags in which they used to run about the streets. All the lectures I studiously give Father Sweeney, and which he laboriously translates into Chinese, about the insidiousness of germs, seem entirely lost. Daily the people come to me with ulcers, abscesses, and various infections covered with cobwebs, mud, leaves, some kind of black glue, and other germ-laden forms of dressing.

Patients from Great Distances

Although we hate to do it, we shall have to refuse help to those coming from great distances. One old lady, aged sixty years, came with her four sons, having been carried in a chair thirteen miles. Even if she were not old and sick, she would still have to command the constant attention of her devoted sons, for her feet are about the size of her hand. These people are of the very best class, extremely polite and grateful. They brought enough rice to keep the mother here indefinitely, but we can let her remain only about ten days. Unless we discourage these outside calls, we shall not be able to do what we should for the poor

committed to our care, and the more will strangers expect of us. When men arrive in chairs, we need not worry about where to lodge them for the night, no matter how ill they are, for the Chinese can sleep anywhere—I do believe even on a picket fence.

The Poor With Us

The yard is full of beggars of all ages. Hundreds are dying of starvation and they came from the mountains, where with difficulty they gathered a few herbs, to seek shelter in the alleys and sheds of the town. The bandits are in possession of the water ways, so no boats carrying supplies are running. These poor beggars, with no food and scarcely any clothes, never complain. My heart goes out to one poor leper for whom we have no accommodation and who is suffering acutely. I give him medicine, but for the past few days he has not come for his rice. I do hope, next year, I can build a real dispensary, with about ten beds in it for the very bad cases.

To Souls Through Bodies

Many of our better-class patients have asked to enter the Church, and all seem interested in the religion. When one realizes that, almost since the creation of the moon, these people have had paganism drilled into them, one is grateful for any leaning on their part toward the Faith. I believe we should open dispensaries at all the Missions. It seems to be the best way of making these pagans realize the Catholic attitude toward life and its ills, and the results will surely repay our efforts.

BROTHER JOHN DORSEY

May 10

Today a young woman came with her mother. The latter had had her arm burnt from the elbow to the shoulder, about three months ago, and, not knowing what to do for it, they had been applying black mud night and day. The unfor-

tunate woman has endured unspeakable torture. The mud had formed a hard cake and, together with her clothing, was fastened firmly to the wound. It took some time to remove this filthy casing, but after it was accomplished, and clean dressings were applied, the poor woman enjoyed relief and much-needed sleep. She is being lodged temporarily with the catechumens, for she is in a wretched condition.

Improved Quarters

Father Dietz has given me another room for my work and I find it ever so much better. We were almost fried and baked in the small room—90° on the porch. I have two beds in still another room, and, needless to say, they are always occupied. I wish you could see the crowd of human wrecks that waits, each afternoon, for the dispensary door to open.

I am kept very busy, as every day new patients come to the dispensary for treatment. Bubonic plague is all over the town but, at present, there is no case at our school. At Father Meyer's Mission, people are dying of it every day. I sent for medicine some weeks ago but it has not yet arrived; so there is not much we can do.

I have named the dispensary after Saint Anthony and I have found his patronage very helpful.

Sick Calls

The other day I was called to a wealthy pagan home where the woman is very ill with jaundice and Bright's disease. Two of the servants have since come to ask whether she might eat dog meat. They had killed the dog, and thought that if she ate the ears she might recover. How pitifully uninformed these people are! And how much need there is for more dispensaries!

I go to see many sick people in their homes and it is most gratifying to see how appreciative and grateful they are. Many business men have sent for me to attend their families, and one shopkeeper, who was suffering with a bad case of blood poisoning and whom I visited every day, has asked Father Dietz for books explaining the doctrine.

The Problem of Maintenance

Father Dietz, while at Hongkong, sent us fifty yards of cheesecloth for dressings and a few medical supplies which we absolutely needed. They came, and together with them came the bill for nineteen dollars. Medicines that could be bought for five dollars at home, cost over fourteen dollars here. Father Sweeney just paid nineteen dollars for several tubes of vaccine, and now we have to turn away the poor mothers who bring their children to be vaccinated. Last Friday, after treating seventy-nine cases, our mitebox registered only two cents. If only physicians at home would send us the sample medicines that litter up their offices, we could save many a life. Ointments, cotton, gauze, adhesive tape, bandages, pills of any and every description—in fact, everything that looks like medicine—can be put to effective use over here.

Father Dietz is very well, ten pounds to the good, and never felt better. As for myself, I have taken on fifteen pounds, don't mind the heat, and never was happier.

BROTHER JOHN DORSEY

American Catholic Mission, Tungchen,
June, 1923.

Bishop Gauthier, from the French mission adjoining on the south, came to visit us. It is twenty years since Tungchen had seen a bishop. Fathier Dietz instructed those ready for Confirmation; Brother John searched his reference library to learn what a bishop likes to eat; and the curate went down on a raft to Kochow to meet His Lordship and escort him up.

The Bishop was two days traveling to Tungchen. The trail is familiar to him. When he came from France twenty-nine years ago, he lived and preached and made converts along the way. Those were days when he had to hide from persecution and travel secretly. Now, along the road, he was greeted by many Christians proud to reverence him.

After thirty years

After passing many villages, where he received the obeisance of the Christians and was greeted with the usual firecrackers and invitations to enter and drink tea, the Bishop came to Penglong, his second mission center, where he lived nearly thirty years ago and now was to spend the night. He found his old home somewhat changed. The river after washing away the outside wall, had shifted to the other side of a wide strand, leaving a grove of bamboos in the courtyard. His little mudbrick residence was still standing, and there was an altar where we could lay out our Mass kits. A block-house had been built on one side, a refuge for his old parishioners during bandit raids.

When supper was over we strolled along the river bank, the Bishop reviewing many of his mission experiences. "Over that range of mountains," he said, pointing to the north, "is the village of South Mount. The priest first went there about twenty-eight years ago and entered the house of the head of the clan. The queen-mother of the house was so incensed, and lost so much face at the coming of the 'foreign devil teacher' under her roof, that she vowed to hang herself. Later she and her husband became fervent Christians, and her son is the head catechist at your mission today." That was news to us and indicative of the change in attitude toward the Church.

The Bishop slept on the bed of boards, as he has been sleeping for thirty years. We said our Masses before daylight, many of the Bishop's old parishioners receiving the Blessed Sacrament at his hand, and were far on the road before sunrise.

The Welcome at Tungchen

In the afternoon we came out of a bamboo grove one hour below Tungchen, where the Bishop suddenly found himself face-to-face with a reception committee. Across the stream, Fathers Dietz and Toomey with a delegation of one hundred Christians were awaiting him. There also was the best Chinese band in the district gorgeously costumed in crimson and spangles, a neatly dressed troop of

soldiers, and our school boys, with endless strings of firecrackers, which with the band exploded a welcome as the Bishop was carried over the water in a sedan chair. After all had paid their respects in the wooded grove on the river bank, and the formal cup of tea had been taken at the house of a nearby Christian, the procession formed and started for Tungchen. All the villagers were out to see the parade and the Bishop, who was now seated in a mandarin's chair carried by four porters. At Tungchen all crossed the river on the ferry and the parade formed on the other shore.

Along the street at short intervals the schoolboys were posted with strings of firecrackers and, lighting these, they announced to one another and to the whole town, the arrival of the Bishop. Through the narrow streets, dense with the fragrant smoke of roaring firecrackers, and with all the townspeople massed on the side, the procession wended its way to the Mission. Here the Bishop alighted and entered the church, which was crowded with Christians and pagans, leaving seemingly the whole town gathered at the door. The Bishop made a visit to the Blessed Sacrament and then addressed the crowd. He told them of his gratitude for their reception and his happiness in returning to the territory which he left over twenty-five years ago. When he first came to this district, he was cursed in the marketplaces, and in visiting his Christians had to travel at night. The native Christians then were subjected to persecution, even to being bound and thrown into a burning chapel. Now all is changed. The old French missioners who blazed the trail for us, of whom the Bishop is the highest type, will never cease to be an inspiration to us who have the honor of succeeding them.

JOSEPH A. SWEENEY

The Curate Promoted

Father Sweeney, the Tungchen curate, has been appointed to one of Maryknoll-in-China's new stations. He will be missed at Tungchen, as he is very popular with the boys (the pastor and Brother John included).

1. The Tungchen river
2. Boys of the mission
3. Parishioners old and young

AT TUNGCHEN

Feast of the Assumption

The Assumption is one of the four annual feasts which bring the Christians to the center. About two hundred put in an appearance—roughly one-third of my flock—a good turnout when one considers that this is the time for planting the second crop of rice. Spiritual returns of the feast were: Confessions, about one hundred fifty; Communions, about one hundred twenty-five—six of them being first Communions.

The Traveling Shepherd

I spent four weeks in the country (August 26—September 22) going from one Christian settlement to the other, spending a day at each for the administration of the Sacraments. These four weeks represent a little more than half a complete tour of the Tungchen mission.

The pagan neighbors are becoming more friendly.

In one village are what might be called the first fruits of our dispensary. We began treating a man for tuberculosis of the hip, two years ago, and, though we did not cure the joint, we have won his entire family to the Church.

September 31

Upon returning to the Mission, I found that Brother John had come back from retreat in Hongkong, refreshed and ready to take up again the work of the dispensary. At Kochow I met Father Taggart, who has been appointed to replace Father Sweeney as curate here, and we came home together.

FREDERICK C. DIETZ

American Catholic Mission, Kochow,
October, 1922.

These days the public schools are celebrating the birthday of their patron, Confucius. The school buildings are decorated with festoons of flags and paper lanterns, and a drum corps makes uproar all the day. Handiwork of the

pupils is on public exhibition, and we accepted an invitation to see a bit. The work of the girls was much better than that of the boys; it would have made a creditable showing alongside the work of an American convent school in its display of drawing and painting and needlework. Most interesting perhaps, were the students themselves, who were also on exhibition, very neat and bashful in their uniforms of white waist and black skirt. The displays at the boys' schools were mostly maps, carvings in bamboo, and a few literary essays. The students were pleased to see us stop to admire certain clever pieces of their work, but I warrant they all envied the drum and bugle bandmen.

The young hopefuls of our own compound are enjoying a little delicacy in the line of fried sparrow, and a bat was a rare morsel, of which few had the pleasure of a bite.

ADOLPH J. PASCHANG

November Harvest

The second crop of rice is being harvested. Schoolboys are being called home to wield the sickle and flail. Several catechists have come in from their assigned villages and report that their schools are empty, so they are taking a little vacation. The rice crop is not so good, they say; in the first place, conditions were not good at planting time, and lately there was a plague of worms and insects that nipped the stalk off at the ground. Now the price is high, and there will be many families forced to make their rice-gruel very thin this winter and depend on sweet potatoes for solid food.

The Curate Practitioner

The sun stays hidden for days at a time, and the weather is quite uncomfortable then. Everybody is complaining of chills and fever, and I have many customers for medicine, mostly from the compound. When Father Meyer is home they don't come to me for remedies, but when I am alone

they can't help taking a chance. I must commend the faith and piety of those who, before swallowing my prescriptions, pray, and I commend the prudence of those who make the cure doubly sure by using Chinese medicine along with mine.

Developing Women Catechists

During the week before Christmas, Father Meyer conducted a retreat for the women catechists of Kochow district and those from Tungchen. Those women who were in the catechist school here, under the personal charge of a very capable and pious woman from Canton, are now to go out to various places where there are women and girls not yet ready for Baptism, or who do not yet know how to go to confession. At present the country folks are having a rest between seasons, with leisure to attend instructions. When the planting season opens, the local women-catechists are to come back to the school for further training. The catechist-in-chief has had some twenty-five years of experience, has a wise understanding of the faults and weaknesses of her people, and doesn't hesitate to tell them their duty, not sparing even the men. A few seasons under her guidance, and the catechists will certainly know what they must do and, probably, will have the courage to do it—which is just as important. It so happens that the most of these women are widows and so their employment as catechists serves two purposes: provides needed teachers for the women, and enables the poor widows to decently support themselves and their children.

February 1

The first inmate of our haven for venerable ladies passed out of this life, overcome by the infirmities of old age. The coffin and three dollars which she brought with her when she came here, helped to give her a more imposing funeral than she ever dreamed of having. All the teachers and catechists, and the women catechumens staying at the Mission, accompanied her remains out to the cemetery about a half hour from the city.

February 10

Father Meyer returned from another week of visitations. In most of the places where he has stopped overnight he found an increasing interest in the Church, and many people came to listen to him and the catechist, Yip, and a goodly number gave in their names as catechumens, so that now there are about six hundred preparing for Baptism. A large percentage of these will, for some reason or other, not persevere; but since many of the new catechumens are relatives and neighbors of faithful Christians, probably the number of defections will be smaller than otherwise. Because of their being scattered over a large district, most of them will have to get their instructions under great difficulties, for there are so few catechists.

Local Politics

The local politics fluctuated for several weeks, General F—— making several retreats and returns, until he got a promotion that took him out of the neighborhood. A few skirmishes in the country did not decide anything, and one day the Kochow troops came hot-foot back to town, arriving in time to close the gates in the faces of their pursuers. Then there was a five-day siege. The enemy, for the time being, camped about the city, and both sides did much wild and useless shooting. The besiegers, because of their disadvantageous position, suffered a few losses in life and health. Luckily for us on the inside, they had no field-gun. Bullets whistled over the house quite recklessly, and a few left their mark on the walls. Our compound was crowded with refugees, who rushed in with their bed-rolls and pillow-caskets as soon as the shooting started.

The shooting kept up for several days, with lulls between more fierce attacks, and after a while everybody was more or less used to it. However, the supply of rice within the city was dwindling away, and it was hoped that the besiegers would soon finish up the last of their ammunition. It was known that they didn't have much, and were using fireworks to help make noise. A day before the New Year,

they assembled and departed, after looting that part of the city outside the walls.

Smallpox Toll

On New Year's Day, February 16, Father Meyer on his bicycle made a trip to Kaushing on a sick-call. In spite of his rapid conveyance, he arrived a half-hour too late. The man had smallpox, which is quite prevalent in some neighborhoods. He was a prominent member of one of our best Christian families, and a good lay apostle, although not a catechist. He was constantly urging his relatives and neighbors to be Christians, and his example backed his exhortations. Just before coming in to Kochow for the feast last Christmas, he baptized a neighbor who was dying and to whom he had taught the catechism.

In other villages the smallpox has claimed several victims, and more have it now. The conditions of living in a Chinese house are very conducive to spreading the disease.

ADOLPH J. PASCHANG

American Catholic Mission, Kochow,
April, 1923.

Circumstances have made it necessary for me to continue in the direction of a mission, with the result that I have not been able to establish the school for catechists, that we planned last year. I have been able to take enough time, however, from the work on the mission and my own necessary study of the language to instruct the catechists for a period of one or two months each year.

Owing, also, to the lack of sufficient accommodations, it has been necessary to conduct this short course during the summer, so as to utilize for the purpose the school here at Kochow, while the boys are at home for vacation. So for the present our school for catechists becomes a summer short course.

The Catechist as Interpreter

The need of catechists here admits of no argument. It is one of the first things that strikes the newly arrived

missioner. He finds himself unable to speak a word of the language and entirely ignorant of the manners and customs of the people. He takes up the study of the language, but has only an exceedingly imperfect knowledge of it when the lack of personnel puts him into the active ministry. If he were among well-instructed Catholics of several generations, he would have little difficulty, but here he must work with converts who are as much tyros in the Faith as he is in their language. How is he to explain to them their duties, correct the delinquents, put matters of faith in such a way that the beginners may not become disgusted or discouraged? He begins then to realize how much he would be exposed to being misunderstood, and even ridiculed, except for the catechist who, from his training and experience, knows how to deal with the people, to set right the mistakes made by the priest, and to counterbalance any bad impression made by the priest's seeming ignorance as displayed in his faulty knowledge of the language. The catechist does this by interpreting the wishes of the priest and by explaining the fact, too often lost sight of by the listeners, that the priest is really an educated man. I have often heard catechists hold forth on this point, giving the length of time the priest must study, and sometimes crediting him with a knowledge of a great many things he does not know. You will understand what this means for the prestige of religion, in a country where learning is held in such esteem as it is in China.

The Catechist as Broadcaster

We have always to keep in mind that we are not here simply to administer the sacraments to Catholics, but to convert pagans and to instruct more fully and strengthen in the Faith those already converted. Obviously, in a given district, the greater the number of points from which the Christian influence can radiate, the greater, other things being equal, the number of conversions should be. Furthermore, to instruct and strengthen in the Faith those already converted, it is obvious that we must be able to reach them. But these two things are, under the conditions that obtain

and that will obtain for many years to come, impossible without catechists.

The district of Kochow, for instance, has about the area of the State of Connecticut. With present modes of travel, it requires four days to go from one end of the district to the other. We have at present a thousand Christians, but they are so scattered that making the biennial visitation for the administrations of the sacraments, and remaining a day or two in each place, takes three months out of our year. Six months of the year cannot be utilized, because either the weather is too hot to travel, or the people are too busy in the fields. Included in these six is also the month spent in going to and returning from retreat. This does not mean, of course, that the priest is idle during this period. No, he has a school at the residence and spends the time profitably in giving instructions to the schoolboys. But this gives an idea of how much one or two priests, working alone in such a district, could do to advance the work of conversions. It is evident that much more can be done if one can place fifteen or twenty catechists at various points throughout his district.

The Catechist as Intermediary

The priest working alone meets other difficulties in the manners of the people, in addition to those already spoken of as confronting the new arrival. In China nothing important is done directly between the parties concerned. To arrange a marriage, or to buy property, intermediaries are employed, who participate in the discussion or carry it on entirely and serve as witnesses. Do you wish to ask a favor or to be reconciled with an enemy? You must have a mediator. And so also for the grave affair of changing religion, there is needed someone to "break the ice". Furthermore, in China in the presence of authority there are a certain language and a certain etiquette to be observed, so that the pagan, or even the Christian, will often not speak his mind in your presence, although he will do so to another, particularly one more on his own plane. It takes many converts a long time, even after Baptism, to acquire that open-

ness and reverential intimacy which should characterize the relations of the people with their pastor. Who will tide the convert over this period, instruct him in his duty, and encourage him in it, except the catechist of his own race, who knows his difficulties and prejudices and understands how to take him?

The Catechist as Eliminator

Finally, and not least important, because it holds in its improper performance such great possibilities for evil, is the need of sifting the wheat from the chaff. The Church in China holds a peculiar position. It has been protected by outside nations against persecution and its foreign preachers are protected by the law of extra-territoriality, by which a foreigner may not be tried or forced to appear in a Chinese court. It has, on this account, the reputation of giving protection to its members, and so we are faced with the problem of sifting out the brigands and other law-breakers who try to shield themselves under its ægis. Others, equally undesirable because of their moral faults, wish to become Christians because of the standing it may give them in the community. The catechist who is conscientious and able is invaluable in this delicate business of rating inquirers.

BERNARD F. MEYER

Difficult Living—Easy Dying

The people are just finishing the setting out of the rice plants, and the whole family is out, wading bare-legged in the paddy, pushing the plants down in the slush. As it is raining most of the time, they wear big wide bamboo hats, and on their backs they have a bamboo shield, so that when they are stooping at their work they look like giant beetles.

The main topic of conversation everywhere is the high price of rice, it being about twice as dear as last year. One old patriarch was blaming it all on the Republic, saying that when we had an Emperor it was not this way.

Smallpox is still very bad in some districts, and I met

some severe cases of it, among our own people. Here at home, the little boy of one of our catechist-widows died of it. He was a great favorite with everybody and his loss hit his mother very hard. Now the bubonic plague is prevalent again in the city, and the schools, having reopened, are deserted again. If it isn't one thing it is another, and commonly there are several things together to make life hard for these people.

The Extent of the Mission

Our return to Kochow, early in May, was the finish of a month's tour, and still only the high spots of part of the Kochow mission had been visited; for the mission, let it not be forgotten, is the largest in extent of territory, in number of baptized Christians, and in number of catechumens, of our Maryknoll districts. It stretches from the sea at Tinpak and Shuitung, northwest to the Kwangsi border.

Although it was at a rather busy time the people were quite faithful in coming to Mass and the Sacraments. Only a few failed to come around. The catechumens at those places where a catechist is teaching, showed great earnestness and progress in preparing for Baptism; and at those places where a catechist had not yet come, they were doing the best they could by themselves. Unfortunately, this is generally very little, for the most of them know only a "great fewness of letters", as they say. Especially is this true of the women. "Send us a teacher", they all plead, and we would do it if we only had teachers to send.

August 4

Before going away, Father Meyer is providing well for those who stay. At his instigation and backing, the eloquent catechist, Epiphanius Yip, opened negotiations for the purchase of the Civil Mandarin's *yamen*. He carried the deal through, although it took almost a month to argue the selling committee down to less than half their first price.

This new land gives nearly all the space we need for projected and necessary expansion. The *yamen* does not join our present compound, but we are expecting to get the inter-

vening property also, and then we shall have an enviable position, right in the heart of the city. On the new property, there are no buildings suitable for a foreigner to live in, but that can easily be fixed, and there is room to spare for our schools. So we are now planning to have the Sisters come as soon as they like. Buildings and land for a hospital have also been offered by the city.

Government Recognition

Several very fancily written documents came from the Government school board, in response to our petition for Government recognition of our school. Now we are duly chartered to give diplomas to our grade school graduates, thus being the first Government-recognized Maryknoll school in China. While this brings many annoyances in the line of red tape, and some added expense for special teachers, it does most certainly broaden our "face," since applications to enter the new school are coming from all quarters. The principal of one of the city schools is one of several influential pagans who will send their sons.

ADOLPH J. PASCHANG

American Catholic Mission, Kochow,
October, 1923.

We turned masons and carpenters into our yamen, and they had repairs ready for the grand opening of Sacred Heart School on October 5. This was a big affair. Everybody of any consequence in town was there, or sent a substitute. Among our guests were the military, civil, and judicial notables, wealthy men of influence, merchants and students, and also the inevitable beggars.

The students dressed up in their new gray uniforms and bore themselves with dignity befitting the occasion. The bugle and drum band, which had been practicing until the lips and fingers of the boys were blistered, did very creditable blowing and beating.

Ceremonies began with formal bows of the students to the

flag, to the principal, and to the faculty. All so honored returned the bows except the flag, which merely waved them off. Then Father Meyer, in his new white silk robe, ascended the rostrum and made an imposing figure and an inspiring speech. He explained to the audience that the aim of our school is not merely to fill the head with facts, but also to give moral training.

Following Father Meyer, several important personages made addresses. A group of men standing at the blackboard would suggest the name of some notable in the audience, and his name would be written on the board, this being both a compliment and an invitation to say a few words. The selections were acclaimed by the audience, and some of the men honored would rise in their places and murmur a modest thanks, while others mounted the platform and held forth at length, all taking their theme from Father Meyer's address.

All having said their say, there was a request (arranged beforehand) for the honorable principal of Sacred Heart School. I arose in *my* new, white robe, and in a few elegant phrases (prepared beforehand) thanked the audience for so honoring our poor school, apologized for my poor command of the language, and bowed gracefully—for me.

Sacred Heart School now being formally opened, the audience folded their fans, grasped their canes, repaired to the lounge rooms for hot tea and hard cakes, and later posed for a not very successful photograph, in the scorching, blinding noonday sun.

In the afternoon, the Fathers, the faculty, and a few well-wishers of the school, enjoyed a many-course Chinese banquet.

A Pioneer Moves On

On the seventh of October, Father Meyer and Father Dietz went by wheel to Shuitung. The people were sorry to see Father Meyer leave us, but they gave him a great departure ceremony. All the students—the catechism boys in their blue and white stripes, and the grade schoolboys in their festal uniforms—the teachers, other gentlemen in their

long gowns and carrying canes, and finally the Fathers, were led out of the compound by the flag bearers and the band. As they marched down the main street, all the shop clerks crowded in the doors, and a mob of boys and soldiers joined the parade. I had to start on a long trail to begin visitations, and turned back at the gate, to find our compound deserted. Everybody able to walk, and a few babies riding their mothers' backs, had gone to see Father Meyer out of town.

ADOLPH J. PASCHANG

CHAPTER 4

ALONG THE WEST RIVER

(Loting, Wuchow, Pingnam)

American Catholic Mission, Loting,
January, 1923.

HE water of the Loting river was so shallow, and the boat so heavily laden, that our boatmen could no longer row, or even pole, their boat. Instead of this usual mode of procedure, three of the husky ones waded a few feet to shore and scampered up the bank with their bamboo rope, to pull and tug the boat for the next five days.

In spite of the fact that Father McShane relied a great deal on his flag, he was continually on the "qui vive", for on the way down only a few weeks previous, the pirates had hailed this very boat and ordered all to jump overboard. Fortunately, the water is not very deep, for our Captain had at once obeyed the command. Indeed, with the sole exception of Father McShane, all gave exhibition stunts of fancy diving. The robbers were so bold as to board the boat and look around, but finally went away leaving the foreigner undisturbed. At that time there was nothing much on board, but now a year's food supplies and the canned milk for the orphanage must be guarded.

We did not travel after dark at all. Just before nightfall, the boatmen would begin to prepare their evening meal of more rice. Then they turned in, or down, on their straw matting beds. Our retiring hour was about eight o'clock also, although Father McShane was in a constant state of expectancy for an attack. But fortunately none occurred.

November 21

Since Father Sweeney did not appear to be in any hurry to leave Loting for Tungchen, Father McShane suggested to him that the brand new priest be shown the sights of the city. Indeed, nothing would please him more. Mounting the city gates and walking along the top of the city walls, Father Sweeney successfully led the poor unsuspecting newcomer through a maze of narrow business alleys and shops.

At supper, conversation naturally drifted back to seminary days at Maryknoll, and thence farther back to that old institution on North Paca Street, Baltimore. From this famous priest-training-school came the three Maryknollers now at the American Catholic Mission of Loting, celebrating in their own simple way the Feast of the Presentation.

December 6

There is much excitement in our town. One of the schoolmasters has reported that several scores of coolies are building a road between Loting and Taiwan, and that other roads connecting the towns of Lintan and Namkonghau are also under construction. If these boulevards will replace the many toe-paths that now link these important cities, future Maryknollers to Loting will be spared the five-day river trip from Takhing, and Father McShane's vision of an auto-bus running to the West River may materialize.

Christmas Day

There was no Midnight Mass, but Father McShane celebrated his three Masses very early. At half-past eight the new curate attempted to sing a High Mass, while, at the same time, a large congregation assured the village, by a louder shouting of prayers, that the parishioners were fulfilling their duties. "Adeste Fideles" was lost in the shuffling noise, but "Shepherds, Why this Jubilee?" with Chinese words, seemed to gain great favor.

The breakfast of red rice with feast day bananas was interrupted by a delegation of orphans and nurses from the

WHEN THE LOTING CONVENT WAS A-BUILDING

LITTLE JOHN SHOWS HIS CATCH TO THE FATHER

crèche. Then came the school boys with their teachers to wish the Fathers a very merry Christmas. There was a great deal of bowing when the boys marched off in snappy goose step.

The Americans' New Year

The Chinese New Year does not come for another six weeks, but a delegation of Christians waited on us early this morning to present their New Year's greetings. In deference to old age, the procession was led by a grandmother, who offered a live chicken to the Fathers with the company's compliments.

Just before Benediction, a hurry call from the orphanage stated that a dying baby had been brought in. To the curate was given the privilege of making his first Christian, and, in less than a half hour after the saving waters of Baptism had flowed, the soul of the infant winged its flight to God. The pastor also started the new year well by baptizing two children.

January 5

Ten thousand soldiers are reported to be at a village only a few miles from Loting. Another ten thousand troops are said to be coming up from Canton toward Loting. An engagement right here looks probable. Everybody is scurrying to hide valuables. The pastor has been asked to grant asylum, while the Protestant compound is already cluttered up. There is not a schoolboy to be found at his desk, for they "fear much". All the shops have been closed, for the shop-keepers, as well as the coolies, are often drafted for military service as baggage bearers, the commissary train being a negligible quantity. Just what trooops are at this village, seems to be a mystery.

January 8

On the afternoon of the sixth, amid a blare of bugles, a long line of soldiers, with all kinds and no kinds of uniforms, hopped footsore across the bridge hurriedly erected by the frightened natives. At the head of the line was a portly

general seated in a chair and carried in great state. After him came perhaps five thousand weary, bare-footed or straw-sandaled soldiers, instead of the ten thousand that had been reported.

A nearby pagan temple served as barracks for several companies of the soldiers during the night. After extorting a large sum of money from the Mandarin and merchants the next day, the soldiers, with a great many kidnapped coolies, left Loting late last night.

January 22

More blasting bugles announce the arrival of more soldiers, meaning more bandits and more trouble. With the city gates securely closed, and the home guard on duty, our town appears safe.

January 23

Since the city gates have been locked and barricaded, the invaders have been at work on a bamboo ladder with the aid of which they hope to scale the city wall. Just after dinner, rapid and heavy gun fire was heard. With the aid of field glasses, Father McShane was able to distinguish a sharp encounter near the West Gate. As the excitement increased, we decided to go up on the roof to witness the spectacle, since we ourselves were not in the danger zone and the roofs of the surrounding houses were all alive with spectators. After fifteen or twenty minutes of earnest scrapping, the invaders seemed to be repulsed and retreated. But smoke on the distant horizon told the story that the robbers were leaving burning villages in their wake. A flag of truce was discerned on the (until then) probable site of the new convent.

January 24

The robbers came back last night. The citizen soldiery evidently thought prudence the better part of valor, for they laid down their arms. The Mandarin abdicated in favor of the robber chief, who immediately took possession of the yamen. The once bandit captain is now the Man-

darin, and his banditti have reformed over night,—the daylight making them respectable soldiers.

The forced abdication of the Mandarin not only "upset his face", but lavishes on our fair city no less than four successors, in place of one. The yamen, the Mandarin's official residence, is a much sought-after place of abode.

JOHN J. TOOMEY

March 31

While we did not have all the ceremonies that marked the Great Week at the Seminary, those we had were nevertheless sufficient to make the Christians realize that this is indeed a Holy Week.

April 3

The pagans also have their Easter parade, not along the Avenue or Boardwalk but through the many winding alleys and narrow streets. Today's procession was in honor of the gods of prosperity.

A Baby a Day

Never before in the short history of the orphanage has that institution flourished as it is now doing. Hardly a day passes that does not bring at least one baby. While most of these infants die almost immediately after Baptism, there are several thriving on American condensed milk. The pagan nurses are doing their work quite well, but next year, when the Sisters come to Loting and instruct them, they'll do it much better.

Epidemic

An epidemic of smallpox has assailed the orphanage. Two babies have died. No vaccine can be procured in Loting, and the Protestant doctor reports that he, too, is "all out". To add to the gravity of the situation, the telegraph wires have been cut and the mails are stopped.

May 13

The smallpox epidemic is again extorting toll. Another baby died last night. Still another, brought in this morning and baptized immediately, took its departure for heaven before this evening.

May 18

There was much joy at the "Ten Chu Tong" today, because of the anxiously awaited arrival of Father McShane. Covered with mosquito bites, and jaded to exhaustion, after a stiff two-day hike from Takhing, the pastor was even more delighted to be back than we were to welcome him. To insure a safe passage through the West River gorges, a British gunboat had escorted the Hongkong steamer on which Fathers McShane and Wiseman, together with several Protestant missionaries, were passengers. The captain of this man-of-war was most courteous to the American priests.

Anti-Japanese Propaganda

All the local schools were represented in an anti-Japanese demonstration. Contrary to expectations, the parade was a quiet one and the merchants carrying Japanese goods were unmolested. Like everyone else in the town, the schoolboys seem to talk of little else than the "Twenty-One Demands".

June 2

Wars and rumors of war are the general topic of conversation. Be it confessed then that we are rather weary of it all, especially when the fighting becomes a reality and the wounded are brought into Loting. This morning a large contingent of these unfortunates was carried into town to be treated at the local hospital conducted by the American Presbyterians.

June 6

Boycotting of Japanese goods is still occupying the attention of Loting. Today several cargoes of Japanese merchandise were either burned or thrown overboard.

June 7

Another shock greeted the Loting citizens, in the form of an order from the "army" for one thousand straw sandals and five thousand caddies of rice, to supply a wandering regiment due to arrive here in a few days. That the money for these perquisites might be forthcoming, it was necessary for the Mandarin to post notices on the city gates demanding subscriptions.

June 23

The average of "a baby a day" is still being maintained at the Loting Orphanage. But this month the number will be higher for no less than six children were brought in today. Every effort therefore, must be made to have the Sisters come to Loting as soon as possible. Exigencies that are arising at every turn show excellent openings, while an abundance of work awaits them at the orphanage.

July 3

The usual heavy rains of the season have changed the sluggish yellow waters of the Three Dragon River into a veritable raging torrent. With the countless swollen streams rushing in from the hills for the past few days, the high water mark was reached early today; so Loting is once more cut off from the outside world.

July 6

In the wake of the "Big Water", there now follows an unusually warm spell, bringing with it such discomforts as humidity and an extraordinarily abundant crop of mildew sprouting from books, shoes, clothing, and even food stuffs.

The tropical insects are also making themselves more obnoxious pests than ever, if that be possible.

July 17

Two days are given to term examinations for our school boys.

July 23

"Last night the wind blew down the shutters" and several other parts of this habitation. From the way the storm struck us, we think that a typhoon must be raging somewhere and that we are getting the tail end of it. Out on our sleeping porch the beds took on the characters of gliders and ice boats, with the mosquito net tents conveniently serving as sails.

July 31

The tropical tempest which started a week ago is still spending itself upon us. Continual rain for several days and nights makes the river again impassable and neither mail nor supplies are coming in or going out of Loting.

JOHN J. TOOMEY

August 1

Sun out again at last. The tail end of the recent typhoon did much more damage than was first reported. From a nearby village situated on our Three Dragon River, now comes the news that several houses were demolished and many people drowned.

September 10

Our Joss Stick Street neighbors are very industrious these days. And nights, too, for, until the small hours of the morning, they can be heard sawing and chopping bamboo into small slivers which will eventually become joss sticks. The approaching Mid-autumnal Festival is the reason for all this activity. This year the "feng-shui," or wind and water men, are making capital of the recent Japanese earthquake by predicting a like disaster for China. As this catastrophe will likewise coincide with the end of the world, the more credulous are selling all they possess and giving the proceeds to the pagan priests.

A Hero—Almost!

The curate, going down the river in a small skiff, was accosted by a robber band in the moonlight, after passing two other bands which had captured two riverside towns and stopped all shipping on the river. The curate informed them that he is an American citizen, but they told him to pull ashore or run the gauntlet of their guns. Having the proper setting of moon, darkness and forest, the curate tried to defend himself with ectoplasm. As the boat grounded, he stood in the bow and, making fierce grimaces, threw the glare of his flashlight on his white bearded face. The would-be apparition didn't put the bandits to route; several of them started down to the boat.

The curate had heard of missioners, who when their lives were threatened by Orientals, pulled themselves completely out of the hole by spellbinding the natives with an oration in French or Latin. So he tried to mystify the robbers with English. The strange tongue lashing was supposed to make them think he had a fearful protest which they could not interpret; but they merely stepped into the shrubbery and covered him with their rifles, sending one to the skiff for inspection.

The curate thought of Father —— stopping a night attack on Kochow Mission by rushing out and suddenly thrusting a flashlight in the rioters' faces. So he flashed his for a dazzling instant on his visitor's face; nor did this effect anything. The bandit came close enough to perform an emergency operation with his bayonet. And the two peered at one another's moonlit faces. The curate was about to give up all hope of being the main attraction at a big requiem service in the far future, when the bandit called out "Go along!" The little skiff nearly leaped to midstream and, though the others reversed the verdict and told him to stay, the curate was far away downstream going with a stroke like the Yale Varsity Crew.

The Dearth of Catholic Teachers

Father McShane received a delegation from a central market about two hours west, requesting him to direct

their school. If Father had a good staff of Catholic teachers to teach the catechism to the pupils' parents, all the youth and children of the district would be his, with the adults all grateful and favorably disposed. But Loting is a new Mission, with no good French Fathers to leave an inheritance of trained Catholics.

Loting's Need of Sisters

The next opening for the Maryknoll Sisters in China is Loting. Father McShane finds much of his time taken by his growing orphanage. Besides, there are old folks' homes, blind asylums, and probably a leper colony, which he would like to establish; but he has hundreds of villages waiting for his preaching, many of which have appealed for a catechist or offered him a school, so he must build a convent somewhere in town, and invite the Sisters, and free himself for his proper work. The convent, and establishments for the blind, aged, and lepers connected with it, will cost ten thousand good American dollars. And those dollars are on the wrong side of the Pacific. But to see Father McShane going around arguing price with property owners in town, one would imagine he had only to pull a brick out of the fireplace and count out the money.

Crippling Industry

For the past few months nearly everyone in Loting has been raising mulberry leaves and caring for silk worms. This industry seems to be so profitable that even the cultivation of rice is apparently neglected. To get the cocoons safely down to the West River, however, is a problem of no mean moment. Today, October 9, a great quantity of this raw silk left here for Canton, but the prevalence of pirates on the Three Dragon River between Loting and Namkonghau has made it imperative for the shippers to hire four hundred soldiers to escort the boats down the river.

October 24

Father McShane planned to go to his retreat overland to the ocean, via Yeungkong. This means five or six days

travel over a big watershed and down some mysterious little rivers said to be on the other side. No white man has ever been over this trail. Father Ford wandered far up the other side, but did not complete the journey between the two Missions. Father McShane is all prepared to do it, but he can find no porters or guides who are willing to risk their lives in the mountains, which bristle with bandits. It is of great interest to the missions to ascertain the trails along the route.

Chinese Approval

Father McShane is expanding his educational work and is so conducting it that the Mandarin, in whose person rests the government of this whole prefecture, came with another high official to congratulate him. When Father McShane explained the future plans for the Mission schools, which will offer high school and college courses, conducted by Americans, the old man's face lighted up and he offered Father McShane a beautiful piece of land, central, but isolated by the city wall and elevated above the whole town.

JOHN J. TOOMEY

Union in Prayer

During the past year, Father Toomey and I have practiced in common as many spiritual exercises as time and circumstances allowed, and I feel that we have been blessed for it. It is not easy to explain just what trials and interior difficulties we encounter here, but I have learnt, and quickly too, that we need all the strength possible to keep afloat and eyes upwards. There is no question in my mind but that the first year is of infinite value to the new missioner, and, whether he be conscious of it or not, the succeeding years will be largely of that mold which he chooses to form during his first months in this strange land. Not only this, but he has the power of helping the older missioner to whom he is sent.

We need not be long here to realize very forcibly how utterly dependent we are on the Lord for whatever good is

accomplished. This is true everywhere, of course, but I believe we receive more reminders of it here than we would in a Christian country.

DANIEL L. MCSHANE

American Catholic Mission, Wuchow,
October, 1923.

Here are some more facts about Kwangsi.

It is proverbially one of the hardest fields in China proper.
It is a mountainous province of South China with an area and population about twice that of Ohio.
It has three races of people and four chief languages.
In the entire province there are only about six thousand Catholics, administered by twenty-four priests.

From 1575 to the time of the great persecution in 1724, Jesuits, Augustinians, and Franciscans labored there conjointly.
In 1651, Father Andrew Koffler, a Jesuit, was massacred.
In 1848, the whole of Kwangsi was entrusted to the Paris Foreign Mission Society.
In 1851, it gave birth to the Taiping rebellion.
In 1856, Father Auguste Chapdelaine and two native Christians suffered torture and martyrdom in Sylin, in the northwest corner of the province.
In 1881, Father Eugene Creuse disappeared and was never again heard from.
In 1892 it was consecrated to the Sacred Heart, to obtain the special protection of Christ, Who had declared to Blessed Margaret Mary: "This Heart shall reign in spite of its enemies, in spite of Satan and of those whom he inspires to oppose It."
In 1897 and 1898, two missioners, Father Frederic Mazel and Father Matthew Bertholet, were massacred.
On May 27, 1900, Father Chapdelaine and his companions were declared "Blessed" at Rome.
Owing to official opposition, in despite of foreign treaties and orders from Peking, missioners found it very

difficult before the beginning of the present century to buy property, settle in the cities, and go about their work unhindered. They had to travel generally at night.

Christian Chinese were often plundered and ill-treated and prospective converts deterred by grave threats from embracing the Faith. Mission stations were frequently pillaged and the priests subjected to ignominious treatment.

In 1920, the eastern part of Kwangsi with the city of Wuchow as its center was offered to Maryknoll by Bishop Ducœur.

JAMES E. WALSH

American Catholic Mission, Pingnam,
January, 1923.

I was alone for two weeks in November, and was glad when a wire came saying Father Walsh was en route and would arrive in a day or two. The sound of the boat whistle was a welcome one and I rushed down to the shore to meet my guest. The old *Tin Fu* crawled into port and I looked in vain for Father Walsh, but the Chinese told me there was a foreigner on board, so I hailed a sampan and started for the boat. He surely was a vision. In fact, he looked like a wreck on life's sea—and no wonder. Three days and three nights on a Chinese boat, living in a dingy cabin with three Chinese who spent all their time smoking opium, is enough to kill a white man. Well, the cook outdid himself that night, and the dinner, together with a good sleep in a real bed, put Father Walsh in his usual trim and he was ready to swing a pick if occasion demanded.

Father Walsh's stay was a quiet one and I was really afraid he would have to leave Pingnam without getting a little of the local coloring, but my fears were unfounded; for one evening as we sat on the porch listening to the dulcet tones of Caruso's voice, our concert was interrupted by the noise of guns. The firing stopped after a half hour, and I went out to learn the whys and wherefores. A boat had

been coming up the river, and some Pingnam braves, thinking the commander of the Kweichow forces was on board, fired. The soldiers on the boat retaliated. No casualties had been reported.

The Hudson of China

Father Walsh's visit was crowned by a little trip we made to Nanning as guests of Mr. D——, of the British American Tobacco Company. It was a four-day trip and we took advantage of the opportunity to drop in on our French confrères en route. Père Séosse was the first. He is a delightful missioner and a veteran of Kwangsi, for he has been in the province for over seventeen years. From Nanning we sped right on to Kwangsi's capital. It was a beautiful sail, but I shall have to refrain from describing the beauties of the West River, as I could never do it justice. Europeans call it the Rhine of South China, but we Americans like to say it is the Hudson of China. Be that all as it may, I must admit that in my humble opinion, when it comes to natural beauty, even our far-famed Hudson must bow in submission to the West River.

Bishop Ducœur

We reached Nanning about noon of the fourth day. Bishop Ducœur knew we were coming and sent his catechist to meet us. The Bishop greeted us in his usual affectionate manner, and surely made us feel how happy he was that we took the opportunity to visit him. On looking at him, one cannot help but realize he is a man who has gone through great trials and suffered much. None of China's bishops are walking through life on a path of roses, but, judging from the history of Kwangsi, I honestly believe that its bishop has had the fewest consolations of any.

Père Séosse

One day after our return, a messenger arrived with the news that Père Séosse was very ill. We started overland the next morning. It was a hard trip, as the day was hot and the chairs had no tops on them. For nine hours we had the

tropical sun pouring down on us. We found Père Séosse in bad condition and Father Murray started immediately to relieve his sufferings. There was only one thing to do—namely, get him to Hongkong and to a hospital. Père Heraud, another Kwangsi veteran, arrived the following day and managed to convince Père Séosse he would have to go. I left for Pingnam two days later and was glad I did, as a Mr. C—— of the British American Tobacco Company arrived. He was going to Kweiping, and when I told him of Père Séosse's condition he promised to take him to Wuchow. This was done in a special trip. Father Murray and I surely appreciated this act of kindness, and when we told the good Père he was quite overcome; he had never received such attention in the seventeen years he has been in China. Father Murray and Père Séosse left for Hongkong the following day.

The Second Christmas

Thirty Christians came for the day,—not many, but a decided improvement over last year. We had Midnight Mass, and Mr. K—— in cassock and surplice, served.

You at home can hardly appreciate what it means to have one of our own Catholic young men call as Mr. K—— did. The Chinese have an idea that all English-speaking people are Protestants, and even our Christians have the same notion. Just realize that point, and then figure out what an excellent thing it was to have a fine practical American Catholic around. He was with me ten days in all, and the Christians we have at daily Mass saw him there every morning serving at the altar. He received Communion at Midnight Mass Christmas and every morning afterwards, until he left on New Year's Day.

Everything is quiet now, and the excitement of war and rumors thereof is over.

GEORGE F. WISEMAN

Small Beginnings

Since coming to Pingnam, we have baptized only fourteen people, four of whom were baptized "in articulo mortis".

The harvest has been small, but there are many reasons for it. First of all, there is the lack of catechists. They are at a premium here. We did have three, but one proved very unsatisfactory and we had to let him go. The other two left, owing to the war-like condition of the province and because of the hatred natives of Kwangsi have for those of Kwangtung. An attempt was made to get other catechists in Canton, but they refused to come to Kwangsi. We have asked Bishop Ducœur, of Nanning, but he had none to give us.

The Entering Wedge

If one compares the report of our Pingnam mission with that of other Maryknoll missions, he is liable to get the impression that little has been accomplished here; but we believe that such is not the case. When we came, we found a pagan population, in town, which was decidedly hostile. We are happy to say, however, that the hostile feeling has been replaced by a markedly friendly one. This was noticed also by our predecessor, Père Séosse, when he visited us a short time ago. The change of attitude is due to the protection we gave the people, last year, and also to the work done by Father Murray in the dispensary.

Last year, we afforded refuge to over two hundred, most of whom were town officials, merchants, and their families. After the trouble was over, we started a catechumen class for the merchants. They came three times a week, and the average number at each class was twenty-five. These were the first catechumens from the town itself since the mission was founded twenty years ago. The class lasted five weeks, but was interrupted by the Cantonese, who were evacuating the province. At this time, the merchants, most of whom were Cantonese, returned to Canton.

The dispensary was opened in January, 1922. There were but few patients at first, owing to the distrust the Chinese have for foreign medicines. Now, however, Father Murray cares for an average of thirty a day. His kindness to them, and his ability to handle their cases, have been the main factors in breaking down the hostility they bore towards us.

1. Christmas visitors 2. Exposition in the chapel 3. Outside the city

PINGNAM

Perhaps we shall never see large numbers of Christians in the Pingnam district, but we hope that the wedge we are now making will yet split the block of paganism here.

Easter Sunday

We had twenty-two Christians here and we were quite encouraged. They departed for their respective villages the same afternoon.

June Visitations

My first stop was at a village reached after a two-hours' journey. The Christians, twenty in number, turned out strong. The special work on the program was to get the *status animarum*. Unfortunately, these villagers are of a vacillating type. They will come to the mission for the big feasts and will always be on hand for night prayers and Mass when the Father visits them; but, on the big pagan feasts, they join the pagans in their superstitions. Few of them, however, have been well instructed.

A Stronghold of False Gods

We left for Taiyung the next morning. On the way, my two Christian guides insisted that we stop at "White Mountain". The very name brought back pleasant memories of the bishop and priests of the White Mountain State at home, who were so kind to me while I was on propaganda in the New Hampshire district.

How can I describe the place? As we approached it, we saw nothing but a huge rock, probably two hundred feet square and one hundred fifty feet high. Outwardly, there was nothing wonderful about it, and a traveler would probably pass without noticing it. At the entrance was the headquarters for guards. Cards were presented, tea drunk, and we were permitted to proceed.

There was a narrow road, just wide enough for one person, which led to the top of the rock. On climbing up, I looked down and saw a great cave below; and I soon realized that this huge rock, so unpretentious on the exterior, was well worth exploring. The view from the top was fine. In

front of us, we could make out Taiyung, our objective that day, and beyond Taiyung rose the bandit-infested mountains. Toward the south, we could see the West River, six miles away, and to the east lay our Pingnam.

As we descended, we visited a few of the several caves hollowed out by the trickling water. In each cave was an altar and the statue of a god. As I looked around, I could not help thinking how natural it was to see an altar in such a place. Nature, we might say, had built its own cathedral in this huge rock. The walls of the cave were quite high and the vaulted ceiling gave a very churchlike appearance. However, a pagan god was the object of adoration and I learned that, on the big feasts, pagans for miles around come here to practice their superstitions. I also found out that, in time of trouble, the people flock to this spot for protection. It is surely a stronghold and a safe place. We drank tea with the care-taker of the temple, bowed ourselves out, and proceeded on our way to Taiyung.

More Vacillators

Here is a résumé of what has happened in the village of Taiyung. One of our predecessors visited these people and won their hearts. All became Catholic. The successor of the first Father could not give them much, and a few years later at least half were lost to Catholicism. During our time, others went over, and now we have but a handful of Catholics left.

There was no great excitement when I entered the village. A few came to the chapel to see me and I managed to get a 'status animarum' by asking a lot of questions. That night a few were on hand for night prayers, and the next morning we had about fifteen at Mass. Three went to Communion. There was a representative from the mountains there, and he was able to give me good information regarding our Christians in bandit land. I left Taiyung the next day, fully realizing that immediate action was needed. On the way back to Pingnam, I decided to go to Nanning and ask Bishop Ducœur for one of his seminarians as catechist.

Ambassadors of Peace

On June 29, while you at home were celebrating your twelfth birthday, Father Murray and I were trying to save Pingnam from being burned. General C—— had sent word to the Chamber of Commerce that he would burn the town if L—— attacked him again. His soldiers did burn part of Pakma before they retreated; so the outlook was not very bright for Pingnam. Three members of the Chamber of Commerce called on us and asked for a letter to General L—— saying that C—— might vacate in a few days and asking L—— not to attack. We agreed to give the letter, and, encouraged by this, the delegates asked us to accompany them to L——'s headquarters. This also we agreed to do.

To reach headquarters required a journey of about two hours. On arriving at the yamen, we presented cards and were led through narrow passages which wound in and out. The place was pitch dark. The conference hall was a large room lighted by a few very small windows. I might add here that our party consisted of three members of the Chamber of Commerce, two representatives of General C——, Father Murray, and myself. General L—— received us cordially and thanked us for coming. I told him Father Murray and I had come only on behalf of the people of Pingnam, the innocent sufferers in all these troubles. I asked him to do all in his power not to have the town burned, and to instruct his soldiers not to cause any trouble should they be victorious. He assured us that no harm would come to Pingnam from his men, and added, "We are all Pingnam men and do not wish to destroy our own town." He, however, insisted on the fact that C—— would have to get out, and gave him until nine the following night; otherwise the town would be attacked.

On our return to Pingnam, we visited General C——. All his men were armed, which, of course, was a breach of etiquette. C—— stormed a while and said he would not get out. More talk followed, and we left. On our way back to the house, the President of the Chamber of Commerce told us that he believed C—— would go. And he did. He left

quietly that night at nine o'clock, and, the following morning, bright and early, General L——'s soldiers took possession of the town.

Festina Lente

Father Murray and I spent the next few days in discussing the conditions I discovered on my recent mission trip. We decided that it was best to go to Nanning and consult Bishop Ducœur. The next boat to Nanning would find us on it. In the midst of our preparations, however, these generals around here were planning other moves.

Firing began here that night but nothing serious happened. The next morning, they started in earnest. Our house was hit seven times and one bullet of the explosive type landed in my room. A wounded soldier who was brought in died the next day, baptized.

On July 17 we started for Nanning, and on July 24 arrived. Bishop Ducœur had gone to Tongking on business, but was expected back any day. We waited for two weeks and Father Murray decided to return to Pingnam. I remained in Nanning to see the Bishop

The day after he returned, I explained our difficulties to him, and he assured me he would do all in his power to help us. The matter of the seminarian was discussed, and, to my great joy, he said he would let us have one. I told the Bishop about the obstacles confronting us at Pingnam, and regretted I could not give him a report which showed progress. He merely smiled and said, "You have been there two years and have accomplished nothing. We were there twenty years,—and what did we do?"

Hope Dawning

We are putting our catechists-to-be through a regular course. Besides studying the doctrinal books, they also have a course in teaching the catechism, which is most important, as it is one thing to know the doctrine and quite another to teach it.

We ought to have a catechist in each village. The seminarian told me that from talking with the people, he feels they

have the Faith, but it is not very strong. Between our schools and catechists, we hope to develop a good quality Christian in the district. Of course, much is dependent on the condition that we have a little peace. So it is, "*Après la pluie, le beau temps.*" After two years of darkness and discouragement, we are beginning to see the rainbow in the sky.

It will be Christmas before this letter reaches you. Let me take this opportunity to wish you all at the Home Knoll a holy and happy Christmas. Father Murray joins me in these greetings. All we ask is that you say a prayer before the Crib and ask the Christ Child to bless our catechist school, which is in existence merely that His Kingdom may be spread and His Name be known and loved by these people.

GEORGE F. WISEMAN

PART III
SOME MARYKNOLL "FIRSTS"

MARYKNOLL SISTERS AT KOWLOON

This photograph was taken on the occasion of the visit, in 1923, of Mother Mary Joseph, Mother-General of the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic.

CHAPTER 1

MOTHER MARY JOSEPH'S FIRST VISITATION

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong.
November, 1923.

T was, perhaps, more than a happy coincidence that gave us the *Saint Dominic* for our pilot into Shanghai, and it did not take much imagination to picture our beloved patron himself leading us into a land where he would have loved to labor for souls.

Mr. Lo's Charities

We considered it a privilege to meet Mr. Lo and have him conduct us through his wonderful hospice, which houses thirteen hundred persons—orphans, the abandoned, the insane, and sick prisoners—and has a hospital, school, workshop, playgrounds, and chapel to provide for the various needs of the establishment. Mr. Lo's devotion to Saint Joseph is truly marvelous and he related many instances of supernatural answer to prayer. We felt like novices in the art of prayer and love of God, after listening to him and seeing what he has accomplished. The Salesian Brothers are to open a college for boys on one corner of his compounds, and he has succeeded, too, in securing a house for some Good Shepherd Sisters. He would like to start a school for high-class Chinese girls, to accommodate one thousand pupils, under twenty Sisters.

To revert to Mr. Lo's charity: the Sister told us that, as soon as cool weather begins, every morning he sends out men with lanterns to gather up the poor beggars lying in the streets or old temples, and to bring them to the hospice, where they are bathed, clothed, fed, and housed till they can care for themselves.

The Reunion

It was raining when we docked at Hongkong, but Maryknoll priests were at the very end of the pier to greet us. Our Sisters were waiting impatiently at the far end, for the bars to be let down. Such a reunion, and such joy to find the Yeungkong group detained because they were unable to go back! Words can never portray those first hours together—with the asking and answering of questions—after Solemn Benediction and the Te Deum in the Sisters' chapel.

The Pakkai Procure

Father Ford announced that a junk would leave in two days from Kongmoon for Yeungkong. Several attempts had been made before, by the Yeungkong Sisters, to get back to their Mission, but each time the junk was commandeered for the soldiers. We were willing to risk it, however, and, on the following evening, started off on the Kongmoon boat. Forty pieces of baggage, two "amahs," and a catechist completed our party.

The Kongmoon boat isn't much to boast of, but the captain was pleasant and happy to have Americans as passengers. He told us of pirates who had held up a boat only a week before, and we crept into our bunks hoping the morning would find us still there. Such bunks!

The cabins faced each other on a narrow passage which was closed with an iron gate, guarded by two Hindus who looked like pirates themselves. The berths had only a lower sheet—changed once a week—and a blanket in which we resignedly rolled ourselves and went to sleep. We were due at Pakkai at half-past six, but it was after eight when we anchored.

Several times we saw men walking on the river bank, towing heavily-laden boats against the current. How these men, and women, too, eating the food they do, are able to perform such continuous feats of strength is a mystery.

Once anchored, it did not take us long to get into a sampan, which, poled by two women, soon bore us to shore. We were novelties, of course, and had a fine bodyguard of

every age and sex till we reached safety and privacy in the Procure. Soldiers are quartered next to the house, but we found all the trunks stored there untouched.

The catechist lives downstairs. There are four uninviting, bare, and cheerless rooms upstairs. The front room, however, has two large windows and it was there that Father Ford said Mass and we all received Communion.

Our combination breakfast and dinner was a happy one. It was served on the planks which normally are our missioner's bed when he stops at Pakkai.

On the Yeungkong Junk

When we arrived at the river, hoping to continue our journey, we learned that the junk had been taken by soldiers, but Father Ford determined to see what could be done. It seemed to us an eternity before he returned, for we were backed up against a wall and surrounded by a crowd three deep—and these Chinese stared at us and laughed and talked about us. They were only curious and meant no harm, but the experience was a bit trying.

Father Ford brought back word that the captain would take us if we would accept the usual "women's quarters". The cabins were occupied, one of them by a Protestant missionary, his wife, daughter, and adopted Chinese baby. This family had been on the junk three days, before it was taken by the soldiers, and were allowed to remain. You may be sure they were glad to see us.

We reached the junk by sampan, climbed up the stairway let down for us, and stepped onto the dirtiest boat one can imagine. Water, grease, food stains, slime, and soldiers everywhere settling themselves for the night. We squeezed in wherever we could and watched the soldiers come up from the quarters they were vacating for us. When the last one had come, we went down. Can you picture disappearance through a coal scuttle? Well, that's about what I did on the junk. Landed on the little platform below, another jump introduced us into our cabin.

We couldn't stand up, so we squatted as best we could, and ate our supper. Then we tried to settle ourselves.

The place was infested with rats, enormous spiders, and cockroaches, and the night was punctuated by cries of distress when unwelcome visitors explored our ears and faces. We said night prayers and sang every song we could recall—and I believe we all got forty winks before morning.

Air and Light Again

How good it was to get up to the deck and breath pure air again! We had traveled in the night and were lying at anchor at a beautiful spot called Ngaimoon, where there is a customs house.

We had a fine day on deck, although the sun was very hot and we were badly burned in spite of umbrellas. We prepared our own meals, and the soldier spectators, although a bit too sociable for comfort, were very kindly and never once rude.

Sisters R. and L. speak Chinese very well—Sister R. is quite fluent—and they were able to answer the numberless questions that the Chinese asked.

At dusk we moved again. A second night was spent below light and air. Sunday we kept moving till two o'clock, when we anchored at Taiho, one of our villages, once prosperous but now deserted after continuous sacking and ruin by the bandits. At four we started again, and by seven we were well up the Yeungkong River and at anchor.

Yeungkong Dwellings

Yeungkong is a real Chinese city, but much cleaner than Canton. The pigs see that there is no garbage left in the streets.

The Mission here is promising and Father Ford has done wonders. Our Sisters, too, are doing good work under his direction, and the babies, the orphans and blind girls, the old women, the school, and the catechumenate, take every minute that can be devoted to them.

Yeungkong was interesting to me, and full of novelty. I never tired of the narrow streets, lined with walls broken every fifteen feet by black wooden gates opening into court-

yards. Beyond these are houses whose wide-flung doors reveal a few pieces of furniture, white-washed walls relieved by an occasional tawdry picture or bright red strips of paper bearing some superstitious invocation, and children playing on dirt floors with chickens and pigs for companions. Then there are the shops, interesting but not attractive. We found little in Yeungkong shops to tempt us, aside from brass scissors and knives and the famous pigskin boxes—water, animal, and insect proof—in all of which we indulged.

Divination Alley, on which our Mission compound is situated, lies in the educational section of the town, and besides our establishment it boasts a Government school and a Presbyterian "doctrine room".

Most of the houses in the city are of one story and consist of a series of rooms on the same level. In many cases each room houses an entire family, plus the chickens and pigs. These houses have gray tile roofs. Our convent, three stories high, of terra cotta cement; the school, of the same material but only two stories in height; and the home, one story of cement, stand out strikingly.

Here in China it is quite the proper thing to expect to be shown through a house, and it is not at all unusual for women and children to ask to go through the convent. They are taken into the public rooms and the second-story porch, and they go away delighted. One day the Mandarin and his suite came with Father Ford.

The Sister's Helpers and Charges

I have sometimes heard our Sisters speak of their need of "amahs" (servants), and it only is here that one can appreciate how these "amahs" are indeed a necessity and not a luxury. Much of the Sisters' work must be directive, thus increasing the extent of usefulness; and the Sisters are obliged to spend three hours a day on the language.

The Sisters are well taken care of spiritually. On Tuesday morning, the priest detailed to convent duty for the week gives the meditation; on Thursday, the Holy Hour; on Sunday, a conference; and on First Friday, Exposition.

Wednesday afternoon, Father Ford gives a mission conference.

The dispensary is on the ground floor and Sister L. is in charge. The "crèche" is within our wall, in front of the convent, and Sister B. is responsible for it. Such horrible sores as people have here! It certainly requires a real supernatural motive to care for the poor, filthy creatures that come for relief. And the babies! Some of them are sweet and lovely after they have been bathed and dressed, but most of them are pitiful little scraps, emaciated, covered with sores, often dying. Some days as many as three are brought in.

Every afternoon at three o'clock, there are baptisms in the church. When the little ones die, Malea, the gatekeeper, takes them in a basket to the cemetery, digs the grave, and buries them.

The children who look well are given out to wet nurses, who are required to bring the babies in each week for examination and to receive their pay. It was a picture to see the procession of these nurses with Sister B. scolding some, praising others, and paying all the sum allotted them.

Sister D. has the old ladies,—a wonderful group of vain, garrulous derelicts, but lovable withal. Their house is immaculately clean. They go to Mass daily and to the church in the afternoon for prayers. During the day they sew for themselves and the orphans. They eat at a common table, and this is their greatest trial, as each would love to cook her own little meal.

The orphans, the lame, and the blind are in the rear, and Sister T. is their guardian. Every one loves these waifs. Even the old ladies feel that they must mother them a bit. The Sisters are anxious to have the children learn some industrial work. At present a couple of the blind children can knit. Sister T. takes all the children for a walk along the pond every day, and the soldiers on the other side of the pond, on guard at the city gate, invariably call over to ask what the Sisters are doing, and then reply over and over, "*You sam*"—"You have a heart!"

Instruction

The school is under Sister F.'s direction. She teaches English and music. All other subjects—reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, sewing, ethics, and catechism—are taught by Chinese teachers. We have a primary and a lower secondary school, the latter opened on the Feast of the Presentation with five pupils. The number will be augmented after the Chinese New Year.

Sister R. has just organized a married women's class, which promises to become popular. Everyone must study the doctrine—we require that of all who come under our care, even of the servants—and, besides, reading, writing, arithmetic, and ethics are taught. Sister has also started a library which will give those who can read a chance to get more than their little catechism gives. She plans to do much through pictures. Her special work is the very important one of gathering and instructing the women, hitherto neglected because there were no women to look after them.

The Portable Organ

High Mass is celebrated on Sundays and feast days, the Sisters singing. They have a very poor organ, worse than the portable one at home, and I played to give Sister M. a little relief. I felt—and, I am sure, looked—most uncomfortable, pumping at a rapid pace to get a squeak out, and trying to substitute notes for the voiceless ones. After Benediction in the afternoon, one of the boys carries the organ to the convent for Benediction there.

Food

The Sisters have a cook who knows American ways and most of her productions are very palatable. We had very good chicken and duck, pork chops, buffalo meat—a bit strong—eggs, rice, rather tasteless vegetables, beans, soup, and several kinds of fruit. Very rarely there is canned butter.

There is no such thing as fresh milk, but I found, in a short time, that evaporated, condensed, or powdered milk are quite palatable. In the yard are several banana trees and a papaya tree. The fruit of the latter when green is

served boiled, as a vegetable, and when ripe, raw, like a melon. Sister D. has quite a truck garden—lettuce, beets, white and sweet potatoes, turnips, squash, and tomatoes, seem to be growing well.

The people are very friendly and, when we take a walk and peep into their houses, urge us to come in and have some tea. Their curiosity is childlike. Every one asks, as we go along, "Where are you going?" "Where did you come from?" "What did you buy?" As a matter of course, we reply "Looking around." "We came from America." Or, if we have packages, we mention something we have bought.

Outside the City Wall

It is a good three-quarters of an hour walk to the cemetery. Passing through the West Gate, near which the Mission is, we find ourselves outside the city wall. The walk leads us past the Protestant compound and out into the country. For a short distance the path is paved. One comes across an occasional shrine, and sees rice fields being ploughed. Farther on, however, the pavement ceases and the path becomes little more than a trail, from which we had to step to small hillocks more than once, to make way for the buffaloes led by stolid little Chinese lads or for Chinese women balancing on their poor shoulders great burdens of water or wood.

The soil, a reddish-yellow clay, is used for making mud bricks and the "cement" of which our Mission buildings seem to be made. The real Yeungkong bricks, which have quite a reputation, I am told, are gray. The Protestant buildings, also the Government schools, are made of the gray bricks.

Waiting Hillsides

The foliage is meager. The hills—great brown, bare knobs on the earth's surface—have a peculiar beauty and fascination as they are outlined against the brilliant blue sky, and present a thousand varied aspects with the shifting shadows, but they fill one with a sense of desolation; they seem to symbolize the spiritual destitution which they surround. This idea strikes me more forcibly still, when, on our

porch, I turn my eyes from the hills to our convent garden which is a riot of flowers. The soil of both is the same, and yet what a difference! Barrenness—fruitfulness! Then comes the consoling thought that these hillsides, like the souls dwelling in their valleys, need only care and cultivation to convert them into gardens of paradise. It is our glorious privilege to garner the souls, and, some day, when China is fully awake, husbandmen will come and make these waste lands fulfill their promise of loveliness.

We have often heard Father Superior speak of the graves that dot the countryside, but one can hardly realize what it means until one has taken such a walk as ours to the cemetery. We saw hundreds of them—in fact, we felt as though we were in a never-ending graveyard. On many graves are covered earthen jars, in which, according to custom here, the bones of the deceased were placed two years or more after burial. We were curious enough to peep into some of them, but saw nothing more interesting than little heaps of dust, remains of poor pagans whose souls had passed into eternity, graceless and ignorant of God and the redemption of man through the Saving Blood of Christ.

Sister Gertrude's Grave

The Catholic cemetery is desolate enough. It is a level, treeless, grassless tract of land, with little to distinguish it from its environs, save some attempt at order in the arrangement of the graves, and the crosses which are added to the usual long inscriptions on the headstones. Chinese graves are shallow, the coffin lying in a little hollow just below the surface of the ground and earth being heaped over it into a mound.

Here, in just such a grave, our Sister Gertrude is at rest. To prevent the soil from washing away, our good Fathers had the grave enclosed by a brick wall, two and a half feet high. The stone will lie flat, I understand, on the top of the mound.

On All Souls Day, Father Paulhus led the Christians in procession to the cemetery. They have a pretty custom, in this city, of decorating the graves with flowers, which they

stick in the ground in conventional designs. Sister Gertrude's grave was still bright in spots with golden marigolds.

While at the cemetery, we were not unobserved. On one side were several little boys with quite a herd of buffaloes; on the path, was a goose-man with a great flock of geese hissing and running about; and off in a corner stood a woman, her great load of fagots set down while she watched the strange scene.

We had brought crackers and candy for our lunch, and these we shared with our guests who seemed to enjoy the foreign sweets. For my own part, I was glad they were there, and I had a feeling, as we turned homeward, that we were not leaving Sister quite alone, but rather with those about her in whom she would have been keenly interested and who would have responded to the warmth of her lovely soul.

MOTHER MARY JOSEPH

Chapter 2

A FIRST "CLOSE-UP" OF CHINESE VILLAGERS

Hoiling Island, China,
December 12, 1923.

HEN we left Yeungkong, after four o'clock Mass, on December 8, all was peaceful. All our people had gathered to bid us farewell and beg us to return. It was not easy to leave our Sisters, with whom I had spent such happy, happy hours; to feel I was going so far from them, and that we might meet again only in heaven. But it was Our Lady's festival, and thoughts of her as the real mother of us all soon restored peace to our hearts.

Leaving Yeungkong

According to the schedule mapped out, we should have been back in Kowloon by November 25, but not a junk came, for the two ports, Yeungkong and Kongmoon, are held by opposing forces. We expected daily to learn of the fall of Kongmoon or Yeungkong, but nothing happened. Finally Father Ford decided to take a roundabout trip. And so off we started in the early morning—Father Ford, his boy, the catechist, Sister P., Agnes, an amah, and myself—with all our baggage.

A delightful sampan sail of some two hours down the Yeungkong River brought us to Foocheung, where we were to take chairs—provided I could fit in one. In case of my failing to do this, Father Ford said we would have to return till we could get a junk, as he would not consider our walking the distance; and you may well imagine my fears!

The Cavalcade

My best contortions got me very comfortably settled in a chair. Then I was told I'd have to transfer to a stronger

one! There were at least fifty curious village folk to witness and laugh at the exhibition, and, while old Ho talked price, men and boys tested my "chairful," and, incidentally, my disposition. How many times during this trip I wished there were only half as much of me as there is!

Four bearers were engaged to work in relays, and soon we were off. We made only a few stops in several hours, one of them for lunch. The chair was very comfortable, as I was borne along over the rice paddy dikes. Low lying hills, women at work, flowering vines, our own glorious mission, gave ample food for meditation. I amused myself, too, singing all the hymns and songs I could recall. I hoped that the peculiar sounds I made diverted the bearers' minds somewhat from their load.

By the time we reached Wong-tsuen, where we were to get a boat, rain was falling quite heavily. We were such a cavalcade that the crowd of natives, who usually seek shelter from the showers, stood around and watched until we disappeared in the barracks. There the Chinese soldiers were most kind.

Old Mr. Ho had sent out a messenger to engage the boat, and, after a half hour, he returned to say that the sailors feared pirates and refused to go. Father Ford then engaged some soldiers to protect and accompany us. And, at last, true to Chinese tradition, after another half hour—word was brought that the tide was too low and we'd have to wait till morning!

Pengkong Village

Fortunately, the chairs were still on hand, for we had to go back a third of the way to a place called Pengkong, a market village in which our priests have a station. The one-room house, however, has only two whole walls, and we could hardly sleep there; so arrangements were made with the Catholic carpenter to take us in, which he was "most honored" to do. His house is new and very, very clean, and we had two rooms upstairs.

The neighbors, most of them pagan, were kind, and brought us tea, eggs already cooked, and fruit. The village

people retain their very polite customs, and the Christians, when they greeted us, blessed themselves while they gave the customary salutation, *Tin chu po you* (God bless you).

We slept on Chinese beds, which are boards placed on horses, with matting to make them soft, and you would be surprised at the difference that bit of straw makes. We have slept on such beds for the last ten nights and they are not too bad.

Centers of Attraction

The next morning we were ready to start out about eight to retrace our steps to Wong-tsuen. And here my pride had a fall, though in the best possible place. Hardly had we started when I felt myself going, and in a second was on the ground. One of the bamboo poles was weak—to blame it on the chair!—and had given way. The street was crowded, but, oddly enough, the sympathy was with me, not with the bearers. The latter "lost face" and disappeared. A new chair was then brought forward. It was strong, and only two coolies bore me all the way.

At the barracks we stopped for about half an hour. I counted sixty Chinese around my chair and the others were being inspected in the same way. Sister P. is an expert, and, when she tires of peering faces and unanswerable questions of the mob she pretends to go to sleep and thus ceases to be interesting. But Agnes and I didn't have courage to settle back and consequently we were the centers of attraction.

We were in plenty of time for the sailboat, which we reached by a rowboat in which the bearers had deposited us, chairs and all, after carrying us over some hundred feet of mud-flats.

Beautiful Hoiling

The wind was very strong and in the right direction. Even the rain, which fell heavily on us on the open deck, could not lessen the delight of that two-hour sail on the South China Sea. We were really sorry when we reached Chappo on Hoiling, a most beautiful island, where we have a station and

where some day, we shall have, please God, many worthwhile things.

We went directly to the catechist's house. There we were received with customary warmth, and settled down for one night as we thought. As a matter of fact, we were there for seven whole days. Fortunately Father Ford was able to take advantage of our stop to make a regular mission visitation; so we felt we were not taking up too much of his time. (We can never thank Father Ford enough for his delicacy, his thoughtfulness, and absolute devotion to the three of us, on what must have been a most trying trip for him.)

The Hoiling Christians are few but fervent and generous. One old fellow, minus an eye, brought us gifts daily: dried shrimp on sticks, salted egg yolks, dried duck and sage, and fruit, the latter being about the only edible thing for us. Others brought cakes, live chickens, lobsters, crabs, fruit, and sweet potatoes, so that most of our food needs were met.

Almost all the houses in Hoiling are two stories high. We had the second floor, the front room serving as bedroom, the next as refectory and sitting room. Between this and the chapel, was an open court, and beyond the chapel another court which we called our garden, and where we sat reading, chatting, or writing. There were many interruptions from neighbors who wished from their roofs to see the strangers and talk with them.

We had the privilege of seeing the Christians and catechumens at Mass, and hearing them say evening prayers; of hearing Father Ford examine them; and of witnessing the baptism of thirteen souls,—five men, three boys, two girls, and three women. These village people are as simple as children, and very attractive, and we felt a pang of regret when we had to leave.

An "Enjoyable" Trip

But one day the junk did come, and we "sampanned" out to it. Such a boat! We had three cabins, one over the other. The lower was taken by Agnes and Sister P. They crawled into it on hands and knees, as I did into one above. Father Ford climbed into the top cabin. Our cabins were

YEUNGKONG MEMORIES, OLD AND YOUNG, HATTED AND HATLESS

directly opposite the stoves, and we could see the food being prepared. Hens and ducks were killed, plucked, boiled, and eaten within a few feet of us. The decks were filled with crated geese and pigs. Our deck chairs were a box and a couple of bags of grain. And yet we enjoyed the trip, every minute of it—smells, cold winds, and all.

We arrived at Pakkai and were delighted to find Brother John and Father Paschang, who is well on the road to recovery, waiting for their junk. Father Ford did some shopping and we had bread, the first in ten days, and some kind of tonic and grape juice, to make up for our long fast.

And now we are en route to Hongkong. There we'll prepare to turn homewards, via Korea.

MOTHER MARY JOSEPH

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong,
February 20, 1924.

Another Maryknoll First!—the first visit of Mother Mary Joseph to her community in China. Thank God for our "firsts"! They keep us young and virile, and looking ahead, and they give that variety even to spiritual life which keeps the heart warm.

Mother Mary Joseph

I doubt if ever another Mother Superior had such experiences and such a welcome, even though we say it ourselves. The more recent arrivals at Maryknoll know Mother Mary Joseph as Superior of a thriving community of almost two hundred Sisters. They see her in all the glory, as it were, of her leadership—if they see her at all, in these days of big mission activities. When we left Maryknoll for the missions, she had only a small group of Sisters to distract her, and she found time to mother every one of us boys. In fact, we still remember her Sunday desserts and feast-day specials of a dozen years ago; we remember the lean days, too, when an unexpected influx of visitors taxed her ingenuity with hasty puddings; we recall the huge piece of pie that somehow

crossed our path in reward for extra labor done—the thorough understanding of the growing boy. A Maryknoll Sister's vocation, though seemingly specialized, is extremely versatile, and the Mother Superior has filled every demand.

Our meeting, then, in China was a real Maryknoll reunion with many a laugh over old problems. It is characteristic of our meetings over here that the gap of years is quietly bridged and we take up threads of interest just where we left them off at home. Our thoughts of every one respectively were soon satisfied, and we began to realize how Maryknoll has grown.

How Mother Saw China

Mother Mary Joseph's trip was unique in many ways, and, though she traveled the same route that is gradually becoming a Maryknoll pathway, I'm sure her observations were different from any preceding ones. We missioners see China close-up, with a quaintly interesting introduction and a more prosaic prolonged acquaintance; we are not mere visitors, but real friends of the Chinese. Mother Mary Joseph became one of the Chinese family, not a mere friend. She saw China from the inside of kitchens and interior of the family quarters, cooed in unison with the babies, and smiled her way into the hearts of the women folk. She saw family life as we priests cannot see it, women smiling without restraint and unbashful girls that are not "flappers". The women guiding boats or doing coolie's work would chat with her unreservedly, fully confident that she could divine their thoughts.

And she traveled in the interior, and thereby shattered an illusion over here. For years we tried to picture Mother Joseph in a sampan or scrambling up a junk, and somehow we gave it up. She is not so slim as she used to be, but she steadied many a sampan and crossed from bobbing craft to dancing gangplank without a hitch. She did break one chair over a poor man's back, but it must have been because the chair was weak, for the previous day she had ridden for hours without mishap.

Our visitor had the same delays, of course, because of

tides and Chinese whims; the same uncertainty of schedule; the erratic hours of sailing, and mostly of not sailing; the pigs and geese and sketchy meals that mark all travel on our junks. She had more attention from the gaping crowds than even a prima donna would desire. But the crowning event of her month in Yeungkong was an unexpected wait of eight days in a village mission at Hoiling.

Natural Chinese Etiquette

We had safely burnt behind us four of the eight boats that we must take to reach Hongkong, so there was no thought of turning back when we found Boat Number Five would not leave for a week. We settled down at the Mission with the grace that holy indifference gives, to while away the interval. It could have been worse: it was winter, with a pleasant sun and tempered heat; there was an oceanful of seafood easily bought; we had more privacy than the average Chinese house affords, and the local catechist borrowed flowers to decorate our suites. We had the town crier, at night, to wake us at intervals if perchance mosquitoes let us sleep; and, during the day, the handful of Christians did homage with gifts of seaweed, lobsters, salted shrimps, and sun-dried eggs that taste no worse than do cheese or olives to a Chinese.

The little chapel was comfortably filled twice a day for Mass and morning and evening prayers, and we had fifty Communions during our stay, with a successful examination of thirteen catechumens for Baptism. The travelers had a peep into the ordinary village life of a missioner. Hoiling was attractive in its poverty and in its cleanliness, which is not so characteristic of interior missions, but it had, in common with most stations, a pleasant courtesy, an unlettered delicacy and genuine hospitality.

I had my moments of dread in bringing the Sisters to a mission station. When we men travel alone, the Christians take a childish delight in entertaining us by their speechless presence till the wee hours of the night; or they go to the other extreme, in frequently visited stations, of noisily refraining from intruding. Either manner is slightly monoto-

nous, especially if protracted over eight days, and, naturally, I wanted my Christians to interest the Reverend Mother. But I need not have feared. Natural Chinese etiquette is a marvelous rule of conduct. Here were so-called uncultured islanders in a situation never before experienced by them—the entertaining of foreign women. They had no parallel in their own life, for Chinese women rarely travel, and then only to their relatives; the men do not associate with the women and the women do not expect to be entertained even by the other women—yet these men naturally were masters in giving us just that degree of watchful attention that insured the satisfying of our wants and protected us against annoyances.

A Deft Transformation

The stay was a happy one for me, as the visit was unannounced and unexpected, and we caught the Christians off guard, as it were, yet faithful to their daily prayers. The pity of an ordinary visit is that we do not know how much is assumed for the special occasion. Like many a visitation, our official inspection is too superficial to be thorough and I fear many a good soul graces the occasion who is not present at the more usual exercises. So, to "drop in" and find a good congregation is not often our experience.

The Sisters opened my eyes to another fact. A missioner, visiting a station, is often too easily resigned to the poverty-stricken look of things to attempt any remedy. The deft arrangement of a few pots of flowers about the altar, the smoothing of ruffled linens, and the removal of incongruous litter that adorns the average Chinese room, changed the appearance of our little chapel and helped devotion. What is better still, I'm sure the Christians will remember the points on cleanliness and keep the chapel in better condition.

There's a saying, "If you don't convert the pagans, they'll convert you." That is true of China as elsewhere. We try to keep in sympathy with surroundings, perhaps from an exalted motive of understanding the Orientals, but possibly from pure laziness. This can result in a blindness that cannot see dust. Imagine what the average church at home

would look like if women folk never tackled its problems with a dustcloth! Strip the church of all its beautifying accessories—its stations, altars, candles, carpets, polished wood or marble—add rough lumber, earthen floor, and sooty walls, and you have a fair picture of an ideal mission station.

The mission reality is even far from this, with cobweb-festooned ceiling, rude markings on the walls, a moldy dampness over everything, and unsightly junk such as the Chinese blink at or admire. Personally, I like Chinese dirt, as it is venerable with age, and whatever smells there are—and they are many—have an exotic yet esoteric mystery. Mere cleanliness is something of a Western characteristic, but appreciation of beauty is world-wide and so long as our cleanliness does not denationalize the Chinese and is joined with simple, good taste, it will gradually find favor with the Oriental.

Another Milestone Passed

But Mother Mary Joseph did more than this. She gathered the little girls about her and made them fearless in my presence. In the interior the girls seem satisfied with peeping at the foreigner from unexpected angles. They shove their noses above the landing, if there is an upper story, and silent, persistent, heroically patient, they watch his every movement. He cannot turn a corner of the building without scattering a group of frightened but inquisitive little tots; he hears a whispering that he first confuses with the buzzing of insects or the pattering of rats; he sees vigilant shadows or protruding eyes that betray the insatiable curiosity of children. This is a blessing when a man wants peace, but when duty demands an examination in the catechism, it is as harrowing for the priest as for the children. Fear robs them of their voice, and their eyes light everywhere but on the questioner, and all the coaxing that mothers use in dosing castor oil is overshadowed by our strategy in China. I always thought it was the foreign face and clothes that frightened them, but I look and dress more Chinese than the Reverend Mother did, and yet they ran to her and lost their bashfulness.

Her whole trip emphasized the hold our Sisters will have on Chinese women and the utter need of such influence to gain these women's hearts. We men go through China and do some good in converting men, but the backbone of idolatry is the "devout female sex". The Chinese mother, despite her low esteem outside the home, is the real molder of the faith of her children, and an enduring Church is founded on her conversion.

The visit of the Mother Superior, then, in confirming the work begun by her Sisters in China, is really a milestone that will record the beginning of a permanent foothold of the Church in our missions.

FRANCIS X. FORD

Chapter 3

FIRST EXPERIENCES WITH EARTHQUAKES

Yokohama, Japan,
October 6, 1923.

T dawn, the early risers could discern a low line of hills. Japan! The feeling is indescribable. Orient, land of hundreds of millions of pagan souls! We went out on deck to see the sun rise. For a few minutes the sky glowed red; then it clouded, and we were in for a rainy day.

The Quake's Traces

When breakfast was over, we could easily make out the city of Yokohama. Smoke was still rising from a section. On the shore a fair-sized vessel was lying where it had been thrown. At first we could not see any other evidences of the earthquake. One stretch of shore looked like the Hudson palisades; but when we learned that the earthquake had turned rounded hills into these steep cliffs, and that the white tents at the bases were the only homes of many people, we began to realize things. Several large buildings appeared to be standing; but, on looking through glasses, we saw these to be but the shells of buildings,—single walls, or only parts of walls.

We had been given conflicting reports on the possibility of landing, or even of going closer to the city than the outer harbor, and our spirits fluctuated with the ship's bulletins. However, the ship pulled right up to the dock, or rather, to the remnant of the dock which had been. The outer end of the original pier is still standing, though roofless and shaken, and is joined to land by a long, narrow makeshift of small boats and plank boardwalks, which heave gently

with the rolling of the water and the weight of those passing over.

Yokohama in Ruins

About the middle of the forenoon we docked. Immediately after having our passports examined by little Japanese officials, we went ashore to see the ruined city, under the guidance of Mr. Clark, the *Jefferson's* Second Officer. Not having seen Yokohama before the disaster, we could not fully appreciate the calamity, but we were appalled by the wreckage of an entire city. What had been streets were merely cleared passages among the débris; rows of buildings were piles of ruins, with here and there the shells of some buildings still remaining. Still, there was nothing gruesome in the sight; the city looked like an immense lot, piled carelessly with bricks and débris. Though the streets have to an extent been opened, little if any of the ruined buildings have been moved away. All traces of corpses have been removed, that is, all that were near the surface. Bodies that were caught by the falling buildings, remain buried under the ruins and on a warm day the stench is said to be unbearable. The day we were there was cool and rain was falling, so we were spared the unpleasant experience.

What the Church Suffered

The Church suffered with the rest of the city. The Brothers' school and college, the Sisters' girls' school, and the church on the Bluff are no more. It is heartrending to think of such losses to the struggling Church in Japan. Though all the Brothers escaped safely, ten of the Sisters and twenty of the girls were killed. One of the Brothers, whom we met later in Kobe, told us that the Sisters were not killed outright; some were buried alive. The Brothers tried to rescue them, and the Sisters from under the wreckage helped direct the work, but everything was on fire and the débris was too great for the Brothers to remove. It is still unknown whether the Sisters died of suffocation, or were burned to death. Their bodies have not yet been recovered.

A City Without Stores

After several hours of wandering among the ruins we were glad to return to the boat. We were to leave for Kobe in the afternoon, so the Sisters remained on board after lunch while the priests and Brother went on shore again, taking a different direction from that of the morning but seeing the same sights of destruction. None of us had umbrellas with us, and we had tried in the morning to buy Japanese umbrellas from different Japanese as they passed us by. We wanted these umbrellas chiefly as souvenirs; they were the first we had seen in actual use and we were quite taken with them, and besides, some of them were very pretty. We wanted them, too, to save getting drenched, but every one we approached had some excuse for not selling, despite the fact that some must have needed money badly. One's reason was that his umbrella has "come from the country". We received so many apparently empty excuses, as far as we could see, that we began to wonder if there was not some superstition about selling one's umbrella. The afternoon was more successful, and we returned to the ship proudly carrying two of the coveted souvenirs. Don't ask us why we did not buy some at the stores—there were no stores.

Yokohama will have a hard time recovering from the quake. It is desolate today. The few people who are still living there are sheltered under miserable shacks—all that is left of a flourishing city of five hundred thousand population.

Late in the afternoon we slipped away from Yokohama and made for the sea. On deck at night we tried to sing as usual, but the hymns and songs would hardly come. Tomorrow we arrive at Kobe.

THOMAS A. O'MELIA

Nearing Japan, November, 1923

We have been greatly pleased at the attitude of many of the men aboard, regarding the Japanese. We even noticed this on the Coast before sailing. Whether the change is due to the earthquake, or is a gradual tendency to forget prej-

udice, is hard to tell; one thing is certain, there is a change, and a considerable one, on this question. We have been very agreeably impressed with the Japanese whom we have met and find them likable and approachable.

November 29

We are several miles outside of Yokohama, and yet we begin to sense the Orient in the peculiar types of fishing boats and steamers which we have been meeting all day. This afternoon as we packed in our cabin, we looked out the porthole and there was old Fuji, looking splendid in the gathering dusk. We were in Tokyo Bay and the sun was just in the proper position to give us a fine view of the "sacred" mountain, a sight which we were glad to get.

In Earthquake Land

We passed quarantine at eight-thirty, but our ship could not dock, as there was another large ship at the only dock left in Yokohama. Father Robinson, an American priest recently sent to the Jesuit University at Tokyo, came on board to see some old friends on the *Jackson*, and we had a talk with him regarding conditions in the stricken cities.

Since it was impossible to dock, passengers went ashore in small motor boats provided by the Admiral Line.

At nine in the morning I took a rickshaw at the Admiral Line Offices and went to the nearest station of the Yokohama-Tokyo Railroad. This was at the other side of the city, as the nearer one had been totally destroyed. The experience was depressing. Everywhere there was evidence of complete destruction. No building seemed intact—even those which withstood as far as the walls were concerned, were ruined within.

Only the streets had been cleared. Not long before I arrived, the bodies of the victims were burned. Masses of broken masonry were piled up between the streets. In the midst of all this was great activity: everybody seemed to be working; no loitering people were in sight; those in the street were all carrying something or leading an ox, a pony, or even cows of the milk variety used also as beasts of burden.

I finally arrived at the station after a ride of about half an hour, through a large section of the city, which gave ample opportunity to judge of the extent of the damage. I boarded a train for Tokyo. Along the entire route of the railroad, a distance of about eighteen miles, every city—and there were many large ones—showed signs of destruction. In some cases this was almost complete. The sight was hardly credible, and indeed it will be incredible to any who did not really see the results.

A Sample Quake

I reached Tokyo about half-past ten and went to the Imperial Hotel, one of the few buildings which withstood the quake. By many it is considered the finest combination in the Far East of the Oriental and Western architecture. I tried to get accommodations, but the best I could find was a room for a few hours. I took it, and prepared to set my Corona to work. There were signs of the quake here and there,—cracks in the ceilings, and workmen repairing the damaged walls and roof; yet this building was supposed to have stood the quake as well as any.

I was just getting settled, when there was a rumbling sound as if someone were dynamiting for a foundation near by. This seemed to last several seconds. Then there followed a vigorous shake, yells in the street, and a running through the corridors. It was terrifying. Mindful of the long passages through which I had come, I tried to open a window, but these were small and could not be moved. The shaking continued; the floor seemed to be rising and falling, and I wondered why the whole structure did not collapse. I turned to the door and began to run—anywhere—just to get out of the place. A Japanese boy, the only person in sight tried to reassure me that there was no trouble and little danger. I could not stop for discussion. Finally, I saw a door leading from the second story onto a roof. The air seemed good and I preferred the roof to a floor.

The streets were filled. Everyone watched and waited with fatalistic calmness, inexplicable to one who had not experienced the first quake.

There were about twenty persons on the roof, and they seemed to think the place quite safe. So I remained, trying to appear unconcerned. We heard, afterwards, that the trembling had lasted twelve minutes and one of our roof garden companions (an American) remarked that it was the worst shake since the first, but it had not been followed by the destructive horizontal motion which no building can experience without some damage.

After a short delay, business was resumed. The workers and guests reëntered the hotel, and things went on as usual.

I hesitated before going back to my room, but everything seemed safe for a time a least. However, I decided to check out immediately, and go back to Yokohama and the boat.

At Yokohama the shake had been more violent than at Tokyo, though not so long. Some of the passengers said that our ship itself had trembled considerably, while the tops of the trees on shore described circles in the air as a result of the motion.

We were grateful that the quake had not been more violent. Even as it was, had it occurred in some American city, where everything destructible had not already been laid low, it would have caused much damage and perhaps loss of life.

We left Yokohama at two in the afternoon. The sail down Tokyo bay was delightful and we got another good look at Fujiyama in the sunset. The snow on the top and sides made it look all the more attractive. In Tokyo harbor there are three islands formerly strongly fortified, but now a heap of ruins. Through the glasses we could see piles of concrete turned topsy-turvy, and the great guns pointing in all directions.

RAYMOND A. LANE

1. The Sisters arrive at Kobe 2. Yokohama after the quake
3. Ruins from the quake in Tokyo

IN STRICKEN JAPAN

Chapter 4

NEW MARYKNOLL MISSIONS

(Sunchong, Fachow, Hoingan)

American Catholic Mission, Sunchong,
October, 1923.

The Sunchong mission territory is about sixty by forty English miles in extent. The West River runs down to wide mouths on the north side, and Sancian Island, where Saint Francis Xavier died, is opposite the south.

Most of the Chinese laborers who go to America have their ancestral homes in this district. Many of them, returning, have used part of their earnings to build a railroad. There are probably more wealth per capita and more modern comforts here than in most districts of China. That is the reason why great numbers of bandits have been attracted to these parts. Carrying the latest models in small arms, they infest the neighboring mountains.

The town of Sunchong is at the western end. We rode across the district in a train and transferred to a small steam launch which took us to the Mission compound after an hour's sail. Father Le Restif, our predecessor, gave us a warm welcome.

The Sunchong Mission

The town of Sunchong, which is my mission center, consists chiefly of stores or shops. It has about six or eight thousand population.

This Mission has been established about twenty years. In the early days, the Mission flourished and catechumens numbered thousands. It is hard to state the exact number

of Christians now, but it is about three hundred. Of late years, the missioners have come and gone in quick succession, the Maryknoller being the thirteenth priest here. The dialect of the region is vastly different from Cantonese, and even at that one finds great variations among scattered Christian villages. So, because many priests came, all finding a strange dialect, and because the Mission was without pastors for long periods, the Christians are not instructed and many have fallen away. However, the French priests have prepared the ground well and it should not be difficult for us to round up the lost sheep.

The Mission Compound

Sunchong being in the sharp angle of two rivers, and the Mission having a creek on three sides, the house is damp even in the dry season, and during the floods it has water several feet in depth on the first floor.

Our Mission compound has three two-storied buildings built in a hollow square: a chapel, residence, and sort of hostelry or meeting place for the Christians. The front view at a distance looks prosperous, on account of the heavy porches recently built to strengthen the unsteady walls. But the roofs of our building sag, windows are falling off, and the first typhoon may tumble down the walls. The chapel is in such condition that our French predecessor did not reserve the Blessed Sacrament, and we find ourselves deprived of It also.

Our first work will be to replace some rotten beams and windows in the hostelry, in order to use it and most of the residence for school purposes. Even if we had the money needed to repair the chapel, we would be tempted to put a panel or curtain before the sanctuary and use the rest of the building on week days for classrooms. It seems to us that the Lord would be more pleased to see here a crowded house of Chinese studying His doctrine, than a silent place for Sunday worship. So in the dim future, when the chapel has new roof, windows, doors, and an altar to replace the one that is now toppling, the pews will serve as school benches, except on Sundays and feasts.

A Chance for American Dollars

Father Le Restif will stay here a month or more, to make the Maryknoller acquainted with the mission. Already we have made a short trip to several villages. The first—Tongpin—is nearby. We were welcomed warmly, a host of children coming out to greet us on the road, and the older folks crowding into the mud schoolhouse. These people wish to build a large school, which will include a chapel and a room where the priest may reside during part of the year. They will give absolute title and direction of the school to the Church, and will pay three-quarters of the cost of construction if the Church will grant the other quarter—about five hundred American dollars. This village is rather poor and far from entirely Catholic, so the offer is very generous. We solicit suggestions on the ways and means of getting that five hundred dollars.

Returned Emigrants

Holakchui is another nominally Catholic village. The feature here is a large ancestor temple, with odd old wood carvings and granite pillars, which has been converted into a chapel and school. It is the first temple we have seen given to the Church,—a triumph won by the French priests, who assisted the people against an injustice perpetrated by neighbors. The villagers showed a kindly hospitality, but the school is under a pagan teacher, and the ancestor tablets, which have been removed to give place to God's altar, are still reverenced in another building by a few families.

Many of the younger men had been to the States and they said they are most happy to have a "flower-flag man" (the name for American) as their pastor. So they gave us canned milk, followed by canned music from an excellent victrola. The people are somewhat sophisticated and the best way to arouse their devotion is through a good English-teaching catechist. He will displace the paganism in the school and have "face" enough for the adults.

Planning for Results

I am not looking for visible results from this mission this year. The people are widely scattered and uninstructed. While much Cantonese is spoken by the merchants and students, most of the people have a dialect so different from it, that I can't understand a word. I have no catechists, and, with few funds in sight, it would be risky to hire more than one or two. Our best plan for winning back old converts, and gaining new ones, is school work. Both Bishop Fourquet and my predecessor hold this view. Every catechist should be a school master. At present, there are golden opportunities for school work at hand

JOSEPH A. SWEENEY

The Urgent Need

The entire Sunchong mission covers about twenty-two hundred square miles. Travel to the out-stations is easy. The American, Canadian, and Swedish Protestants are numerous, well established, and doing intensive work with a native clergy.

Our people have at least three varieties of spoken dialect, all three of which are vastly different from Cantonese. It will be years before we shall be able to address Christians fluently in their own dialects. In the meantime, being uninstructed, they will be in sore need of catechists to teach them; and their children, now learning from pagan masters, must have Catholic school teachers. All of this means considerable expense, and we are putting all our funds into a school at the center, where the students will have to pay a tuition fee, enabling us to pay the teachers' salaries. This means that, for the current year, the mission will not have even one catechist.

The Stuff Our Predecessors Are Made Of

Father Le Restiff, of the Paris Society, has left Sunchong, after six weeks spent in "breaking in" the Maryknoller; and the mission is losing a zealous and learned shepherd. Father Le Restif was born in Brittany and is a worthy son

of that most glorious province of continental Europe. He was called to the colors from the Paris Seminary during the early days of the war. As secretary to a brigadier-general, hardly ever leaving the front, he passed through five years of inferno, being gassed twice and shot twice, and then going into Germany carrying two high military decorations for heroic service.

Immediately after his discharge, he returned to the seminary, was soon ordained, and was sent to Rome for a year's work. Two years ago he arrived in China and was assigned to a village on the Pacific side of Sancian Island, where he lived for a year in complete isolation, studying the language among the poorest and rudest fisher-folk of the South China seas. Despite several prostrating attacks of illness, he gained a very good knowledge of the written and spoken language. Later he was transferred here to Sunchong, where he found a new dialect, a mission greatly disorganized, and Christians uninstructed because of the absence, for years, of priests and catechists. He set to work to organize and instruct the flock scattered over twenty-two hundred square miles—a gigantic work, requiring years of toil.

Last summer, in the midst of his labors and a malarial attack, he went over to assist the Chinese pastor of Hoiling where the bubonic plague was raging. Daily, during the course of the plague he dragged himself from his sick bed to minister to the victims. He himself showed all the symptoms of infection before the epidemic was washed out by the flood, but it seems that God miraculously preserved him in that city of death.

This priest is a linguist, an electrical and telegraphic expert, and a mathematician. Yet the big brain and the lion heart in no way roughen his childlike disposition. These are the things that others have told us and that we have seen for ourselves—things that he tries to hide. But after all, he is only one of many fine French missioners.

Acquiring Education

No hermit looks the part, washing his own gabardine or dishpan. So, we have a boy from the Waiheung hills,

haunting our hermitage. As a cook, he ought to be roasting horseshoes. But he is more; he is sexton, launderer, language professor, gardener, interpreter, water-carrier and parish council. After the burden of the day and the heats, he reads Chinese literature with the Maryknoller. Often he stops to explain a word, which he fears is beyond our comprehension, and it is good to hear him. Tonight we came to a word which means "to cheat." He explained:

"The word 'ngak' is like this. In Tungchen, the butcher kills a cow. To prove to the people that the meat is good, he leads the cow up and down the main street several times the day before, with this sign on its back: 'This cow will be killed tonight and sold at my shop tomorrow!' And all the people who wish to buy meat look at the cow. But sometimes the butcher kills an old sick cow that can't pull the plow any longer. And he does this several times, till the other shopkeepers, seeing him leading the good cow, cry out: 'Oh! you are leading a ghost! You killed that cow long ago!' Now, that is 'ngak.'

"Or sometimes, the merchant kills a pig. Then he puts a sharp bamboo tube in the backbone and he pumps water through it, till as much as five gallons of water are squirted into the pig, and when the people buy the meat it is much heavier. And sometimes they pump water into a cow through the big tube that leads out of the heart. Now, that is 'ngak'. And often the merchants in Tungchen, before they sell the chickens, make them full of sand. The chickens do not want to eat the sand but the men ram it down the chickens' craw till they are full up, and when the people buy a chicken, it is heavier. Now, that is 'ngak.'"

Christmas Memories

The feast brought thirty-nine Communions, forty-two confessions and eight baptisms of infants. The walls of our chapel are drooping with age, and we sometimes worry when it is crowded with people, but on Christmas it looked to us as bright and substantial as Saint Peter's. The place was a maze of paper festoons and lanterns, and the whole sanctuary banked high with flowers. The old ant-eaten altar

was lost in bowers of banyan sprigs and many blossoms and was all ablaze with candle lights and set in silken hangings. All the people attended Midnight Mass and the two Masses later in the morning. The swell of their voices chanting the simple Chinese prayers was more inspiring than all the arpeggios and appoggiaturas of any choir. Each one seemed to try to praise the Lord faster than everyone else, and we were all happy. Their social organization arranged a firework display and a great feast for all attendants.

JOSEPH A. SWEENEY

Approaching Fachow, November, 1923

It is, I think, a unique experience for Maryknollers to travel with so many craft, for there are one hundred ten boats in the fleet. It seems that, on account of the danger from pirates, the business men of the three cities on the Fachow River have united their forces and pocketbooks, and have hired soldiers to protect their cargoes. So, only twice or thrice a month, they send a large group of boats up stream, under a strong guard. These semicircular, bamboo-covered boats recall American pioneer days, when the canvas-roofed wagons crossed the prairies and camped together at night for mutual protection against the Indians. Last night the hundred and more boats were so close one could easily step from one to another. In fact, a crowd of boys and girls and a few men did cross from their several boats to ours, to hear Father Fletcher's voice with the mandolin accompaniment. Our fellow travelers forgot their fear, temporarily, in the newness of foreign music.

Home, Sweet Home

There's a flurry of excitement on board, for the boat's mate is pointing out the Catholic Mission, the sight of which brings us a thrill of pleasure. This is November 23, ten days since we left Hongkong, and our journey is near the end. Our sampan is now turning its nose toward the back gate of the Mission compound, which is on the Fachow River; the high,

yellow building is beckoning to me over the wall; so I think I'll put away my pencil and go "Home, Sweet Home".

Postscript

Catholic Chinese gave us a welcome; they swept and cleaned, helped us with our baggage, and showed in other ways that they are happy at last to have a resident priest. The family next door sent over a chicken and some oranges.

We like the place and its people and believe we are going to be happy here. Please pray that our mission efforts will receive a blessing from On High.

ROBERT J. CAIRNS

The Fachow Mission

The mission property is about a hundred yards from the landing of the Fachow River ferry. Our place is the yellow and white building with the cross, looking at us over the red brick wall. A walk along a *sandy* shore, a climb up the steep embankment, a scramble over a pile of bricks and débris, the remains of the recent building operations (Fr. Meyer had another floor added to the house only a few weeks ago), and we are home.

Isn't that a pretty sight—the cross of the Mission with the hole-in-the-wall serving as a frame? The gateway is only two and a half feet wide, and two people couldn't go through together if they tried.

Just for luck, and for the practice of bolting a Chinese entrance, I'll close that pair of wooden doors, which I suppose you would call shutters. But I find you can't close them one by one—you must shut them together, so that those grooves will fit one into the other. So closely do the boards fit when the doors are shut, that even a *wee* mouse would be unable to get through. And once the doors are closed, you can't open them again unless you know a rather complicated combination.

A tall house at one end of the yard reminds me of a man on stilts, for it has three floors and is only thirty-six feet

wide, while all the other houses around are low, one-storied affairs.

As I walk the length of the narrow yard, I can look into the open doorways of three brick sheds with their sloping tiled roofs reaching out almost to the brick walk.

Our Kitchen

The last of these tiny houses is our kitchen. There's a large crock of water that the boy carried from the river, and it's the only water the people use in Fachow. (If there is a well in town I haven't yet come across it.) We shall have some of it in our soup and tea, this noon. We drink it, too; but we boil and filter it beforehand. The three small pots with a hole in front are Chinese stoves, each with a capacity of one pot or pan. They are fuel savers, for the Chinese are economical with wood, which is expensive in this adopted country of ours. The two boards on the bamboo horses are the cook's bed, where he spreads a piece of straw matting, uses a brick for a pillow, and, despite the Pittsburg atmosphere, sleeps the sleep of the just. The kitchen walls are black with smoke, but that is as it should be in China, for the only chimney is a hole at the apex of the gable roof.

The thing in the corner, which looks like a brick table with brick sides, is our bread oven. It is large for an oven, because it is three feet in length, the same in width, and two and a half feet high. But it is the bread *stove* as well. We had our first baking from it this morning. The faithful cook, Guy Yee, without being asked and without my knowledge, rose at three o'clock and baked the bread we put up last night. The results were not as good as the General Baking Company's artisans' productions. If you could feel the weight of one loaf, you would understand what I say. But, for a first attempt, it's "*nae sae bad*".

Our Storeroom

In the corner, spread upon the floor—they keep better that way—is a supply of sweet potatoes. They are the gift of a devoted Christian, who gives us all we can eat of them. The same man also gave us some cocoanuts. A

basket of oranges and eggs were gifts of other Christians; so you see, the good people are taking care that we don't starve.

ROBERT J. CAIRNS

American Catholic Mission, Hoingan, December, 1923.

On November 24, fourteen hours after raising anchor at Macao, we were outside Hoingan, where we must disembark into small boats to go up the delta. Father Yeung, my predecessor, had been expecting me, so I had the honor of a private boat with a guard of local militia, several of whom were Catholics. Three hours' rowing took us to a tea house, where a chair was waiting, and in another half hour we were riding up a street of Hoingan with firecrackers popping on all sides. Over the gate I read "Glad welcome" in Chinese, while a scroll with "Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini" adorned the chapel entrance. The Christians filed in after us and Father Yeung informed the new pastor that he was expected to give them his blessing. Afterwards, out in the schoolroom, the boys sang a song of welcome and all partook of refreshments.

A Convert Community

Two days later we visited Taan On village, a place that I had been very anxious to see, as it contains the largest single group of Christians in Kwangtung Province, next to the cathedral parish of Canton. Until now the Taan On Christians have had a resident priest more or less constantly, and it is imperative that they continue to have one. They have been Christians less than ten years, and only constant attention can give them the proper Christian formation. At home such a group of Catholics—more than five hundred —would certainly not be left long without a resident priest. The need here is even more urgent, for we are dealing, not with traditional Catholics, but with converts. Their traditions are pagan, and cannot be transformed into Christian ones until the second or third generation. Consequently

there exists a great temptation to fall back, in times of difficulty, sickness, or even personal disaffection, into pagan practices. How often, in the history of the missions, have not large numbers of Christians been lost to the Faith in this way!

Four stations were visited, but the proximity of bandits made further trips impossible. In fact, those stations we did visit had all been attacked within the past year, with losses in persons killed or carried off; while only two nights ago—since our visit—one family had two daughters of marriageable age abducted.

Father Yeung, Native Priest

On December 11, after a series of farewell feasts, Father Yeung returned to Canton, leaving me alone for the present. Father O'Melia is to be here during the coming year but, owing to lack of accommodations, it was thought best for him to remain in Hongkong until after Father Yeung's departure. The prevalence of bandits makes a trip to Hongkong inadvisable for the present, but we hope that conditions will be more settled after Christmas.

The days I had with Father Yeung were all too few, and I count myself fortunate to have been able to see him at work during even that short period. He approaches pretty near to my ideal of a Chinese priest. He is very conscientious about the rubrics and his own devotions, and his chapel is a model of neatness. As a missioner he has zeal and initiative, together with the ability to become all things to all men. His parting advice to me was: "You must be a real father to them, especially the young fellows. At times you must correct; at others, praise and encourage". The vice of gambling is prevalent here and Father Yeung has occasionally raided the back room of a shop and led out some young fellow still in his teens. The surprising thing is that they do not seem to resent it, for they know the spirit that animates him, and besides he has the respect of their elders. Let some outsider say something disparaging about Father Yeung or the Church in the presence of these same young fellows, and such a one will quickly be made to eat his words.

Father Yeung has been physician of body as well as soul, and even the pagans sought him in preference to their regular doctors. Seven years ago, when he moved to Hoingan from Taan On village, the whole town was hostile. Just before he left, he completed building a six-foot wall on the north side of the town, towards the mountains, as a protection against the brigands. He was asked to take charge of it, because no one else could be found who combined such ability with honesty. Last year he was able to collect, among all classes, nearly two thousand dollars Cantonese for the building of a chapel, a thing which probably no foreigner could do.

The Hoingan Field

Hoingan is a market town of probably seven thousand inhabitants. Unlike most market towns that I have seen, it embraces a large village within its confines, and from among these villagers the converts have come. The average market town consists almost entirely of shops run by men from the surrounding villages. Their families remain at home, and they themselves are so much taken up with the service of Mammon that one can do very little with them. While there is bound to be a certain amount of that spirit in our village here at Hoingan, we can at least reach the whole family, and so have some hope of making our work permanent.

Hoingan has the largest number of Christians of any of our missions. The village of Taan On has five hundred, and at Hoingan itself there are more than a hundred, which, with those of outlying stations, bring the total up to a thousand. There are two men from Hoingan in the seminary. Several girls wish to become nuns, and in fact, they have already spent a few years in the Canton convent.

The Hoingan Compound

The Mission stands in a beautiful location, though a bit low. It is on the bank of the little river, with the village on one side and the market on the other, and is well open to sea breezes that sweep in over the rice fields of the delta. The architecture of the place, especially that of the new chapel,

1. Hoingan (Maryknoll compound in center, Protestant Mission at left)
2. Sunchong house and chapel 3. Approaching Fachow

NEW MARYKNOLL MISSIONS

is original and would be hard to classify. There seems to be an unfortunate tendency among the Chinese to abandon their classic styles, and build up gingerbread effects, in what they suppose is modern architecture. The two buildings that make up the Mission—the former chapel, now used as a school and containing one room for a priest, and the new chapel, containing another room—both have ambitious façades that fail to harmonize. In justice to Father Yeung it must be said that he intended to tear down the old building and erect a new school; but I fear the work will have to wait for some years yet, unless a benignant typhoon should force our hand by doing the tearing down for us, or some fairy godmother or godfather should come forward to stand sponsor for a new school.

English-Speaking Chinese

I have been having the experience, for me unusual, of being accosted in English by ordinary Chinese peasants. These are men returned from America, of course. They are mostly old fellows, who went over during the period before the exclusion laws. One Christian, sixty years of age, came back thirty years ago; he was cook in an American family for a number of years, so I shall have him try his hand as soon as I get a stove. Now the young fellows go to South America, Africa, Cuba, Canada, Mexico, India, and Siam. If they wish to enter the United States, they must advance over a thousand dollars to the parties who will smuggle them in from Mexico or Canada; so they are few that go.

The Hoingan dialect is quite different from any other, so I shall have to spend considerable time learning it. It belongs to Sunning, yet the two dialects are far from being the same.

BERNARD F. MEYER

Christmas with a Difference

This was the quietest Christmas I have had in five years. In Tungchen and Kochow the Christians are so scattered that they are encouraged to come in to the central chapel for the feasts, and hence the number of confessions runs

well over a hundred at each place. Here the Christians are, for the most part, in fair-sized groups, and Father Yeung had the practice of spending the feasts at the most important stations in rotation. Hence, for this feast we had only Hoinganites here—though, at that, there were more than sixty confessions.

An Ideal Method of Mission Work

Hoingan is unique among our missions in the size of its groups of Catholics, due chiefly to the fact that here villages are much larger than in such missions as Yeungkong, Kochow, or Tungchen. The village of Taan On, for instance, has more than five hundred; another, two hundred; and three have a hundred or more, though not all the latter inhabitants are baptized. This circumstance makes comparatively easy a more or less ideal method of mission work; namely, to have a man and woman catechist at each station for part of the year at least, or one to care for several stations in rotation; while the missioner, during the course of the year, makes visits to each place to instruct and to administer the sacraments. At least one of these visits is lengthened into a "mission" similar to those given in parishes in the United States.

Such a method is manifestly out of the question in a mission like Kochow, for instance, where, for a total of a little less than a thousand Catholics, Mass is said at nearly fifty stations. In such circumstances, one's stay at each station must necessarily be very short. It is possible, however, to give an occasional "mission" at the more important stations.

The Hills of Sancian

In the center of Hoingan is a hill some hundred feet high, on which is being built a watchtower to carry an acetylene searchlight against brigands. I went up to see it today and while there noticed that the hills of Sancian Island, twenty miles away, are visible. Below Sancian is another island having about the same area, which belongs to Hoingan township and the Hoingan mission.

Infanticide

Infanticide is said to be extremely common in this region. Well it might be, when so large a proportion of the women must add their mite to the household fund by acting as coolies or carrying wood to burn at home or to sell. Simply gathering the fuel for the household takes the better part of a half day and requires a long walk with eighty or a hundred pounds suspended from the bamboo pole over one's shoulder. What is to be done with a baby—particularly a baby girl, who will not add to the numerical strength of the family, but will become a member of the family into which she marries? Is it any wonder that few families have more than four or five children, given the fact that they are pagans whose morality is largely that of expediency? I believe that China would present a horrible example of race suicide if it were not for the fact that the Chinaman's desire to have sons dominates everything else in his life.

Links Across the Sea

In view of the fact that so many of the Chinese in America are from the Sunning and Sunwui districts, the work being done by Father Bradley in San Francisco, and elsewhere by other priests, should react favorably over here. I have already written to Father Bradley, as I am sure he must have a number from this part of Sunning in his congregations. Through them I may be able to gain an entrance to their village, which would otherwise be denied. Further, if I know where they live and am informed of their return to this country, I can follow them up.

It is curious to note how people from the same section in China have gone, for the most part, to the same part of the world. The business men of Singapore and the Straits, for example, are said to hail mostly from the north and east of Kwangtung Province; while many common laborers of the same English colony have come from Kochow and Sunyi. Sunning and Sunwui men, on the other hand, have almost all gone to the United States or, in recent years, to Canada, Mexico, or Cuba.

BERNARD F. MEYER

Chapter 5

THE CLOSE OF THE FIRST PERIOD

HE close of 1923 marks the end of that first period in the history of the Maryknoll missions, when Maryknoll missioners in Kwangtung were directed by a bishop of another Society than their own. The new year would see the Maryknoll territory erected into a separate Prefecture Apostolic, under a Maryknoll superior. Appended is the final report of the first period.

REPORT OF

MARYKNOLL IN CHINA

For the Year ending August, 1923

THE Maryknoll mission field has been enlarged during the year by the addition of the district of Fachow, formerly in the mission of Western Kwangtung under Bishop Gauthier. The Maryknoll mission at the close of the year also staffed several new districts to the east, near Kongmoon City. Thus we begin the new year with nine districts and a territory very much larger than in the past.

Loss in Personnel

Our mission Superior, Reverend James E. Walsh, has been obliged to return to Maryknoll, New York, in the interests of the Society. His absence is but temporary.

The health of the missioners has been good, with one exception. Sister Mary Gertrude Moore, a graduate nurse, contracted typhoid at Yeungkong, and died there in Aug-

ust. She is our first Sister to die in the missions and is buried in the little Catholic cemetery at Yeungkong.

New Missions

Fachow, a small mission to the southwest of Kochow, has been staffed by Reverend Robert J. Cairns.

Sunchong, near Kongmoon City, has been placed in the care of Reverend Joseph A. Sweeney.

Hoingan, to the east of Yeungkong, will be cared for by Reverend Bernard F. Meyer.

The new Procure in Hongkong has been occupied by the procurator, Reverend William F. O'Shea. It has served as a house of retreats and as a dwelling for missioners in transit.

New Buildings

A large piece of ground with buildings has been acquired at Kochow. The former quarters were inadequate for necessary expansion. The new site will give room immediately for a larger school, and, in the future, for a convent and various charitable institutions.

Building work this year has been confined chiefly to Yeungkong and Loting. At Yeungkong, the Sisters' convent was completed; houses were rebuilt for orphanage, old ladies' home, and dispensary; a new and larger school for boys was built on the site of the former school; an inadequate Chinese house was rented for a girls' school. At Loting, the site for the Mission convent was bought, and work was begun on the building. At Pingnam, the Mission quarters were remodeled to start a boys' school. At Tungchen, a dispensary was started in rebuilt buildings. At Kochow, several houses adjoining the Mission were rented for a women's catechumenate.

Schools

The year has been notable in the increase of new schools and the standardization of old ones. The presence of Sisters will insure success in the somewhat neglected field of girls' education.

Auxiliary Brothers

Brother Albert has been in charge of Saint Louis Industrial School, where he has instituted classes in wood-carving. Brother John, graduate nurse, has spent a busy year at the Tungchen dispensary, where he has had success in treating several thousand patients. Brother Michael is assisting at the Procure, Hongkong.

The Maryknoll Sisters

These now number, in China, eighteen professed and one postulant. They have established a temporary center at Hongkong, in a recently purchased convent. At Yeungkong, they have cared for the old ladies' home, the dispensary, and the orphanage. There, also, they have opened a girls' school and a women's catechumenate, which have resulted in a marked increase in the number of women converted. In the fall of 1924 the Sisters plan to staff a convent at Loting.

Summary

The year's work may be summed up in an increase of districts, schools, and charitable institutions. The civil war still being waged in Kwangtung and Kwangsi has sadly crippled our work in the villages, especially in Pingnam and Yeungkong. Conversions have been on the increase, administration of the Sacraments has been unusually large, and our works in every district are being firmly established.

The prospect for the coming year is promising, although the personnel and means, at present adequate for the care of established districts, will not permit further expansion. Instead of nine districts, there are thirteen which should be staffed, besides new districts in three civil prefectures as yet unvisited. The coming year will probably record the establishment of a Center for the entire Maryknoll mission. This will necessitate the building of central institutions, such as a seminary, higher schools, and other works diocesan in character. Without doubt, God will inspire generous

souls to help us meet this extra outlay. We are deeply grateful for the kind coöperation of our benefactors, who are, with us, instruments in God's service.

POPULATION:	
Pagan	6,000,000
Catholic	4,000
PERSONNEL:	
American missioners	40
Priests, 19	
Brothers, 3	
Sisters, 18	
Chinese priests	0
Seminarians	6
Catechists—Men	50
" —Women	30
ESTABLISHMENTS:	
Districts staffed	6
Infant asylums	2
Orphanages	3
Old Folks' Home	1
Industrial School	1
Dispensaries	3
ADMINISTRATION:	
Baptisms—Adults	231
" — " in articulo mortis	19
" —Children of Christians	79
" — " in articulo mortis	698
Total	1,027
Confessions—Annual	969
" —Of devotion	9,146
Total	10,115
Communions—Annual	871
" —Of devotion	29,539
Total	30,410
Confirmations	241
Extreme Unction	26
Marriages blessed	14

DISTRICTS STAFFED:

Yeungkong. Frs. Ford, Paulhus, Gleason.
Kochow. Frs. Meyer, Paschang, Fitzgerald, Fletcher.
Tungchen. Frs. Dietz and Taggart, Bro. John.
Loting. Frs. McShane, Sweeney, Toomey.
Wuchow. Frs. Walsh and Vogel.
Pingnam. Frs. Wiseman and Murray.

AT HONGKONG:

Frs. O'Shea and Lane. Bros. Albert and Michael.

PART IV

THE PREFECTURE-APOSTOLIC OF KONGMOON

January 1924 – September 1924

A DEPARTURE CEREMONY AT MARYKNOLL-ON-HUDSON

CHAPTER 1

THE ERECTION OF THE PREFECTURE

From the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide

VERY REVEREND FATHER:

It gives me great pleasure to announce to you, Very Reverend Father, that this Sacred Congregation (of Propaganda) has erected into the Prefecture Apostolic of Kongmoon the territory constituting the civil prefectures of Saining, Loting, Wanfau, Yeungkong, Sunyi, Tinpak, Maoming, Sunning, Chikkai and Sunwui, including also the Island of Sancian, and that this new mission is entrusted to your Society of Maryknoll.

On the Island of Sancian, as you well know, the great Apostle of the Indies, Saint Francis Xavier, died, and consequently it is numbered among the most sacred places in Catholic missions. It is the good fortune of your missionary institute to be called to take over the spiritual care of the island above mentioned, and this Sacred Congregation entrusting it to you as something sacred, nourishes the confidence that your Society will know how to appreciate the importance of such a sanctuary.

I am sure, therefore, that you will be much gratified with this act of good will shown you by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, and that it will serve to stimulate the Fathers of your Society to dedicate themselves with all zeal to the conversion of China.

The Brief relating to the erection of the Prefecture will be sent to the Apostolic Delegate of China, and you will be able to read it in the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis,* in which it will be published. In a short time we will name the first Prefect Apostolic. In the meanwhile, sending you and all your missioners my best wishes, and with much esteem, I am, devotedly yours,

✠ William Cardinal Van Rossum,
Prefect of Propaganda

✠ Francis Marchetti-Selvaggiani,
Secretary

Cesare Pecorari, *S. Secretary*

Translation in Part of the Pontifical Brief

POPE PIUS XI

To the future memory of the event.

Now that the Venerable Brother Anthony Fourquet, Ordinary of the Apostolic Vicariate of Canton, has heard and given consent, and the Venerable Brother Celso Costantini, titular Archbishop of Theodosius and Apostolic Delegate to the Chinese, has given his approval, it has been lately proposed that this same Apostolic Vicariate of Canton shall be divided again and a new independent mission be established, to be committed to the care of the missioners from Maryknoll. We, therefore, desirous of looking after the greatest good of souls, together with the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, have weighed all the circumstances and subjected them to a diligent examination, and have placed the matter before the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda; and We have judged that those things herein written out to be set down.

Truly, *motu proprio*, from Our certain knowledge and mature deliberation, and of the fulness of Our Apostolic Power, under the present conditions, We do take from the Apostolic Vicariate of Canton, the territory which is bounded on the east by the diocese of Macao and the Apostolic Vicariate of Canton, on the south by the China Sea, on the west by the Apostolic Vicariate of West Kwangtung and Hainan, and on the north by the Apostolic Vicariate of Kwangsi, embracing the civil prefectures of Saining, Loting, Wanfau, Yeungkong, Sunyi, Tinpak, Maoming, Sunning, Chikkai, and Sunwui, and also the Island of Sancian. This territory, thus dismembered or separated from the Apostolic Vicariate of Canton by this same authority of Ours, We constitute an Apostolic Prefecture, the name of which shall be the Apostolic Prefecture of Kongmoon, and We commit it to the care of the members of the Foreign Mission Society of Maryknoll.

We publish these things, decreeing that the present letters shall be and remain firm, valid, and efficacious forever, and that they shall have and keep their full and integral effect, and be upheld fully now and in the future by those to whom they refer or could refer; and so it is to be judged and defined, and anything different which may be attempted over and above these things, by anyone, by any authority whatever, knowingly or unknowingly, is to be made null and void: no Apostolic Constitutions or other

rulings which have anything to the contrary obstructing, even those worthy of individual and specific mention.

Given at Saint Peter's at Rome, under the seal of the Fisherman, the XXXI day of the month of January, in the year MDCCCCXXIV, the second of Our Pontificate.

✠ P. Cardinal Gaspari,
Secretary

Chapter 2

WHERE THE FLOCKS ARE SCATTERED

(Tungchen and Kochow)

American Catholic Mission, Tungchen,
March, 1924.

I HAD heard enough about the Christians at Tungchen to be eager to meet them, but at the mission center this is impossible. The Tungchen settlement is a large mountainous prefecture, with the distances between the church and the people's homes so great that the best-intentioned Catholic in the world could not get to Mass every Sunday. On the big feast days, the best one can hope to do, is to say good morning to only one half of the people, for the other half must stay at home to watch the family cow and keep an eye on the homestead pig, lest both become some one else's property during the family's absence. When opportunity was offered me to go and stay with the people in ten different settlements, I was happy to accept it.

Amtong

The first day was spent at Amtong, a settlement of about fifty people. Fifteen of these were baptized years ago, and ten others have been under instruction. In the course of six years, during which period the place was without a priest, the natives seem to have lost sight of the fact that they were ever Christians. They are all gradually coming back to their duties, however. They are hard-working and docile, and probably all they need is a little patient instruction. In the evening quite a number of pagans came in to hear the sermon and attend night prayers: but this does not mean much, for, in the evening, the farmers have nothing to do and a little thing like a sermon provides them with recreation.

Namshantung

The next morning, after confessions, Mass, and breakfast, we were off to Namshantung. Namshantung is our best and largest station,—all but one of the fifty people in it being Catholics. The "one" is a dyed-in-the-wool old pagan woman whose main pleasure in life is nagging the rest of the village in general, and her daughter-in-law, in particular.

I started the day there with a wedding. The bride has not as yet been baptized, but she is a catechumen. Her husband, who is the head of the village, will be responsible for her religious duties, and, as she comes from a family that has much "face"—like his own—the marriage may prove to be an opening for a new group of catechumens. In pagan marriages, the bride makes her wedding bow to the groom's family tablets; this one made her bow to the Crucifix on the family altar. The Christians had evidently told her family what was expected of her, for at night prayers she was singing her praises to the Lord as happily and as loudly as the rest.

At Mass in the morning, with more than one hundred invited pagans present, I thought it a good opportunity to explain the Church's stand on marriage and her joy in the Sacrament, and also to advise the Catholics to pray for and help one another. The sermon was short as I did not wish to keep them very long. A wedding means plenty of feasting and fun, and, from what I could see, most of these people needed both. Immediately after breakfast, I made a speedy retreat from Namshantung. It is a fine village with a real Catholic atmosphere; here the Church has her roots deep in the ground.

Faiyanpeng and Tunghaang

A short walk brought me to the village of Faiyanpeng, a new station, brought in by the Namshantungers. About half of the people in the village are baptized and know enough to make a good confession; the other half are under instruction. For new Christians, they seemed delighted to see the priest and they showed their delight by the quantity of chicken and pork which they brought. There were enough

viands piled on my table to tide a man over a six months' famine. The main product of this place seems to be youngsters. They comprise all ages, sizes, and shapes, and another generation ought to see a big station here.

Tunghaang was the next place, where the Christians had a chance to hear Mass and go to confession. The people gave me a meal of fresh beef, the first I have had in this part of the world. The night before, a tiger called and killed one of the buffaloes. All the men have sworn to have the tiger's life, but none seem anxious to go after the denizen of the mountain side. If the tiger is half as big as they say he is, his skin ought to make a fine rug for some cathedral. These people are old Christians. In their way they are good and kind enough, but they do not seem to have the faith of the other villages. Their head man is the best instructed layman in the whole section. He proclaimed his faith so loudly that I almost thought I was meeting a new saint: however, when he left the room, one of the Christians said to me, "He shot a big fire-cracker", which in plain English means that my protagonist was a man of words and not deeds.

Tungyautung and Kauuktie

Our next stop was at Tungyautung, where about ten members of the family of a Chinese druggist reside. Six years ago, the druggist was a poor farmer. One night bandits came and shot him in the leg and the wound left him unfit for farming. But he had a little more push and imagination than most of his class, and his farmhouse suddenly blossomed forth into a drug store. The business was a going concern from the beginning, so that now the farmer is a land-owning merchant with all the dignity of his class.

It was a pleasure to watch him hand out his Chinese cure-alls,—made up of ground tigers' teeth and scorpions,—but the best pleasure of all was to hear him and his family say their prayers. They know the prayers well and said them as if they meant and understood them. Sometimes the Christians complain that to join the Church is bad for business, but certainly it has not hurt this druggist. He has placarded his religion all over the place, in the form of pasted holy

pictures and the Cross, and if the people who come to buy his medicine do not know that he is a Christian, it is not his fault. If his drugs are as good as his life, there is something worth while in Chinese medicine.

Monday was spent at Kauuktie, "Old House Earth". I do not know how many centuries ago the place got its name, but if in that long ago it was anything as it is today, it certainly earned the name. The wildness of the village was only exceeded by the wildness of the youngsters who call it home. I wasn't in the house five minutes before they had everything I owned out for exhibition. Everybody, from six to sixty, wore my straw hat and sampled my food. I finally succeeded in getting rid of the younger members of the family by telling them I would give them a cent each if they could roll an aspirin pill all around the village without breaking it. When the youngsters were gone, the older members began their litany of wants. All the women wanted a catechist; the men wanted another; one of the Catholics thought he needed a new house; another was sure I could end his days of widowerhood; each one had something he or she felt I could give. However, there was no harm in their asking; it is one thing to ask and another to get.

Despite their little faults, these people are good Catholics. They insisted that I should return and spend a week with them, and I appreciated their insistance for, when poor Chinese ask one to remain and eat their all-too-scarce food, it means much.

Wongchunpo and Tungon

Wongchunpo, the next stop, was as quiet as Kauuktie was noisy. I did not see it in a normal time, for half the house was down with smallpox, or as nearly down as a Chinese will stay when sick. I told them to stay in bed and keep away from the people who did not have the disease. Like good Christians, they obeyed, but the period of their obedience generally extended over a period of about two minutes. The Chinese do not seem to pay much attention to smallpox. All assured me that the only thing necessary was to keep out of the wind.

Wednesday was to be spent at Tungon Market, here we have a mission station. Tungon exemplifies the old story of the camel and the tent. A care-taker moved in to look after the Mission; gradually he moved all the Mission out. Now, the Mission is doing a fine business in oil, wine, rice, pigs, and chickens. The only remaining mark of the church is the sign over the door. One look at the place was enough for me. I decided to move on before my patience vanished.

Luktautung and Shuihow

After a thirteen-mile hike across the mountains, we came to the walled village of Luktautung. This place was the treat of the whole trip. Last year one of the influential men of the Sunyi Prefecture, who lives in this village, was dangerously ill and asked to be baptized before his death. He was baptized and, almost immediately, he recovered. The man attributes his recovery to his baptism and many of his pagan friends do the same. Now there are about forty catechumens studying the doctrine daily in his big house. The knowledge of Christian truths possessed by these catechumens puts most of our old Catholics to shame. One of the catechumens gave a fine little talk on the life of Christ, covering the period from the Last Supper to His Ascension. The exposition was simple, but not one of the details was lacking, and excellent apologetics were interspersed throughout.

Someone must have taught these villagers to cook à la Western Country, for the food was prepared in the "old home" way and there was enough of it to last over a month. Like the little girl at the surprise party, I gathered up a pocketful of cookies and fruit to take away with me.

The last two days were spent at Shuihow. There is never much to report about Shuihow, because everything there is done just right. The faith of the Catholics in that place is the same as it is the world over where the Faith is vigorous and true. In most parts of China, the women are the backbone of superstition; in Shuihow, the women are the backbone of the Church. Perhaps that explains why the place always offers the priest the best. The altar is always

clean and decorated with flowers; the house is clean; the people are clean; and they add politeness to the cleansing water. They are an example of the Chinese farmer at his best; may they always remain so!

PHILIP A. TAGGART

American Catholic Mission, Tungchen,
April, 1924.

Through constant medical treatment extended to the different armies who pass through this place, the good will of the officers has been gained. Recently one of the "generals" asked us what he could do to help the work; we told him we did not know of anything in particular, but we would be glad if he gave us a chance to instruct anyone who was to be executed. He readily agreed to this.

An Execution of Bandits

Several days later we received word that three bandits had been captured, and were told that if we desired to instruct them we would find them tied in a temple at the end of the market. For criminals they were the most docile-looking trio I have ever seen. They agreed to be instructed, and listened to all with the confidence of six-year-old children. On Wednesday, one of the lesser officers came to the Mission to tell us everything was ready for the execution. The men who were to be killed were in ignorance of the fact. We tried to impress on their minds that it was only a matter of minutes until their souls would be separated from their bodies, but they didn't seem able to grasp it. Father Dietz gave a little talk, emphasizing the main points of Catholic doctrine. They bowed their heads in assent to all the questions put to them, and recited their act of contrition slowly and distinctly. We asked them to forgive their enemies and requested them not to fight with their executioners. They agreed without a murmur. A young man of twenty-four, whom half the town declared was innocent of the crime imputed to him (though perhaps guilty of petty theft), pro-

tested his innocence. Had we known of his case in time we might have saved him, but the time between the sentence and the execution was so short that a trip to Sunyi to appeal to higher authority was out of the question. The three were baptized Peter, James, and John. A big ugly half-naked Buddha looked down on the ceremony, and at least a thousand of the local people who had gathered for the execution were straining their necks through every opening in the temple.

A squad of soldiers came and tied the arms of the prisoners behind their backs. We placed a Miraculous Medal about the neck of each of the condemned. Then they were taken out of the stocks and lead to their place of execution. Father Dietz walked beside the men, praying for them and urging them to beg God's forgiveness. The procession went from one end of the town to the other, until it reached a sand bar in the river almost opposite our house. While Father Dietz was still talking to the unfortunates, three soldiers came behind them, pushed them a few steps forward, tripped them up, and, before they could rise to their feet, emptied guns into their necks and heads. Father Dietz was so close to the men they were practically killed at his feet. I happened to be further away, yet I must confess the sinking feeling I had is one I shall not forget in a hurry. However, the fact that we snatched three brands from the burning is sufficient consolation for any personal repugnance in the work.

The Chinese Interpretation

Fact is often stranger than fiction. When the execution was over, and we had explained to some of the new Christians just why the priest bothered with these poor people, we thought the affair was finished, but it seems to have only just begun. The Chinese are superstitious, like all pagans and atheists. The Tungcheners, who openly declared one of the young men innocent, were out looking for signs to prove their statements. More were given than they looked for. On April 17, Holy Thursday, just after Father Dietz finished blessing the grave of the innocent party and gave a

word of consolation to his poor mother, the worst storm this section has seen for many a moon broke loose. Hail stones as big as eggs poured down on the village, and it was the first time in the memory of man that hail has fallen here. A bolt of lightning struck the three guns used in the execution, and smashed them, while other guns in the same rack were untouched. Of course, this may all have been due to natural causes, but the Chinese do not think so. All manner of stories are circulating in regard to the vengeance that overtakes interference with the Catholic Church. There was really no interference with the Catholic Church, but the people know we baptized the poor souls and they are putting that interpretation on it. Several of the soldiers came to assure us that they did not have anything to do with the matter—which was perfectly true. One of the minor officials either bore the false testimony, or encouraged it, and if the thing really is a visitation we can look for some bolts to fall his way. The fact remains that God is making use of the superstition of these people to turn their minds to His Church. A good many of the ideas they are handing out never were found in any theology, but attention is being focussed on the Catholic Faith and who knows but that the crimes of these poor outcasts may yet be wiped out for the sake of the souls their execution will lead into the true Church, whose Divine Founder also died as a malefactor.

PHILIP A. TAGGART

April 18. Good Friday

Some Christians are already coming in for Easter. The church was crowded this afternoon for the Stations of the Cross.

Holy Saturday

After the blessing of the font we had seventeen baptisms. The remainder of the day was spent in hearing confessions and in examining and instructing for Baptism.

Easter Sunday

We had the biggest crowd of Christians, on hand for the feast, in the history of the Tungchen Mission. The church was crowded to over-flowing, aisles were dispensed with, and boxes were put under the windows to give the overflow a chance to look in. After Mass we had ten adult baptisms and one marriage.

In the afternoon, another bandit was baptized. I stood beside him, giving him absolution, while the soldiers emptied six bullets into him at rather slow stages. The priests were the only ones besides the soldiers who knew of this execution, so it was over before the morbid crowd could gather to cheer.

Consoling Results

The clan of one of the bandits executed on Wednesday called to thank the priest for baptizing and taking an interest in their relative. The unfortunate was evidently the black sheep of a decent family. His mother, two brothers, and two sisters-in-law, have expressed a desire to become Catholics. They are not a large family, but their house is close to the church and they can be easily handled. We are getting a good number of Christians within twenty minutes' walk of the Mission. This means almost daily contact with the priest, and in a year's time the nucleus ought to develop into a sizable parish. Many of our Christians are so far from the mission center that it is almost impossible for the priest to visit them more than twice a year. To look for fervor on that amount of attention is expecting too much.

PHILIP A. TAGGART

American Catholic Mission, Tungchen,
May, 1924.

Last week Father Paschang sent me a hurry call to go to Kochow, as one of a high commander's chief advisers was very ill. As the commander and his men have been very kind to the Fathers at Kochow, I could not well refuse.

1. Crippled from Chinese medicine 2. Afflicted with tumor of the eye 3. A weakling (The two last died shortly after Baptism.)

DISPENSARY PATIENTS AT KOCHOW

The call reached me at five in the morning and I started at once. It took six men and two days to get me there, and I had to remain ten days, for the general was critically ill. The Kochow paper published quite an account of the affair, which was a big advertisement for the Mission. As soon as the people read it, they flocked to me for treatment, and gifts began to come in by the basketfuls. The well-to-do whom I treated sent chickens, wine, fruit, and wild ducks. We returned about fifteen bottles of the wine and most of the presents, according to Chinese custom, but we had plenty left. One mandarin sent his servant a distance of fifteen miles to bring me some birds, so we had five roast fowls for dinner on the day I left.

When the general was recovering from his illness, he ordered a caterer to cook our Easter dinner. They prepared pig and ducks just outside our dining room windows. The invalid himself could not grace the occasion, but his son came instead. Only last year I treated the same general, and in the fall he took his boy from a private school and placed him in Father Paschang's Mission school. The boy has a valet to carry his books from one class to another.

Dispensary Cases and Needs

As I knew some fifty sick people were waiting for me at the Tungchen dispensary, I was anxious to get back, and we made the forty-five miles home in one day.

While I was gone, a little fellow from five miles away had fallen on an axe and needed sewing up. Father Dietz had not the heart to do it. As soon as they heard I was home the family brought the little one to me and I fixed him up. What dressing do you suppose they had put on that wound? A manure poultice!

A man brought his wife a distance of forty miles, last week, to our dispensary. The woman had dropsy and was near the end. I tapped her and relieved her of eleven gallons of water. She went home yesterday. As the couple were too poor to pay for the chair home, they intended to walk: but I paid the fare and you would have thought that Henry Ford had given them a dozen *Tin Lizzies*.

I shall have to ask you to interest friends this summer in our dispensary work. During the past six months, I had to pay six hundred and eighty dollars for drugs and my bank account is very low. Three thousand treatments a month take drugs, and I have been so busy I could not keep in personal touch with friends through correspondence. Gifts, therefore, have been on the wane. Some time ago, I vaccinated three hundred persons and had to send for more vaccine. When the bill came, I almost lost my sight.

On March 17, the Tungcheners presented me with a silk scroll about fifteen feet in length. The whole town turned out for the presentation ceremony, and the band and fire crackers strung on poles made music in the air. It was most exciting. The banner is very fine and I appreciate it highly, but if the mail boy does not bring some bandages and money, I think I shall send the banner to Uncle Sam and ask a few dollars for it.

Kochow Calling

In the fall I shall open a large dispensary with twenty-five beds in Kochow. The people at Kochow asked us to take over their hospital and pest house, which have been standing idle for the past few years, but unless Father Paschang gets some promise of support he will not make the venture. Our present plans are to utilize one of the Mission buildings, until we can build a hospital of our own.

If I do go to Kochow, the Tungchen dispensary will not be closed. The place has too much of a reputation to be shut down; so I shall try to get a Chinese doctor to take care of the cases coming here. It will be much better for me to be at Kochow for, if any of our missioners were to be ill, it would take me forty hours to get to them from Tungchen, whereas Kochow is within twenty hours of any of our missions.

BROTHER JOHN DORSEY

Culinary Art in Kwangtung

The imagination of a Chinese cook, in what he thinks one can eat and ought to eat, has not been fathomed yet. There

is no part of anything under the sun that has not boiled on top of a Chinese stove. The Chinese have taken the vision of Saint Peter literally, for they call nothing unclean the Lord hath made, and, what is more to the point, they think it all good to eat.

Last month while visiting a new mission that boasted of a new cook, I remarked to the priest in charge that the soup had a funny taste. He used a different word from "funny" to describe it, and called up the cook to find out the main constituent of the concoction. The cook smilingly told us it was snake soup. I thought I misunderstood him and asked him again. The second time he left no doubt in our minds.

The snake soup was followed by an epicurean dish of squids. I decided for the rest of my stay to have eggs. Eggs are generally eggs and you cannot do much with them. However, I forgot the fact that nature often steps in and spoils what would otherwise be a fine food. The law of mutability was evidently at work with these eggs a good while before they were offered for sale.

Tungchen's Chef

Our own "pride of the mission," here at Tungchen, is fairly useful, though a good part of the day he resembles some Maryknoll burses by being "on hand but not operative". Po-luk has one weakness; he loves to blow the tea leaves down the spout of the teapot before he serves the priest. He has been warned about this more times than every priest who ever came to Tungchen has fingers or toes; but habit is strong. He has been blowing down the spout now for five years and it is not easy for him to change.

A few months ago we thought he would join his ancestors. The fire was not coming along fast enough to suit him, so he leaned over the stove and released a mouthful of kerosene on the embers. The kerosene did not work the way he thought it would, and for two weeks he was a constant caller at the dispensary. Of late there is a noticeable saving in the Mission oil bill.

What To Do?

If the cooking were the only thing that went wrong, one would have some hope of reforming the culinary department; but it is not. *A Kwai,* with the face of an angel, assures you that foreign food makes him sick and asks how could Father suspect that he would use the condensed milk—and other things too numerous to mention? Despite *A Kwai's* protestations you know that the "stuff" is going and that his belt is bigger than it used to be—to say nothing of the new and healthy look of *Mrs. A Kwai* and the numerous little *A Kwais.*

It is well enough to say, "Fire the cook and end your troubles". That has been tried, and it has been proved to be a jump from the frying pan into the fire. The next cook may be no better than the man who received his ticket of leave, and the chances are he may be worse.

When you do get a good cook, the best thing to do is to hold on to him, for you have found a rare jewel of a precious price.

One of the first priests who came to Tungchen years ago found one of these gems. The priest appreciated this fact so well that when the good cook died he had a Latin epitaph on his tombstone. He is the only Chinese layman I know of in this broad land who has this distinction. I have pointed out this fact to our present holder of his position, but somehow he does not seem impressed; the neighbors cannot read Latin, anyway.

PHILIP A. TAGGART

September 8

The place is overrun with Christians who wish to bid Father Dietz goodbye. They are up and down all day long. Each seems to feel that if he does not say goodbye at least ten times, it will not take. It is hard to lose patience with sincerity, however, and these people are sincerely sorry to have their pastor go.

September 9

Father Dietz left this morning. He goes to Hoingan, to be pastor there. A small army followed at his heels, to say

the final goodbyes. During his two years at Tungchen, Father Dietz did wonderful work. His every thought and effort were for his Christians, and if they did not appreciate his sacrifices and grow attached to him they would be a queer lot indeed. He leaves a large Christian community, well instructed and knowing the reasons for the faith that is in them.

September 10

The crowd is beginning to leave. They are all busy coming up to assure me that if there is anyone they like besides Father Dietz, it is I. The Blarney Stone must have been originally a piece of Chinese granite.

Mercy — and Munitions

With the departure of Brother John for Kochow, we thought the attendance at the dispensary would drop off, but the crowds keep coming just the same. The dispensary is worth all the effort and expense. It brings us into contact with more than fifty people daily and must make a favorable impression on the hearts of the pagans for the favors they have received from the Church. It is difficult to give a cut and dried report of just what good a dispensary does; a trip through the country convinces one it makes friends, and it has resulted in direct conversions.

The bandits seem to be getting active. Judging by the way people are coming in here to have me get them guns and revolvers, they must think my name is Colt. A shipment of boxes came the other day, with supplies for the house and the Mission, and everybody is certain I have laid in a supply of ammunition.

September 17

An eighteen-mile sick call. It gave me all the joys of a member of the "Alpenwintersportsgiest". The only things missing were the winter and the sports; it was blazing hot going over the mountains. The trip was worth it for it meant two baptisms and one Extreme Unction.

September 18

Another sick call. I often wonder why it is that most people who get sick are those who live twenty miles from the Mission.

Funds are in the usual state—very low. To see if we could rescue them from this critical condition we had the Christians say prayers to Saint Joseph, the Provider of the Holy Family. These days the mail man passes right by the door and does not even stop to say "Good-morning".

September 29

A visit was made to Tungon village, to interview about one hundred people who wish to become Catholics. Several years ago, one of their clan went to Singapore; and while there he became a Catholic. I do not know who the priest is who instructed and baptized him, but he did a wonderful work. The convert is full of zeal; the hundred are the fruit of his labors, and there are about one hundred more he has who are interested. The man is a poor farmer, and he does not know enough characters to read the prayers in the prayer book, but he can sing them off by heart, just as he does his catechism. The thing that is most remarkable is that, in addition to having been to Singapore he is an ex-soldier, and although neither experience is conducive to Christianity, yet he is worth more than all the catechists we have, put together. If there were a few more Christians like him, and a good staff of catechists to follow up his work, there is no telling how many converts we could have in a few years. The good thing about his converts is, that they come into the Church for the doctrine and not for any material advantages.

September 30

A group of Tungon-ers came in to make a return call. They know the Mission now, and will feel more at home in future. After the first of October, a man and woman catechist will look after their needs.

PHILIP A. TAGGART

American Catholic Mission, Kochow,
January, 1924.

Shortly after Christmas, Father Paschang paid the second visit of three that are listed for each year, to some twenty outlying stations. About twenty-five new Christians were gained by baptism. The pastor says this Mission is ripe now, if ever. If funds for catechists do not fail, but on the contrary come in increasing amounts, then such a harvest may be hoped for as has never before been equalled. After all, aside from the grace of God, missionary work is a business proposition. To it we should apply the principle of business, "Keep growing". Many years of prayer, much labor, and a goodly amount of money, have been freely and wisely spent to bring the Kochow Mission to its present good condition. Why should it be necessary, or why should it be permitted, that the results thus gained be forfeited?

Tests — and Results

Examinations. Yes, we have those kill-joys on the missions. Some sixty-five of our school boys were the victims this time. In common with all the schools of Kochow, Sacred Heart School had nine days of wonderment. Each day of examination was followed by one of review in preparation for the next day's tests. Two hours and a half were allowed for each branch. By rule in force in all Kochow's schools, examination marks must be published by the schools on their front gates or on a bulletin board, where the public, as well as the students may see, read, and criticize. The Sacred Heart School obeyed the rule. Our head catechist and superintendent says, "The other schools do not dare to post the results of their tests. Too much 'face' would be lost".

A good impression seems to have been made on the authorities, and even pagans are talking about our school. The next term promises a notable increase in enrollment. Parents know that their laddies will toe the mark every day of the school year at the Mission School. Very soon the school should be able to pay for itself. But we need catechists, to feed it with Christians. The education of pagans is not our

end. We look forward to the February term with an enrollment of seventy.

FREDERICK E. FITZGERALD

Arbor Day at Kochow

The Mandarin had sent out a notice saying that, the weather being now quite warm, the schools should celebrate Arbor Day. We planned for Sacred Heart Academy to march out to Namfootong, about thirty minutes from town, where we have a chapel and some ground, and plant our trees there. Later a letter came from the Mandarin asking all schools to go to one place for their planting, the place appointed being Lookout Mountain, just across the river from the city. It is a sort of park, with many old and new temples and shrines and pavilions, rising one above the other, amid the wild jungle of trees and shrubbery on its steep slopes. Here, in an artistic new temple of white stucco, is enthroned on an altar the painted heroic figure of a general who, many years ago, drove the bandit plague out of Kochow regions. May some of his worshippers be inspired to follow his example! In the dingy, smelly corners of an old monastery still dwell several monks, now rare sights in this city. From the temple verandas and the cliff-pavilion, there is a wide lookout over the city and surrounding rice-flats and villages, away to the blue encircling hills.

The Gathering of the Students

About nine o'clock on April 3 we marched to the river, with flags flying and band playing. It so happened that five different schools came to the river bank at the same time, some going out to the planting and some coming back, and because of slow ferry service they all had to wait, the several sets of drums never ceasing to boom and rattle.

Kochow in the old days of the Empire was a famous seat of learning, and at the examination times there were often ten thousand students here. There are not so many now, but they were an interesting sight out there on the river banks: the long lines of black uniformed boys and young men from

the public high and grade schools; the neat girls, with glossy hair in long shining pigtails, dressed all in black, the larger ones wearing skirts; the khaki-clad boys from the preparatory normal school; and the little group of natty gray figures from Sacred Heart Academy. Among them were the professors, in long robes of black, blue, gray, green, brown, and even scarlet, and a few military uniforms were to be seen. Over all fluttered many flags—Chinese, American, and Papal—and the banners of schools and classes, including our own Chi-Rho.

The Ceremonies

After climbing the long stages of stone steps, worn smooth by the shuffling feet of centuries, we rested in a pavilion assigned as our headquarters. Later we went to the place staked off for our planting, and between the graves of the ancients we set out a number of coffee seedlings. It has been said that Arbor Day is the one day when the average Chinese student stoops to manual labor, and even then the flunkies do most of the work.

Lookout Mountain shook and echoed with the rumble of drums and the blare of bugles. No school was going to let another outdo it in noise. It was prudently arranged that the two high schools of the city should not be on the mountain at the same time, nor meet coming or going. Among the distinguished visitors who strolled through the park were the Civil Mandarin with a group of officials, and a party of brilliantly dressed ladies from the yamen of the General and his staff. Various dignitaries stopped at our picnic for a bite and a smoke. The affair was evidently enjoyed by all, except the flunkies and the ferryman.

ADOLPH J. PASCHANG

American Catholic Mission, Kochow,
May, 1924.

For the first time in my short mission career, I'm all alone. When I say "all alone," I don't mean that I'm the only person in the Mission, for as I write, ninety schoolboys

are yelling their lessons, according to the Chinese method of study. Then, from the women's quarters I get the more harmonic yells of the women studying Christian Doctrine. But, Robinson Crusoe fashion, I'm all alone this way: I'm the only foreigner and white man among all Kochow's twelve thousand "mouths of men", as the Chinese say when speaking of population. And the nearest priest or white man is at Maryknoll's farthest interior mission, Tungchen, forty-two miles away. Of course, Fachow is only twenty-eight miles down the river from Kochow, but Father Cairns is just now making his first visit to Tungchen. Father Paschang is out in the country on a mission trip.

Sick Calls Compared

Last evening we had a sick call from a Christian in the village of Chashan, which means Tea Mountain. It is thirty-five miles from Kochow. The man is reported dying, so Father Fitzgerald left at six-thirty A. M. How different is a sick call here, from one in my home town—Fall River, Massachusetts! No trains, no boats, no taxis, no wagons or ox carts, run to Chashan. So, Father Fitzgerald will be carried the thirty-five miles in a sedan-chair spanning the shoulders of two coolies. He takes a "tom-tom" man along to carry his bedding and Mass outfit. Eight hours will have passed before he reaches his dying penitent. When I see cases like this, I can't help thinking how fortunate most of our American Catholics are, and how thankful they should be when they have the privilege of calling in the priest to a dying parent, sister, brother, or friend at any hour of the day or night.

Father Fitzgerald will not return to Kochow immediately. There is a Christian village about an hour's distance from Chashan, called Lungwoh, so he will push on and celebrate Mass for them tomorrow, Sunday.

WILLIAM A. FLETCHER

May 21

My recent Mission trips have been made afoot, but this time I sallied forth astride the school lawn-trimmer, *Gift*

Horse. This animal is not my property, but was presented to the head catechist by a wise but inconsiderate friend of his. Were such a thing possible in nature, I should say that this little horse is a white elephant. Our road wound eastward to the village of Taaplo, and the last five of its fifteen miles were rough and rocky traveling. Then I wished I had left Gift Horse at home, and I am sure he did the same, as the many patches of tobacco did not promise much in the line of fodder.

Taaplo—A Promising Village

Taaplo is a little village climbing up a hillside, where one family looks over the roofs of the other. The folks here are new Catholics, Father Meyer having baptized about fifty of them last year. They were surprisingly edifying and very enthusiastic about their new-found Faith, and though it was the first time for most of them they made their confessions like old-timers. This, of course, is due also to good work by the catechists sent there. A family house has been made over into a school and chapel, but it is already much too small to hold all the people at prayers and Mass, and some of the women are crowded out of doors. After Mass I baptized six people at the chapel, and went across to the fields to baptize the grandmother of the family. Later at the chapel I held a baby-clinic, and inflicted smallpox vaccination on a lot of squalling, kicking infants, and nervous grown-ups. This region has been terrorized by bandits for a year and only a few days before my coming a house near Taaplo was attacked, but without success. It is a wild enough country, with high stony mountains enclosing the valleys. On the front of a herb-medicine store was nailed the skin of a snake fifteen feet long and a foot wide at the middle.

The Catechist in Action

From Taaplo we had a very bad trail to a village in the Kanchi Market district. The father of the family with whom we stayed was away, having gone to trace his son kidnapped by the bandits, and to arrange for ransom. There

are only two families of catechumens here, but there was a large crowd of neighbors on hand for night prayers and Ming Lei's sermon.

Whenever there are many pagans present, our catechist generally gives a strong talk on their superstitions, and he soon has them laughing at their various foolish practices, and often they interrupt him to shout agreement. This night, however, there were several present who did not at all agree with him, and frequently said so in a loud voice. This didn't bother Ming Lei; rather, it gave him more power. He would snatch up their words to push his own arguments, and they would say, "Oh, is that how it is?"—and resume gurgling their water-pipes, while from the corners would come snickers and giggles of the highly delighted audience. It is easy to make these people laugh at their superstitions, but unfortunately, they go home and practice them anyway. It seems to be in their very blood.

Seeking the Distant Sheep

Our trail now led straight up over the pass of a steep stone mountain. The son of a sick woman whom we had visited, himself not a Christian, carried my baggage. It was a warm day, and a hard climb for Gift Horse, and I wished more than ever that I had left him at home. At the summit of the pass we rested and looked over the land, of which there was a great deal to be seen. Behind us were the hills about Kochow, and a streak of the river, eighteen miles away: and ahead of us, across the fruit-grove and village dotted valley of Slantung, were even higher and more desolate mountains guarding the bandit nests of Golden Valley and Sandy Wave, along the overland path to Yeungkong. It was a sight grand enough, but so difficult to get to see! We were three hours laboring up and down the mountain, and we dragged into the settlement called Schoolhouse Place, wondering how long before supper.

This house is a large one with many divisions, and because of frequent bandit raids, about a dozen families of the neighbors have moved into it. Three catechists, a man and two women, make it their headquarters. The man has a

school there, and the women go to the nearby families during the day. Several houses in sight of the one where we were had been raided and wrecked, and not a few women and children had been kidnapped, among them some catechumens. Ming Lei gave a good but long sermon after night prayers. Later, over the tea and tobacco, those who said they were ready for Baptism were examined in the matter. During the process there was much laughing at the wrong answers. Several family groups, seventeen people in all, were found ready for the Sacrament. The grilling finished, I retired to my cot, while in various parts of the house the folks talked until a late hour. Several men kept rifles always in their hands, and cartridge-belts buckled on.

Promising Stations

From here we went through groves of fruit trees, lychee and olive, to a village about two miles away. The people were not yet ready for Baptism, as only the boys can read, but they are an earnest and friendly crowd. Much of the time was spent sitting around and discussing differences in dialects of various districts. I was told that a group of women was outside and wanted to see me, but when I went out, the younger ones ran away, which annoyed their mothers-in-law and made the men and boys laugh. One by one they ventured to come back, and showed me, one baby sick from this, another ill from that, and asked to have a catechist come out to their village. I handed out pills and powders for the babies, and promised the catechist. After Mass I gave a few more vaccinations and lost some newly made friends among the youngsters.

That day's trip was another short one, and we came into the house at Big Road Place, to find our host grappling with a black gander, who was doomed to die for us. One of the boys is a student at Sacred Heart School in Kochow, and he and his father had hurried out from the city, fifteen miles away, early that morning. Every few minutes one of the boys would pour a cup of tea, fill the water-pipe, or whittle the bark off a club of sugarcane for me. Having done everything for my pleasure and comfort that he could think of,

the father said, "I hope they soon make you Bishop". I accused him of wishing me to be taken away from Kochow, but he said he meant that I should be Bishop of that Noble City. "Well," I said, "if you get all the people of Slantung Valley to be Christians, I may even be Bishop of Big Road Place". He said he would see what he could do about it. After Mass the family of eight were baptized. Before very long we shall need a roomy chapel in this valley, as there seems to be much interest among the people here.

We had to decline earnest invitations to stay another day. After about two hours on the road, we stopped at Silver Valley, heard the confession of the only man at home, and made the women, who are not yet baptized, promise to come in to Kochow and be instructed. Later, we passed a little village to stop at the house of a leper, a good Catholic. We found that he had died rather suddenly a short time ago. At our stop for the night, Old City, where he used to come for Mass, they told me he had been a very good Christian but of late did not like to bother people by going to their houses.

Along the road from here to Big Brilliant Valley we stopped for tea and a chat at several houses where there were Christians or catechumens. The two Catholic families at Big Brilliant Valley are recent additions but very earnest, and know their business. After Mass I refused baptism to a family of four, because they did not know enough doctrine yet, but I did baptize an old patriarch and his wife.

The Score

We left as soon as we politely could, and lost no time along the trail to Kochow, except when Gift Horse balked at going into the water. The long bridge was too frail to hold him, and he refused to go down into the stream. Again I was sorry I had not left him in the school playgrounds. After a big crowd had collected to watch us, he finally heeded my harsh commands and waded into the stream. Before we were half-way across I was wishing he were a full-sized horse, for I was practically wading myself. This dignified approach to the Noble City ended a short but pleasant trip, and about

ON SANCIAN ISLAND

The pastor follows a funeral over the hills to the cemetery.

thirty more baptisms were on our books, as well as the names of several dozen new catechumens.

ADOLPH J. PASCHANG

New Interest in Athletics

Here in Kochow, Western athletics are attracting a great deal of interest as part of the new learning, due to the push of several young high school teachers who studied under Americans in Canton. But as yet there is no cheering and rooting. The games are played in earnest silence, with no comments from the onlookers, as no one likes to cause any loss of face. Even the captain of the team makes his sarcastic remarks to bone-headed players in a low, yet effective tone of voice. Still there were occasions when the spectators were provoked to shouting and laughter, some being when the Fathers engaged in football and basketball on teams composed of professors against high school teams.

July 5—The Catechist Course

At present Fathers Meyer and Dietz are here, conducting the annual retreat and course of instruction for catechists, and entertaining a motley crowd from Kochow, Fachow, Yeungkong, and Tungchen. The retreat began on June 15. There are about sixty pillars of the church, men and women, assembled for the month's course, and they are certainly "getting religion". Daily talks by the priests, several more by capable and experienced catechists, and practice sermons, make up the program. The women are working especially hard, for besides the scheduled sermons and devotions, they are always subject to a running sermon from my "boss" woman catechist. Although this course is somewhat of an innovation to these folks, some of whom are the old-fashioned "book-catechists", they are quite enthusiastic about it, and no one can fail to see its good results, in both their personal appreciation of the Faith and their increased earnestness in their work. The old-timers, of course, find it difficult to fall in with new methods of teach-

ing, but at least the course makes them more fervent in their own religious life. About the only objection to the course is that it is too short, but the missions cannot spare their catechists for more than one month each year at present. With this course a regular event, we may expect to have, after a few years, a very efficient staff of catechists, for there is much promising material among our schoolboys.

Work Ahead for Catechists

We shall never run out of work for catechists. It is rather a question of funds. At the last two big feasts—Easter and Pentecost—several hundred names were added to our waiting list of catechumens. As usual, these men are mostly farmers and cannot learn much by themselves. We have so many catechumens now that I cannot keep track of them all; they are so scattered, in this wide and long district, that even the catechist staff has a hard time keeping them in touch. In some places there are large groups near together, in a cluster of villages; but most are individual family groups, several miles or more apart. We lose not a few, because we cannot send catechists while their interest is new and strong. We keep saying, "Later—later!" until some are forced to think we do not care about them at all.

The School Situation at the Center

About the tenth of this month, all the school examinations were settled and the boys scattered for home. It must be said for all these boys that they all wish to learn, though some started too late in life and others are yet too young to keep up the pace. The most difficult subject for all is arithmetic "according to Western methods". English is not so difficult once they get the main idea. We are spreading circulars inviting eighty more boys in two new classes for next term, but I do not know where we shall stow them. We are keeping the tuition fees high, and the rules strict, for we wish none who are not of the best classes, unless they are Catholics or catechumens. It might be said that while our Catholics are not of the best classes socially, they are so morally, of course.

Bandits Heard From

We are enjoying peaceful times hereabouts, although bandits are growing in number and audacity. Soldiers under command of a general who from his headquarters in the Noble City holds a more or less firm rule over all the prefectures between Canton and Indo-China, are carrying trouble into the regions of Yeungkong and Loting, sometimes with no success. His crowd are nearly bankrupt, and are raising money by any means that they consider legal.

August Changes

One nice evening, as I was standing on the veranda watching the bats swallow mosquitoes, and wishing that the half-dozen orphans could stay fat on the same abundant food, in walked Brother John, with his flock of canaries. Next day his pills were brought up from the Tungchen raft; a suite of rooms was whitewashed; and the town was notified that he was ready for business. Patients are coming in larger crowds every day, and as soon as the news gets to the rural regions, he will have busy days. One of the first patients was the Mandarin.

With the passing of the month and the rainy season, happened the sudden departure of the above mentioned general. He has been financially low for some time, and former partners were threatening to come down and hold a reckoning. At his going he put out notices saying that, while he was leaving, he was not abdicating, but going on a tour of inspection. The popular opinion, however, is that he went while the going was good, and that soon we poor citizens of the Noble City will be bowing before a new Commander in Chief. They come, they conquer, and they depart before they are conquered.

ADOLPH J. PASCHANG

American Catholic Mission, Kochow, September, 1924.

In China, as at home, September marks the opening of the schools and colleges. So too, it marked the opening of the

lesser and greater schools of Kochow, and among the greater of course, we class our own: Sacred Heart School. At first it looked as though the enrollment would not run over the thirties, but we found at the end of the month a roster of eighty students. Among them are boys representing at least a dozen of the most prominent families in this neighborhood.

Birthday of Sacred Heart School

September 21 marked the first anniversary of our school. To give "face" to the occasion we were forced, in Chinese fashion, to declare a three-day celebration. The boys entered into the spirit of the occasion, and neatly decorated the walks, rooms, and buildings with dozens of Chinese lanterns, green branches, and paper flags representing all nations. After the students paraded around the city in the forenoon the public was given the freedom of the school and hundreds of people came in to see what the foreigners had to offer the Kochow colony.

In Memory of Confucius

September 25 brought around another school holiday. This time it was to honor the memory of Confucius, who according to the minds of many, was the greatest of all Chinese students. He was born about 551 B.C., and successfully propagated his attractive personality through Confucianism, a system of moral, social, and religious teaching, which is still observed by millions of Chinese today. Its outstanding form of worship seems to be centered in offerings to dead ancestors. Our boys paraded to Namfootong, about a mile and a half away, where we have a chapel. The day was ideal for a picnic, bright, sunny and hot, and like most picnics, ours was enjoyed by every one.

Kochow's New Dispensary

Our new dispensary, which Brother John has modeled after up-to-date clinics of America, is the chief attraction on the place and the topic of conversation in every select gathering just at present. It has, of course, no hot or cold running

water, which would be considered a positive necessity at home; it pays no electric light bills, because Edison's invention has never reached here; and it exhibits no glass-top tables. But it has "the essentials" for curing all kinds of aches and diseases. Most of these essentials have been supplied to us free, by thoughtful friends and readers of *The Field Afar*.

Brother John's Dispensary is the only one of any description in this city of twelve thousand people. He has, even now, after only a month's time, a daily average of eighty patients. Many of them walk five miles and more, to get his advice and treatment.

WILLIAM A. FLETCHER

Chapter 3

NEWS FROM THE OUTPOSTS

(Pingnam and Loting)

American Catholic Mission, Pingnam,
February, 1924.

EBRUARY 5 was the Chinese New Year. Rain poured all day long and dampened the celebration. It seems rather early to have thunder storms, but we have had more than our share this past week. The river is very high and is still rising, an almost extraordinary occurrence for this time of year. Usually the river is at its lowest point in February and March, and in April rises a very little. The sand bar in the middle is a thing of the past.

Some merchants are getting interested in the doctrine, and we have had a few calls from them. It is encouraging.

School Hopes

Last week I made a flying trip to Touhing, a village four hours away. The people gave me a fine reception. All the time I was trying to get the records, they shot off fire crackers and I couldn't hear a thing, but I realized it was a sign of welcome. We have a little chapel at Touhing, and also a place that can be used as a school. The day after I returned to Pingnam, a man from Touhing came with the names of twenty-eight prospective pupils and said there would be more later. The proposed schools have caused quite a little excitement in all the district. Several men and boys came from a village I had never heard of, and informed me that two boys are to attend our school at Taiyung. Four of the schools will open in about ten days; the one at Pingnam on March 3; and those at Taiyung and Sztong about the middle of March. A letter from Bishop Ducœur, advising about

the schools, closes by saying, "I pray God to help you in your work, and I rejoice in seeing that in spite of the difficulties one meets in this district you have already found consolation."

GEORGE F. WISEMAN

March 9

Our schools are in full swing. All told, we have a total of one hundred and three pupils. This isn't as many as hoped for, but we are just beginning, and we feel the schools will grow. My English class at night was too big, and I had to divide it, with the result I'm teaching every evening instead of three times a week.

A visitor called last night, an Englishman who is captain on one of the river boats plying between Wuchow and Nanning. It was good to see a white man. He had dinner with me, and stayed over night.

There are two youngsters here watching me use the typewriter, and they are asking many questions. It is the eternal "Why" of the youngsters. They just asked me how to write their names in English, and they are now trying to copy what I wrote. I like to have them around as it gives me good practice in speaking the language.

We are getting our catechists on the road this month. One of them brought in a long list of names of people who wish to become Christians, but he does not realize that less than half will ever be Christians. I am impressing on the catechists that what we wish is quality and not quantity.

A Mountain Visitation

A trip to the mountains, early in April, took six days in all. The first night we went as far as Taiyung, and early Friday morning were off for Sztong, which is in the mountains. The "caravan" consisted of two chair coolies, a coolie to carry the baggage, four soldiers armed to the teeth, and a Christian to show the way. The ride from Taiyung was uninteresting at first. It was across a plain, on both sides of which were mountains. After two hours we came

to the mouth of the pass, and another half hour brought us to a mud hut which I learned belonged to us. Part of it was destroyed by bandits a year ago. Here the soldiers and coolies got a little refreshment, consisting of rice gruel, and we were off again. This time I started on foot.

After a little ascent we turned into another pass, and proceeded to climb another range. We traveled up mountain sides and down vales for a couple of hours. The scenery was beautiful. On and on we went, all the time ascending the mountain, every turn taking us further and further from habitation. At last we saw a valley and a glimpse of rice fields, and, hidden among the giant trees, a village. From then on we saw such villages every little while. Each one was named, but each consisted of only a few houses, inhabited by a few families. We stopped at one place where we have a family of catechumens and had some tea. Sztong, a village at the end of the mountain range, was reached at three P. M. Here we have a school, one of the six opened since the New Year. Next to the school was a pagan temple where a dozen gods sat on a shelf.

We stayed in Sztong over night, and at about eleven Saturday morning, we started for Kouping. A Christian came to meet us, armed with a homemade gun. He reported that others were en route. The trip through the mountains to Sztong was beautiful, but the scenery on the road to Kouping surpassed anything I had ever seen. It was marvelous. The very wildness of the country made it beautiful. The mountains were majestic, and the forest on the mountain sides gave a sight unsurpassed. If the country were always peaceful, the mission ought to have a house on one of the mountain tops. Much good could be done there, but it is of course out of the question now as the country is almost continuously in a disturbed condition. It is easy to understand why bandits have made their homes there—the high mountains afford them natural protection.

As we traveled to Kouping, we met more Christians who had come to meet us. All were armed, and it looked indeed as if we were in bandit land. All told, we must have had a guard of twenty. Once more we started to climb, and

this time it was a constant ascent. At last one of the Christians pointed to a house almost on the top of a mountain and told me that was our destination. We plugged along, turned another curve, crossed to another range, up again, finally reaching the place. What a view! Nothing could be seen for miles save mountain tops, and it seemed that we were higher than them all. You must remember that we were fifteen or eighteen miles into the mountain range and thirty miles from Pingnam.

All at Kouping are Christians, that is, the entire four families. We had ten baptisms, children of the Christians, as it was the first time in four years a priest had visited them. Sunday morning, Christians came from another village and it was certainly consoling to realize that, here in the very heart of the mountains, were Christians who were real Christians. There were twenty-one Communions in all. I visited an old Christian who was dying and administered the Last Sacraments.

We started toward Pingnam about eleven on Sunday morning. The weather was miserable. A drizzling rain made the road skiddy, and it was no easy task to descend the mountain sides. I pitied the poor coolie who was carrying the baggage, as his was the hardest job. We reached Sztong in the afternoon, and remained for the night. Early Monday morning we were on the way to Szvooi which was reached about four P. M. One of our Christians of Szvooi had died, and I said Mass for her Tuesday morning and gave the final blessing, after which we started for Pingnam, arriving about nine P. M.

Consolations

I am very happy I made the trip. We have felt all along that, owing to the bandit conditions, our mountain Christians were being neglected, so I took the first good opportunity of visiting them when the roads were passable.

When I took over the Pingnam mission, Père Séosse told me that the Christians of the mountain district would be my greatest consolation. I little realized what he meant until I visited them. They certainly are good. It was a tough

climb up those mountains, but the happiness of seeing such earnest Christians amply repaid me.

Easter Observance

Easter was a very happy season for us. I took the occasion of my trip to the mountains to remind the Christians along the line that they were due at Pingnam for the feast. Rain poured almost all Holy Week and we were afraid many Christians could not come. However, we prepared for a crowd and had two matsheds put up in order to have plenty of room to serve chow. One hundred and forty-eight descended upon us—four more than we had at Christmas—and you may be sure we were happy. The big feature was the arrival of the Touhing contingent. These people marched into town, and at the head of the parade was the school teacher, banging away at a drum. The noise was awful. Two flags were flying—an American and a Red Cross. Why the latter, is beyond me. The marchers informed me that they had borrowed the American flag from the Protestants of Touhing.

From the numbers we had at both Christmas and Easter, you can see that at last Pingnam is coming along. If peaceful times stay with us, much can be accomplished.

July 14

Pingnam is flooded. The West River rose about seventy feet and the entire country for miles around is just one big lake; we can go in a sampan to villages four hours away. The damage is enormous. One thing is certain, the rice crops are ruined, and I suppose poor old Kwangsi is in for a year of suffering. The water did not touch us, as the waters rose only to the inner gate of the town wall. The northern part of the walled town got a ducking, and it was interesting to see the coolies working with foot pumps, trying to pump the water out. With this daily shower of rain we are getting, the river hasn't much of a chance to go down.

July 20

The flood has gone down considerably, and the main street is practically free of water, but, oh! how dirty.

I was out in a sampan the other day, and got a good glimpse of the river front. The flood certainly played havoc with the houses. The roofs of many have fallen. One of our school boys was a victim of the flood. Before the waters covered his house, the family moved to other parts, but his father sent him back on an errand, and while he was there the roof caved in on top of the poor little fellow.

Kwangsi Recruits

While I was in Nanning, the Bishop told me he was to have ordinations of three new priests for Kwangsi. One was the seminarian who was with me at Pingnam a year ago. The ordination was very impressive and I certainly was happy to be in Nanning at the time.

The Bishop, Père Peyrat, and two of the Chinese priests, came down the river with us. Père Peyrat is a young man, a new arrival in Kwangsi, and is a delightful character. He is a veteran of the World War, was wounded three times, and received the Croix de Guerre. He went to the seminary after the war.

GEORGE F. WISEMAN

American Catholic Mission, Pingnam, September, 1924.

The catechists' school was in session six months, and, during that time, the seminarian, whom Bishop Ducœur so kindly gave us, worked hard for its success. Due to his efforts, Pingnam now has four catechists, natives of the district. So far, we have found them very satisfactory, and, already, we are seeing fruits from their labors. It is advantageous to have catechists belonging to the district, for they take greater interest in the development of the mission.

Schools

Shortly after the Chinese New Year, we opened six schools. We divided Pingnam into sections and placed a school in each section, thus covering the entire district

fairly well. With the exception of two large towns, the mission is taken care of as far as schools are concerned.

We hope to have these schools on a self-supporting basis, and, to attain this end, we are charging a nominal fee for tuition. Pagan boys pay three dollars a year, as in the public schools, and our Christians pay half tuition. This is because we wish our Christians to be able to read and write their language, and they are so poor that I felt it might be difficult for them to pay full tuition.

To the teachers in the country, we pay one hundred dollars per year, and, of course, they feed themselves. We give our Pingnam teacher one hundred and sixty dollars a year and he also supports himself. He gets a larger salary, because food is more expensive here in the town. Unfortunately, we could not find Catholic teachers for all our schools, but we hope to have this condition remedied in a few years. We are now educating two boys at the higher schools, and they have given a written guarantee that, on the completion of their education, they will work for the Church in the capacity of school teachers. If they do not wish to do this, they will refund all money expended by the mission on their education. We might add that these boys come from two very fine Christian families.

Dispensary

The report of the dispensary shows that nineteen hundred and sixty patients have been cared for, and a total number of thirty-six hundred and eighty-four treatments given. In February, Father Murray suffered from overstrain, and we closed the dispensary except for emergency cases. About two weeks ago, we closed it again, as the stock of medicines had given out. Father Murray estimates that it would cost two hundred dollars to replenish the stock. The dispensary has won for us the good will of the people, although we have as yet no conversions to register through it.

Caring for Christians

This is, perhaps, the biggest problem which we face. The prospects of developing the Pingnam mission are big, at

least if we judge from the growing interest displayed. At Christmas, last year, one hundred and forty-four people came for the feast; at Easter we had one hundred and forty-eight; at Pentecost, two hundred and five. This is most gratifying, but we have no place to accommodate these Christians. At Easter and Pentecost, we put up mat-sheds; many slept outdoors on desks and tables. At Pentecost it rained during the night; so the people were forced to seek other shelter, with the result that many had to sit up all night since there was no room to lie down. We are eager to see Pingnam grow, and believe we should buy property adjoining the Mission. Here we could build a good school, with a dormitory on the upper floor.

The period of peace which we have enjoyed during the past year enabled us to make a visitation of the entire mission and thus get a complete spiritual report. It was a source of great joy to be able to visit all the Christians, especially those in the mountains. Here it was edifying to find Christians whose faith was strong, even though they had not seen a priest for four years.

Gratitude

The year has been one of great encouragement, and we are grateful to God for all He has done for us. We wish, also, to thank our friends who have shown interest in Pingnam. By their prayers and financial help, we have been able to see results from our own labors. Lastly, we owe a debt of gratitude to Bishop Ducœur, of Kwangsi. In addition to always being most happy to advise us and to give us the benefit of his many years of experience, he even went so far as to make a great personal sacrifice by giving us his seminarian assistant when he himself had much need of him.

GEORGE F. WISEMAN

American Catholic Mission, Loting,
February, 1924.

Last month a lull in the battle, together with Father McShane's persuasive powers, finally enabled him to prevail

on a sampan captain that the risk would not be too great in trying to make the West River. Father McShane wished to go to Hongkong on business about the new convent.

Just before his departure a most disconcerting discovery was made. The man who was supposed to be delivering bricks to us was found selling them to somebody else, although bargain money had already been paid on several thousands. A royal battle, that was a battle royal of words, followed. For a time it looked as though the only bricks that would come our way would be those thrown at us. Finally, delivery was guaranteed.

Disturbing the Peace Again

Father McShane left at noon for Namkonghau and the West River. Scarcely had he departed, when the curate heard the now familiar sound of machine gun fire from about where the pastor's sampan would be. Subsequent information confirmed the curate's fears, but the sampan and Father McShane very providentially escaped serious damage from the rain of bullets.

Well aware of what such proceedings meant for them, the masons employed in building a wall for us promptly quit work, while all the Joss Stick Street neighbors again abandoned their chosen avocation to move their goods to safer hiding places. The lone curate then had what might be termed by some an interesting hour trying to keep the compound clear of all sorts of objectionable truck, so-called valuables and near-valuables. Amidst the excitement, the soldiers who "took" Loting recently, rushed from one city gate to another, then ran in circles, squares, and angles around our house, and thence to the hills. Shortly afterward the newcomers' banners were again seen to arise on the eastern horizon, and the soldiers leisurely strolled into Loting as if nothing out of the ordinary had taken place.

So accustomed to these invasions is everyone becoming that today finds calm serenity again holding sway, although everybody is keeping one eye on the soldiers and the other on his property. From sad experience, these poor people

know that whenever this city changes factions, the name of Loting becomes in fact "Looting".

Chinese Felicity

New Year's Day, February 5, was ushered in like an old fashioned Fourth of July, with a great explosion of fire crackers. The din kept up all day, but aside from that, there were no signs of celebration. Our cook was asked what the Chinese do during the New Year season, and he promptly replied, "Why, be happy, of course!" We have not yet fathomed in what their felicity consists.

Starting to Build

After the holidays, a crew of Chinese workmen finally consented to break stone for the new convent. A Chinese contractor from Canton is expected to arrive with a crew of workers any day. Our pastor spent five uncomfortable and unsuccessful rainy days tramping through the neighboring villages in search of lumber for the convent. His failure to secure material is due to the fact that lumber is very scarce and that the country people were prolonging their New Year celebrations.

Some of the villages visited by Father McShane are away over near the Tungchen district. So profoundly had the good French Fathers who preceded us there impressed on the Christians the need to beware false prophets, that they could not believe our American from Indiana was truly a Shan Foo.

Testing the Material

Every brick and stone going into the Loting convent will be of the hand-picked variety. The pastor has taken for himself the tremendous task of tapping each one of the seventy thousand bricks in our back yard. Already several hills of poorly baked, or what the boys call "sick", bricks show the result of the test. The crushed stones are also being gone over with care, and it is the curate's task to throw out the poor or smooth ones.

JOHN J. TOOMEY

March 29

The Cantonese contractor and twenty men arrived today.

March 30

Remote preparations for building the Loting convent became proximate today, with the actual breaking of ground and the erection of a huge matshed.

March 8

During the past year Loting has had no less than a dozen mandarins. So we were not surprised today to learn that a new one has just been appointed.

April 7

The Chinese bricklayers are proving to be wonders. They are under contract to finish the convent in one hundred days, and they are seeing to it that, as far as they are concerned, there shall be no forfeit for delays. However, delays in delivery of materials may force Father McShane to lose several "tens of dollars" for every day that the mechanics cannot work. To hasten delivery of bricks, Father McShane took his troubles to the Mandarin and explained to that official how the brick maker had failed to keep his word.

April 8

The big brothers and little brothers, cousins and friends, of the brick manufacturer who does business in a village near Loting, all craved audience with the Shan Foo today. Father McShane learned from this delegation that the Mandarin had used more than moral suasion; he had sent a letter, but also a squad of soldiers, to the village to inquire the whys and wherefores of the non-delivery of bricks. As a result, if the Shan Foo would only persuade the Mandarin to call off the soldiers, he could have all the bricks he desired.

April 10

Palm Sunday. The activities of the Mandarin's soldiers were responsible for our receiving and testing six thousand bricks today.

THE PIONEER GROUP OF MARYKNOLL SISTERS AT LOTING WITH SOME OF THEIR CHARGES.

April 15

Renewed bandit activity between Loting and Namkonghau has caused freight rate to jump sky high. All stuff coming through now is guarded by so-called commercial soldiers, who have to be paid to accompany the boats. Besides, the robbers in the hills also have to get their tax, so in addition to paying soldiers for protection the unfortunate boatmen are compelled to pay the outlaws at certain points of the river. Should the bandits' middle man or collecting agent fail to gather toll, an attack takes place and the commercial soldiers desert in a body. The only advantage of having the soldier escort seems to be in frightening off independent robbers who do not belong to the honest, hardworking bandit guild.

April 20

Easter Sunday. This great day means nothing to the workmen so the building of the new convent goes on as usual.

May 3

That the hill gentry are still doing business at their own stands has been brought home to us as we receive more cement from the outer world. Coming up the little South River, the boat man carrying this very necessary building material was cleaned out of everything except our cement, which came through unmolested.

May 10

We are now in the midst of the rice-sowing season and traffic along "Joss Stick Street" has fallen off considerably. Almost everyone is away on the hill sides, waddling after a huge water buffalo or rolling his own primitive plough in the rice paddies. At the orphanage, business continues, however, for while women and children must go to the fields with the men, there are always some women on the watch for the extra cash which comes to them for rescuing a baby from the river or fish pond and bringing it to the Catholic Mission Baby Hall. Very often it is the mother herself who

collects, for she knows that she needs the money and that her baby will be well cared for at the orphanage. Besides, such a burden strapped to her back is not only excess baggage, but it objects to the hot tropical sun and is ever clamoring for something to eat, while she herself must do the work of a tractor in the rice field.

May 26

The torrential showers of this rainy season are by no means interfering with progress on the new convent. A large bamboo matshed is protecting the workmen, who are gradually evolving a fine building under it.

JOHN J. TOOMEY

American Catholic Mission, Loting,
May 20, 1924.

Several large Chinese houses are going up in and around Loting and for lack of bricks they have suspended building for the last six months or so. Only for our early contracting over a year ago, we, too, should have been forced to wait till next fall, because during the rainy summer weather it is impossible to burn bricks. The workmen started on the convent March 31, and I am assured now that it will be finished about June 15, so that the construction has actually taken two and a half months,—a very short time, I think.

Naturally the house needed to be larger than our own. We did away with the attic and in its place built a large basement on the ground floor. The sudden descent in the land made this quite easy and at the same time makes the basement really a first floor. The roof is almost flat and has a large space for walking. Father Toomey and I envy the Sisters this advantage. The setting of the house is parallel with ours, so that from the main part of their roof, and likewise from the community room and refectory, they have an attractive outlook to the hills.

DANIEL L. MCSHANE

Architectural Innovations

By the local as well as by the imported skilled mechanics, Brother Albert's windows and doors for the new convent are considered as Number One, or the Very Best. And let it be known that these Chinese workers are no mean judges of superior workmanship. Thus far, they have been entirely satisfactory and their work is a credit to them. By contact with the foreigner in Canton, these men have familiarized themselves with many of the methods of our own Western world and the Loting convent is benefiting thereby. To the native denizens, the carpenters especially are veritable creative geniuses. In the native mud-brick huts, earth floors are the rule, while a second story or loft with wooden floor boards is an exception. The new convent has not only wooden first and second floors, but it has a concrete basement as well. The laying of these wooden floors with the tongue and groove boards, together with the laying and placing of laths and plaster, is eliciting great interest. So many windows with glass are an added feature. To the Chinese, light and ventilation are somewhat negligible; they apparently do not believe in sunlight and fresh air in the least. For them, it is a case of Safety First, Last and Always, as the big wooden bolts on the doors and openings called windows amply testify. Occasionally, when people who are not familiar with our house come to visit us, they cannot enter simply because they do not know how to turn the door knob, which is another innovation at Loting.

June 15

After a strenuous eleven weeks, the masons, carpenters and bricklayers are lazying about and preparing to leave for the "Provincial City", for which they have been pining ever since coming "up country".

Like our house, which is built Western style, the new convent still continues to be a source of no little interest for the surprised natives. That the "foreign devils", as we are so often called, can erect such houses makes us appear as a sort of superior being. But only in a material sense, and not always in such, do they consider us so.

Work for Convent Dwellers

Flanking either side of our compound are two temples, each with its own type of votaries, who are mostly women as the men are "feng shui" or "wind and water" devotees. Immediately in front of us is the seven story pagoda, which dominates the whole country for miles around. However, the school and orphanage, especially the latter, help us to realize why we are here. When the Sisters are firmly established, a leper home and blind asylum will perhaps be added. Such sanitary administration and doctrinal instruction as the Sisters will be in position to give, should break down much prejudice, while the pagan practices and traditions of centuries will be superseded by Christianity, and as a consequence, Loting will have more Catholics than it has now.

JOHN J. TOOMEY

Maryknoll Procure, Kowloon,
August 31, 1924.

I have just bought tickets for the trip to Loting and we all leave tomorrow night. The Sisters prefer to travel up the Loting River in the small boats, and as there is no danger of any kind and there is the possibility that we can have our daily Mass, they will probably find the journey a very pleasant one. While we shall not be able to greet them at Loting with an old Christian congregation, still I know they will be warmly received, and it will not be very long before they will win the affections of all. To me, the coming of the Sisters is the fulfillment of a long cherished hope; I am indeed grateful to the Lord. We shall let you know later about the trip to Loting.

DANIEL L. MCSHANE

September 1

Our school for the larger boys has been discontinued for awhile, because the shack used for this purpose had to be

utilized as a carpenter shop while the new convent was building. In order to make up, to a degree, for this loss, Father McShane has opened another school in a nearby village.

September 2

The privileges enjoyed by foreigners saved our compound today from becoming a camping ground for hundreds of the thousands of soldiers now flowing into Loting. Ancestral temples on either side of us, and all the schools in town, are already billeting the troops of the division that has been here for several weeks. Families near our walls have had to vacate their homes entirely and shift for themselves.

American Sisters Reach Loting

The arrival of the Maryknoll Sisters in Loting very auspiciously occurred on September 8, our Blessed Lady's Birthday. As this date is already a favored one in the Maryknoll annals—the First Departure having taken place September 8, six years ago—it augers well for the Sisters' work in Loting. Needless to say, all are happy to be here at last and are delighted with their new convent.

The trip up the South River took five days, but no one minded the monotonous journey. That Father McShane could offer the Holy Sacrifice every morning on the boat, pleased the travelers very much. Who is the happier, the pastor or the Sisters, now that the latter have at last taken up their work in Loting, it would be difficult to state.

JOHN J. TOOMEY

Chapter 4

A LEAN YEAR AT YEUNGKONG

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong,
January 19, 1924.

I HAVE been tied up so much lately with daily affairs of the Mission that it is refreshing to be able at last to uncork my inkwell. It is a pity you have not seen our little Mission at Yeungkong, and watched it grow in wisdom and grace and age; then you would excuse my bubbling over with thanks to God and our benefactors. I won't tire you with our first years here—our daily Mass with three men and one woman for a congregation. I'll simply take some of the results of the past year.

Our Crusade of Prayer

You know we asked our friends to pray particularly for the conversion of Yeungkong City. Certainly, I must confess I did not expect such a hearty response. Schools and convents and Crusaders and Circles wrote to me, not of what they promised, but of what they had actually done in prayers for us. It made Yeungkong the altar of a huge temple, worldwide in size. And the mighty volume of incense must have pleased God much, for He answered immediately with graces.

First of all, He gave us the Sisters in their new convent, and their presence soon reformed our orphanage and nursery and grandmothers' home into thriving institutions. We had the happiness of baptizing over three hundred fifty dying babies in our nursery, each of them a spotless soul to offer with our daily Mass. In the dispensary, the Sisters were visited by over seven thousand patients. The orphanage sheltered about thirty blind and lame girls, and ten homeless boys found a refuge with us. Over one hundred pagan neighbors were baptized and several score others came under

instruction. Our boys' school jumped from sixty to one hundred, and is limited simply by the accommodations. Our girls' school, in its first few months of existence, now registers forty pupils. Perhaps best of all, our Holy Communions numbered over twelve thousand, and six boys manifested budding vocations to the priesthood.

This is God's first answer to the prayers of our friends, and it makes the year ahead of us mighty encouraging—so much so that we are going to show our trust in Providence by building adequate quarters for our increased congregation.

Building Ahead

It is difficult to know where to begin. We enlarged the boys' school, but are still so cramped that we have had to share our own rooms in the priests' house with the boys. The girls' school is in a rented building beyond repair; the convent houses many of the classes in doctrine; isolated rooms here and there are used for instruction; while our chapel, built originally for a tiny congregation, is crowded at the daily Mass. We have as many as a hundred Communions at week-day Masses and the confusion due to lack of space is embarrassing.

It is a healthy growth for a baby mission, but we are in the same predicament as the boy who has outgrown short trousers. We must, then, build—but what a program for a young mission! We shall need the continued and increased prayers of all our friends. The work, though evidently urgent, is almost alarming in its size, and the conversions will follow so rapidly on the heels of improvements as to startle even an optimist. I defy anyone to be pessimistic for China, backed by a legion of prayers from home.

FRANCIS X. FORD

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong,
February 6, 1924.

For a month last fall I was the only priest here,—quite a change from last year, when there were four of us. I was hardly back from my retreat when it was Father Ford's

turn (October), and he left me in charge of the whole outfit. The Sisters were expected daily from their own retreat, but for more than a month they failed to appear. As usual, the soldiery had taken for themselves everything that could be called a boat, while the bandits occupied all the roads by the thousands. For all practical purposes, Yeungkong was cut off from the rest of the world and was as far from Hong Kong as Hong Kong itself is from New York. There I was with a crowd of babies, blind girls, old women, and school girls; besides, of course, the boys' school, the catechumens, and all the rest.

Sickness and Death

The main trouble was sickness, of which there was a great deal. The week after the pastor left, I buried three adults and an orphan boy of five. The first was an old man who died here at the Mission. The same day our catechist from Chappo arrived with what appeared like a bad case of grippe or perhaps pneumonia. I sent him at once to the Presbyterian Hospital, where I anointed him and brought him Holy Viaticum, before his death. Then a slave girl of seventeen was brought to die in the Old Ladies' Home. She had already been baptized, but the ceremonies had to be supplied. I also anointed her. And so it was for a month. Nearly every day a procession of the sick and near sick organized, under command of a woman catechist, for a pilgrimage to the Protestant Hospital. Doctor D—, the physician in charge, was most kind and willing to help. I was especially grateful for the entire freedom left me to administer the Sacraments whenever I saw fit, a privilege I understand denied to our missioners in one other mission.

Boys as Boys

Then there were the schools to manage. The girls' school ran very smoothly, but the boys, like all boys the world over, wished to test the new "boss". The first night after the pastor left there was much noise in the dormitories. The next day I posted a notice on the doors, stating that any one not in bed and asleep by nine o'clock would be sent home.

Most of the boarders come from villages in the bandit section, so that was sufficient to put the fear of the law into them. After that they behaved beautifully.

Announcing Good News

One day a boy came to me with a note written in his best English, explaining how he had met with an accident and asking to be allowed a few days' rest at home to recuperate. His life was not in danger and he could rest just as well here, I told him. He agreed, but added he had some very important business at home. I asked him what business could be so important as to take him away from his studies. He said he was invited to a wedding in his father's house. "And who is to be married?" He looked embarrassed, blushed, and finally admitted that he himself was the hero. Further questioning brought out the fact that the bride was a pagan, as well as all his own relatives. He himself was baptized at the school but a year or two ago. I thought it would be better to postpone the whole affair until after Father Ford's return. He mildly agreed and I was glad it was all over, as I thought.

Saving "Face"

That evening the head catechist came to tell me that the wine was bought, that everything had been arranged for months, and that the ceremony could not be postponed without a great deal of difficulty for both families concerned. I looked up my faculties and found I could validly and licitly dispense him from all impediments. There is little hesitation about using these faculties in the case of a Catholic boy betrothed to a pagan, as the girl is very willing to be instructed and baptized after her marriage. On the other hand, we never sanction the giving away of a Christian girl to a pagan husband. In this case then there was nothing unusual; after the necessary promises were made, I granted the dispensations.

The Wedding

The next morning, with the good wishes of the other school boys beautifully written on red paper, and laden with fire

crackers, we started for the pagan village where the ceremony was to take place. For three hours we hiked over the hills until, at the village entrance, we were met by the boy's relatives and escorted to the school house to wash and prepare for dinner. When we entered the room prepared for the banquet, I was shown the place where the idols used to be. I was told that, from now on, they were exiled for good—a welcome enough piece of news. The father said he had been reading the catechism and asked for baptism then and there. Some unkind soul whispered that he had two wives too many, so this would have to be settled first. I invited him to Yeungkong to talk things over.

Everything went well, and everybody was happy. About three o'clock the bride arrived, hidden in her red chair and surrounded by her attendants. She was brought in, dressed in a long red robe, her head covered with some sort of a veil and her hands under a silk handkerchief, hiding her face with a fan. After over half an hour's hesitation—the correct time, it seems—and strongly urged all that time by the witnesses, she at last decided to say "Yes" to the all-important question. Then it was all over.

The Solitude Ended

I returned to Yeungkong, waited a few more weeks for the Sisters, took care of dozens of sick children, including a few adults, and baptized some seventy-five or more abandoned babies. At midnight of November 6, I was awakened by Father Ford, who had just arrived with a whole caravan. Some soldiers were sent to reinforce the garrison and he, with Mother Mary Joseph, Miss C—, and the Yeungkong Sisters, were lucky enough to have been accepted by them as fellow passengers.

Thus ended my first pastorate in China. It had lasted one month. I was happy to return to my books and hand back the sceptre to the legitimate ruler of the Yeungkong compound.

The War Element Again

For a whole month nothing more important occurred than another change of government, the third in a year. The

forces of General S— were badly beaten somewhere near Chiklung and his soldiers on duty here fled the next morning. They were replaced two days later by five or six thousand men of General C—'s party. The interval was one of suspense and, for the people, of fear. The town, for the time, was left unprotected. Hundreds of bandits were prowling around and did much damage in the villages just outside the walls. The Mission and convent compounds were naturally crowded with refugees. The pastor camped two nights near the Sisters' gate, while I did the same here, to quiet the people and to be on hand should trouble begin. We were, however, spared all unpleasantness. Father Ford was asked to accompany a delegation which went to meet the victorious general asking him to spare the people and to protect us from robbers. This he did, so everything ended well. We were especially thankful for the thoughtfulness of S—'s men who, by their flight, saved us from the excitement of a second siege this year.

On December 8 Father Ford left me again to my own devices, as he had to escort Mother Mary Joseph and her companions safely to Hong Kong—not an easy trip under the present conditions. He was to be back in a week or two at the most; but it took them eleven days to reach Hong Kong, and it was January 15 when he at last reappeared, accompanied by Father Gleason, who had just arrived from America.

In the meantime, Christmas came and went. Very few Christians this year made the trip from the villages, on account of the ever-present bandit curse. In many places the people have fled to the mountains, their cattle have been stolen, their homes have been ransacked and often burned. No rice has been planted for months. In more than half of our stations, all the furniture, school desks, altars, seats, doors, and windows, have been taken from the chapels and used as firewood by the robbers. It is feared that many of our best Christian settlements north of Yeungkong have been more or less wiped out. Of course, we cannot help it. If it be God's will thus to try our poor people, His will be done; yet, we ask all our friends to pray for peace and tran-

quility, that His work may not suffer too much in this abandoned section of His vineyard.

A Happy Christmas

In spite of bad news, we had quite a successful Christmas celebration. The school boys decorated the house and chapel, and lanterns were strung along the street between the convent and the Mission. The sight was a very pleasant one. At midnight the Sisters and their school girls surprised the people by the strains of the "Adeste Fideles", as they slowly made their way to the chapel. At Mass we had nearly one hundred and fifty Communions. Afterwards many firecrackers were fired, and if one can judge by the amount of noise, there was much rejoicing.

After High Mass in the morning, the Sisters distributed candies and toys to the school boys and girls, to the old folks and the blind children. The rest of the day there was much noise, and munching, and smiling. In the afternoon I baptized four old ladies and two girls.

Chiklung Visited

The next morning, December 26, found me on the way to Chiklung, where the people were expecting a priest for the feast and had been disappointed. The first ten miles or so were from Yeungkong to Faocheung by water, then to Yeungpin by chair. At Yeungpin we boarded a little sailing junk which, with the help of a good breeze, brought us to the mouth of the Chiklung River in a little over two hours. Then the crowding began! There were quite a few people bound the same way, and but one little sampan hardly twelve feet by four.

At 10:30 we stopped, just a few feet below the Chiklung chapel. I was so cramped I could hardly move, and my catechist, a venerable old man, had to be assisted out of the boat for he was unable even to stand alone. There was beautiful moonlight, and the air was balmy and delightful, yet the occasion was not one for poetry. The following morning I heard twenty confessions and gave Holy Communion to eighteen persons. At ten we were on the road again,

bound for Sheungyeung, a promising station five miles to the south.

The Promising Village of Sheungyeung

This trip was interesting and a real vacation,—a hike of some fifteen miles through valleys and mountain passes. I could have kept going all day, even though the sun was too warm to be enjoyed. We soon arrived, however, to be greeted by the school master. He is not one of the youngsters, affecting more or less foreign styles, but a real old-style Chinese gentleman, with finger nails easily six inches long.

We entered the Mission and were shown into the chapel. The house here is a rented shop, one room being used for the school, the rest for the school master's family. One loft is reserved for the chapel. It is clean enough, perhaps, but terribly poor, with a few boards covered with white cotton for an altar and wooden horses for seats, a crucifix, two candlesticks, and nothing else. Bethlehem itself could not have been worse.

The Christians and catechumens within call soon began to arrive. Some sixty in all, most of them not yet baptized, appeared. Where they slept that night, I do not pretend to know; there was very little place left for them. After night prayers, I heard a few confessions, then went down to the school room to examine the candidates for Baptism. The language at Sheungyeung is much clearer and nearer Cantonese than at Yeungkong. With outward assurance, but interior misgivings, I set to work. I had no trouble to be understood and could manage easily enough to catch what they said. There were many applicants, but few were chosen. Most of the grown men were ready, but their wives and families were not yet instructed, so they had to wait. A few school boys, children of pagan parents, were also told to wait a little longer, as I thought their chances of persevering too few for the present.

I finally selected ten of the candidates, including two men with their wives and three children; also two little girls, whose parents were already baptized, and both of whom, I

was assured, are betrothed to Christian boys. To top the list came a bachelor of forty years or so, an anomaly in these parts. I innocently provoked much merriment at his expense when I asked if his wife had also been studying the doctrine. There was a crowd following the whole performance. A woman catechist was in the next room with the women, not losing anything that was going on, and as soon as I started speaking, she came out. Every once in a while, she would start repeating to the men all I was saying. They seemed willing enough to listen to her, and, if they were, I was—I was thus doubly sure of being understood.

Friday morning, the feast of the Holy Innocents, I heard a few more confessions, then started Mass. Twenty-three people received Communion. Then began the baptisms. I was especially pleased to see that, although many had to leave for work right after Mass, all those I had refused the night before were very carefully watching the ceremonies, chanting the *Creed* and *Pater* more loudly even than those who were actually receiving the Sacrament.

Homeward and Home

Breakfast had to be hurried, as I was asked to bless ten or fifteen houses in the neighboring village, a little more than a mile distant, and we planned to return to Chiklung early that same afternoon. The walk to the village was unusual, as the road was through a magnificent wood, the only real wood I have yet seen in China. It was a market day and we met hundreds of people on the way.

At eleven we left Sheungyeung, and at four were back in Chiklung. A small sampan was secured and we were off. At three the next afternoon we were at Faocheung, and by five I was in our Yeungkong chapel, hearing confessions.

Father Ford is well and engaged in preaching a ten days' retreat to the Sisters in preparation for the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, next week. Father Gleason seems quite happy in his new home and is conscientiously bent on acquiring this Chinese language of ours. Judging by the way he goes at it, it should not be long before he can take care of himself.

1. Mr. Lau, catechumen and teacher

2. Mr. Ho, Yeungkong's first convert

3. Mr. Cheuk, a catechist

YEUNGKONG MISSION HELPERS

Six new boys reached us, two from Kochow, and four from Tungchen. Added to our own five hopefuls, we now have eleven Latin students. I am teaching Latin three hours, besides one hour of Catechism, daily to these future seminarians. I still have Chinese to learn, so fear it will be a long time before I can send another letter of this length.

ANTHONY J. PAULHUS

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong,
April, 1924.

I have greater respect than ever for the heroes of the many dime novels I used to read. The villain invariably had the draw; it was often four to one against the hero, but somehow the latter preserved his skin by quick action and an amused disregard of danger. I fear the authors themselves had never been under fire, or else the frequent recital of the story had dimmed their memory of its facts,—unless of course, they were made of sterner stuff than I.

Father Gleason and I were held up, on April 18, by bandits. Everything was in our favor. It was broad noon, on the main highway; the robbers were plain everyday Chinese, carrying umbrellas, without masks or bucking broncos; the only handicap was an up-to-date mauser with a finger on the trigger.

The Hold-Up

We had been properly brought up in the belief that firearms are dangerous, and that a man who deliberately points a gun at another should not be trusted with the plaything. But we had no time to tell that to the bandits, and I must confess to an act of contrition and a curious feeling of childlike helplessness. Psychologists among you might be interested in our thoughts at the moment. I had visions of being a hero, saw myself landing a terrific uppercut that would account for one man, and wondered whether it would terrify the other ten. I dismissed that as impracticable, though the ugly jaw on the nearest man would have tempted

Dempsey to forget the gun. My eyes fastened on the fire-arm; it was a brand new, latest model 45, and I actually speculated on my ability to handle it and vizualized a remarkable feat by which I downed the bandits one by one, without of course, killing them. I even found time to think of the international complications that might arise from killing us, and I tried to tell this to the nearest bandit, pointing out the danger to himself,—but he simply grinned.

Except for our thoughts, the whole proceeding was very tame, and I could see a farmer on a nearby hill resting on his plow to wonder what the affair was all about. We argued for several minutes, but to seemingly deaf ears. There was a rapid search to see if we were armed, then the baggage was carried off without delay.

The Haul

We pleaded for the return of our breviaries, but the gold-tipped leaves made them seem too valuable. The bandits left us our corncob pipes and tobacco; but rosary, keys, and notebooks, and Father Gleason's watch, were seized. My watch was overlooked, as I had no fob or chain. Our hand-bags, containing razors and pajamas, oil stocks and ritual, and personally important notebooks, were taken. The bandits made a good haul in cash. Bishop Gauthier had entrusted two hundred and fifty dollars to us for the repair of one of his chapels, and we had thirty-six dollars to pay our way home, so the average was twenty-five dollars per bandit for a few moments' work.

But out of all comparison with our loss was that of our companions. We were acting as escort to a party including two Catholic Chinese women, one of them the wife of an official in the French Concession at Kwangchowwan. Her jewels and luggage were worth at least several hundred dollars. While three bandits were engaged with us, the rest of them marched the ladies off at a rapid pace and disappeared at a turn of the road. Our three worthies threatened our guide with sundry developments if we took any steps in the matter, and then quickly rejoined their compan-

ions, leaving us undecided whether to push on and inform the Chinese authorities or to retrace our steps to Kwangchowwan. We did the latter and at the next military post told our story.

Quick Action by French

It is a credit to the French authorities that they acted so quickly. The Inspector immediately sounded the bugle call, his men fell into line and marched off in pursuit of the bandits. The case looked hopeless for the captured women, as the holdup occurred on the borderline. Within the Concession protection is afforded the Chinese, but bandits can make a sorti over the frontier, raid and pillage, and skip back to Chinese territory easily. The French soldiers cannot cross in pursuit. As the dividing line straggles over valleys and plains in an irregular circle, it is impossible to guard the frontier without the coöperation of the mandarins.

After seeing his orders carried out, the Inspector gave us belated dinner and then escorted us back to the Cathedral. There Bishop Gauthier put us in touch with the Governor of the Colony and the telegraph broadcasted descriptions of the ladies and of our belongings. The bandits became the center of comment that traveled as fast as the telegraph. Such rapid and systematic search for pirates is unheard of from Chinese officials, unless stimulated by foreign indignation, and in this case it must have frightened the bandits, for before evening they released the young ladies without talk of any ransom.

Thus the main object was achieved, but the French authorities were not satisfied. They sent demands for the return of our baggage, and they really expect results, though there is little hope of getting the money back. Our personal loss is slight, but Bishop Gauthier can ill afford such a large sum.

We left next day after again dining with the Inspector, who had meanwhile regained some of the ladies' jewels. For prudence' sake we tried to avoid the village where the holdup occurred, but the bypaths of China are misleading and, just as we recognized the scene of the disaster, we came upon

one of the bandits carefully inspecting his gun. He coolly hid the instrument and opened conversation with us about the valuables stolen. He suggested our stopping off at the village to talk over a cash redemption. Had he not been alone, he might have been tempted to relieve us of the small sum we had just borrowed from the Bishop for our trip. We allowed him to precede us as guide and, when a clump of bamboo hid us from view, we hurriedly retraced our steps to a neighboring village. There one of the men kindly offered to lead us by a roundabout way, and we finished our trip unmolested.

The question arises, would we have fared better had we been armed or had we offered resistance. Firearms would have been of no use when we were attacked, unless we paraded with them in our hands, for we had no time to draw them from our pockets; then too, they would have been seized, in any event. As to resistance, we were outnumbered three to one.

FRANCIS X. FORD

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong,
April 28, 1924.

Yeungkong for the past year has been in bondage, overrun by bandits who are well organized and armed and number several thousands. The beginning of last year witnessed the battles between two rival parties in Kwangtung. Each side enrolled as many combatants as possible, and, when the fighting hindered farming, when shops were closed and market towns deserted, thousands of young men enrolled as soldiers for the sake of their daily bread. The temporary success of one party meant the rout of their enemy, and the retreating forces disbanded. Unfortunately, each soldier retained his gun. The year of fallow fields and suspended trading overtaxed the resources of the villages. For three seasons there had been no crops, and rice more than doubled in price. When the tension became unbearable, banditry broke out.

Bandit Strategy

The chief bandit showed clever management. To be effective, he needed many armed men; not the ordinary small force that yearly disturbs the more interior sections, for such would be quickly suppressed by the regular army. He started with a few picked men, and went from village to village, threatening to destroy them if they did not enroll a certain number in his band. Within a month his force had increased to several thousands, and as so many villages had contributed their quota, it was impossible for them to retaliate later with effective punishment. Then began the real banditry. At first this was mere confiscating of all hoarded rice from the more prosperous villages, then the driving off of pigs and cows. Hitherto this had been done on a small scale and was no novelty; but to feed a real army on the march, and to provide for their folk at home numbering tens of thousands, more drastic measures were needed. Villages were raided by day and night; men and women were captured and led away for ransom; and those who resisted were shot down. Those not ransomed were secreted away, the men to die, the women to be sold as wives in other regions, the children to be sold for adoption. Villages that had not joined the bandits were soon denuded of all life, the men fleeing to the towns and cities, the women scattering in the nearby mountains, hiding by day and sneaking under cover of night to where provisions of some sort were hidden.

This has been the story of the Yeungkong area for nine months, increasing in horror as the demands became more urgent. Our sympathy for the Christians is powerless before the magnitude of their need.

All this barbarity tells against the character of the Chinese to some extent, but it should not be exaggerated. Self-preservation is a powerful motive for lawlessness. Banditry here is not a profession, not the deliberate avocation of a hardened thief in the face of legal deterrents to crime; banditry here is an attempt to get a living by foul means when fair ones fail, in a country unpoliced, among a peaceful people inviting plunder by their unpreparedness and unagressiveness, with little or no risk to the bandit and with

merely pagan moral maxims to guide the conscience. The farmers are bandits simply because they cannot be farmers. When the war lords of the provinces stop fighting, and allow the villagers leisure to sow grain, and permit a market for their crops, banditry ceases automatically and the erstwhile robber spends his energy in uprooting weeds.

As the Missioner Sees It

Papini's paraphrase of Saint John's pleading for the Coming of Christ, rises spontaneously from the heart these days in China. Within the past score years, were none so tragic as the present. The earthquake in Japan of course dwarfs all our troubles here, and I do not even compare the two; but ours is a dull, hard, wearing pain, including fire and brigandage, captivity and torture, slavery and death, and all through it looms the harrowing fear of what the morrow may bring and the certainty of actual want.

The worst feature for the missioner is his powerlessness to give the Christians spiritual help. We went into the interior despite the counsel of the city refugees. We took the main road and made our first day's journey, of twenty-one miles, to Taipat. Usually this is a busy road and many a Christian greets us on the way, for outside the city the path is through a fertile valley dotted with villages; but now, after we quit the suburbs of the city until we reached Taipat, we met but two travelers. During the whole trip I counted only eight cows, where formerly were hundreds if not thousands. We passed through two market towns; one was absolutely deserted, the other contained a lean old dog who shied at our approach. The road in places had become so overgrown with cactus and prickly weeds, that it was difficult to force a passage. The miles of former ricefields stretching out in the valleys were grassy meadows, and the broken walls of several villages were hidden in luxuriant morning glories that flourished unmolested. Nine months of war and brigandage had made a wilderness of this huge tract of country, and tropical nature ran riot in an effort to hide the hideous shambles.

Fortunately the Chinese, no matter how crippled, recu-

perate quickly; they bend before the storm, and therefore from a material viewpoint suffer less than might be thought. Their homes are destroyed and work is paralyzed, but their fields remain and, through patriarchal coöperation, the village is reorganized. Two or three good crops put them on their feet again. This year the setback is more serious, for in one town alone three hundred were killed by the bandits. But already, even there, the movement to reëstablish has begun, and some hardy individuals have cautiously returned and removed the débris where formerly stood their shops.

It has been estimated that thousands have fled to more peaceful regions, and the roofless villages and wild jungles that everywhere greet the eye are evidence of migration on a large scale. The effects on our Christians are still uncertain. It will take months of patient questioning before the loss is fully known, but of the four hundred Christians scattered through this northern section, perhaps a hundred have either been killed or have migrated elsewhere.

FRANCIS X. FORD

[Two Maryknollers—Monsignor Walsh and Father Ford—attended the General Council held at Shanghai in the summer of 1924. Father Ford's report will prove of interest to all who are following the progress of the Church in China.]

The General Council at Shanghai, June, 1924

China's first General Council is now past history, and we in China shall soon be quoting its decrees as familiarly as if it happened in the early Church.

In contrast with other meetings held in the same city, the Plenary Council was almost silent. There were no long speeches to record, no striking utterances of radical views, nothing in fact that a reporter could use as a headline. The speeches had already been made in local synods that were held throughout China during the past two years; the whole situation of the Church in China had been gone over in those provincial meetings, and the Council's work was simply a review of the intensive work of the synods, a comparison of

the reports of each section, a thorough revision of the mass of matter recorded, and the final expression of the votes of the entire hierarchy of China.

Yet it was not a mere mechanical reassembling of past findings. The Council was composed of committees, not provincial as in the synods, but each purposely representative of several sections of China. Each body found itself voicing the views of North and South, of Szchwan as well as Fukien, and thus was obtained as extensive and comprehensive a vote as possible. Conservative opinions expressed would disappoint a radical reporter, for the salvation of China is not a personal hobby, nor an experiment, nor will it be won by spectacular polices; the heathen world is not a curious discovery of the present day, needing a new doctrine for its conversion. The Bishop of Hippo could have sat with the Bishops of China, and his views on the propagation of the Faith would not have differed from theirs.

Why the Council Was Held

If then the conversion of the Chinese offers so little field for novel methods, why have a Plenary Council? It is true the Catholic Church in China could have gone along as in the past, a slow, steady leaven, gaining yearly its hundreds of thousands of converts, almost insensibly becoming a firmly established Church with its gradually increasing native clergy and schools and charitable works, without this meeting of its pastors. It is evident that a Church, three hundred years in China, knows too well the character of its people to need instruction now; and it is inevitable, from the nature of the Church, that no new doctrine nor system of morals need be invented to be assimilated by the Chinese unbelievers. Nor was it necessary for the Bishops to meet to congratulate themselves on the success of the Faith in China, or to worry over possible failure. There was no call for a Council to denounce any incipient heresy, no question of Fundamentalism to disturb the situation, no need to reaffirm even the latest decrees from Rome, or to bring the Church in China to enthusiastic acceptance of the restored discipline of frequent Communion: the Church here is marvelously pristine and

apostolic, and untainted by nationalism, and one in spirit and discipline.

The Plenary Council was held in China, I believe, not primarily for its reaction on the participants and its strengthening of the bond of charity, nor because of the change in the personnel of the missioners in China, but because of the change in the Chinese themselves. The advent of America in the mission field, with its promise of recruits and reinforcements, has necessitated a redistribution of territory and made possible the concentration of long established, and the opening of new, missions in China. This in itself would have occasioned no problem for an already international hierarchy and the new forces would have been easily assimilated as novices eager to learn from the experienced missioners on the field, without any Plenary Council. But the problem of young China, struggling in the readjustment of its new political and social views with its centuried conservatism, is worthy of a meeting of the heads of the Catholic Church in China.

The Problem of Young China

That there is such a problem, that China is changing from the tutorship of Confucius to whatever offers itself as modern and Western, has been doubted. Personally, as a young missioner in a small city in the interior, with a background of New York's metropolis for comparison, I could see very little of modern methods in China, but in talking with the Bishops, some of whom were consecrated over thirty years ago, I find I lack a Chinese background. The fact that a school system has been established in every province, complete in its structure from primary grades to high schools and even, in some cities, with colleges and universities, is a step which demands a knowledge of China's past for its appreciation. Even though this system in practice is far from perfect, along with the many other adaptations from Western countries, still it evidences a sharp break with the past. In the matter, too, of literature, many a city can boast of several newspapers, and the printing press is becoming more powerful.

With the coming of the Republic in China there have been many changes, but, unless I am mistaken, the important changes are not political and have even developed apart from the form of government. In one generation, China has leaped from seclusion and exclusion to grapple with the latest inventions. There has been very little time for an intermediate stage. This has had an important bearing on our Catholic schools in China. Makeshifts that even ten years ago were acceptable, are now inadequate; our colleges, though few, are up to the standard, but we are weak in both lower and higher elementary schools. Coördination, too, is desirable, especially in grading our schools. We have made a beginning in uniform Catholic textbooks and in supplementary reading matter, but the whole field of Catholic fiction is still fallow.

The Plenary Council, then, may be said to mark a new stage in China's evangelization. Pioneer work must still be done, especially in South China where converts have been fewer, but, side by side with the methods of the past, must go educational and medical work that less than a generation ago was unnecessary. The Church here is faced with the same problems that confront her in America, without the opportunity to develop preparatory plans.

But I shall not speak of the problems solved at the Council; those will appear when Rome has approved the proposals. It is enough to say that the Bishops present concentrated all their attention, for three weeks, in two sessions daily, on the matters under consideration, and between sessions they held private meetings for special topics.

Catholicity of the Council

What struck me forcibly was the businesslike attitude of the Council. Except for three ceremonies—the solemn opening, the Requiem Mass for the deceased Bishops, and the final act of the Council—there was a total absence of the liturgical splendor that usually accompanies Church services. The Bishops came and went, on foot, in the third-class compartments of the tramcars or in automobiles, each with a portfolio tucked under his arm like any business man. They

assembled at the stroke of the clock in the different committee rooms, without confusion or noise or unnecessary chatting.

Latin was the language spoken. I do not mean simply the official language of the council, but the common tongue heard in the corridors, on the street, at private sessions, during the public meetings and dinners. This was necessary for there were thirteen nationalities represented and no other language would have been common to all. At first thought, it might be suggested that Chinese be the language of the Council, but there is no common Chinese language spoken. In the Province of Kwangtung alone there are at least four different languages, with several dialects, and this is true in a degree of all China. It was a new experience for some of the Bishops, who had been twenty to thirty years in China, to find on arrival at Shanghai that the Mandarin tongue spoken there was peculiar to that city. Even the two native Chinese Bishops spoke different dialects.

The diversity of races was another striking feature. In very few places outside of China can such a profusion of tongues be found, and surely nowhere else today could nationals of all the countries lately at war meet on a common footing of peace and charity as at the International Settlement of Shanghai. This neutral ground insured a total absence of political flavor in the Council and safeguarded the religious aspect of the meeting. Among the Bishops present nineteen were French, ten Italian, five Spanish, five Belgian, four Dutch, two German, two Chinese; America was represented by our own Monsignor Walsh and delegates of the Passionists and Franciscans; Portugal, Austria, and Ireland each had a representative, and there were, besides, eight Chinese consultors. Of the Bishops, almost one-half have been consecrated since the War, which is sufficient in itself to show what great progress has been made within the past five years. The Catholic Church in China now numbers fifty-seven Bishops, and over two thousand three hundred priests, about one-half of whom are Chinese. China has now sixty-two ecclesiastical divisions and there are eight more in preparation.

Episcopal Journeyings

The arrival of the Bishops at Shanghai would make an interesting tale in itself. Take, for example, the route of the Bishops of Yunnan and Szchwan. They were twenty days on horseback, until they came to the nearest tributary of the Yangtse; then, by raft, sampan, sailboat, and a succession of steamers, covering another period of thirty-one days they arrived at Shanghai. They traveled downstream all the way, made unusually quick connections, and had no mishaps; yet the trip took fifty-one days. Going back upstream, they expect to make it in slightly over two months. Three other Bishops met bandits on the way, and left behind them, in consequence, all their episcopal insignia. Others, with foresight, wore cheap rings and second-best vestments. The majority, however, had comparatively easy trips, of from one week to ten days. If it were not for the modern steamboats and railways, the Council could not have taken place as China otherwise would be a country larger than America without roads or signposts and in great part uncharted. So recent have been the facilities for travel, that many of the older Bishops are now visiting Shanghai for the first time in twenty or more years. Yet within a week of the close of the Council, and just as the hot season began, every Bishop had started on his homeward trail.

Dedication of China

The Council closed at Pentecost with a simple, touching dedication of China to the Blessed Virgin. Each Bishop voiced a prayer for his region, and the united offering of China by the entire hierarchy will surely bring on it the special protection of the Queen of Apostles.

FRANCIS X. FORD

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong,
August 28, 1924.

Yeungkong is always in the same, more or less, chaotic state: bandits, bandits everywhere, and not much hope in sight. Of course, junks have completely stopped. In the

AT THE COUNCIL OF SHANGHAI

Bishops from all over China, entering the cathedral for their first Council, held in 1924, under the presidency of His Excellency, Archbishop Costantini, Apostolic Delegate.

last fifteen months, we have been ten months at least without any direct communication with the outside. Most of the time we had to rely on chance sailboats, which would not sail, either because there was no wind, or because there was too much wind, or because there were pirates reported, or simply because the day was marked as unlucky in the pagan calendar.

A Night Visitor

The only excitement during that time was the visit of a thief. At midnight I was awakened by a curious noise on my porch. I got up to investigate and could see nothing. All of a sudden, turning round, I found somebody hiding hardly six feet from me. I was too surprised to try to catch him, and before I had time to say a word he was off by way of the roofs, jumping from one to the other like a trained acrobat. I was still more surprised when I found on the porch two suit cases containing my chalice and all my vestments, which had just been taken from the very room in which I was sleeping. This determined me to take the precaution of the Chinese, and have iron bars put on all windows. I now defy any night bird to enter my stronghold.

Maryknoll Sisters En Route

On August 6 Father Gleason appeared with Sisters R. and D. The two latter were returning by way of Hoingan from a "three weeks' vacation" at Hongkong. The vacation had lasted nearer two months, most of which time was passed trying to return home, and the Sisters looked rather the worse for the said vacation. They had to live a whole week in a Chinese house in Hoingan, while waiting for a sailboat to sail. These houses,with their complete lack of ventilation, are bad enough in June or even in winter, but to live in them any length of time in July or August almost means suicide for us. To live as the natives do sounds well in America, but it can't be done, at least in the summer. This season, which is hard enough on the Chinese themselves, would be killing for us unless we managed to catch at least the little bit of breeze that comes once in a while.

Four of the Loting Sisters were still here and their new convent was waiting for them. The Hoingan route is safe enough, but quite uncertain in regard to time. It may take a few days to reach Hongkong that way, or it may take a few weeks.

On August 8, after a four o'clock Mass, we started. A two hours' sail to Faocheung, a chair trip of some six miles or so to Wongtsuen, and another sail of some six hours brought us to Hoiling Island, of which Chappo is the main town. I saw the four Sisters and a Chinese woman installed on a junk in two "cabins" measuring at least three feet from the floor to the ceiling and with enough room for them to lie down if the baggage was left outside. They sailed a few hours later, and managed to reach Kongmoon after two nights in their pigeonholes. It was good they could catch that junk, since the very next one was captured by pirates.

Home—and a Commission

Mass had not been said at Chappo since last December, so I landed on the island and repaired to the rented house of four small rooms, much too small, used as school and chapel. I stayed there three days, and thus saved the few Christians a trip to Yeungkong for the feast of the Assumption.

Coming home, I spent a night in a rowboat. About nine o'clock a shot was fired at us. It was from some soldiers stationed nearby, who did us the great honor of mistaking us for pirates. These soldiers are a wonderful crowd. If we had been real bandits and in numbers, no soldier would have been visible, but in the case of a rowboat containing only three men and a boy they were very brave and were glad to show the people of the neighborhood how vigilant they were. They are wonderfully bad shots, but some time they will make a mistake and hit somebody.

On August 16, Father Ford found his way home from a four-months' trip to the Shanghai Council and Swatow. The change did him good and he looks fitter than ever.

He will leave about Christmas time to take charge of the new territory soon to be entrusted to us in the Swatow Vicariate. And I am to be in charge of this Yeungkong out-

fit. With its dozen schools; its curates, Sisters, teachers, catechists; its blind children, old people, infants, it is a big proposition. Father Ford, with many friends, was always on the verge of bankruptcy; and all I have received from America during the past twelve months was a little over three hundred dollars. Economies are possible, and already have been practiced to a great extent. I will put all our troubles, financial and otherwise, into the hands of The Little Flower, and I know she will not fail us. We may have to curtail some activities, but I hope no really essential work will need to suffer from lack of means.

ANTHONY J. PAULHUS

Chapter 5

OPENING UP THE NEW FIELDS

(Sunchong, Fachow, Hoingan)

American Catholic Mission, Sunchong,
February, 1924.

AST month we went from Pakkai to Hong Kong by the steamship *Tai Lee.* She had been pirated a few days before and the deck showed many traces of high-powered bullets. We missed old Captain Wilcox, known to many Maryknollers, for the pirates had sent the old skipper dead to port after his fifty years at sea.

Pirate Methods

The piracy was typical of the methods now in vogue. Pirates went aboard at Hong Kong as passengers. Three of the boat crew in league with them smuggled arms aboard. In the Suntak narrows, about midnight, they opened fire on the three decks simultaneously, shot down the guards and captain, put the two other English officers into the wheel house with guns at their heads, told the second engineer at his engines to keep full steam ahead, using four pistols to emphasize their remarks, and then proceeded to loot one hundred thousand dollars in cash and goods. One poor fellow was returning from America with eight thousand dollars gathered by many years of laundry and restaurant work, and of course the pirates accepted this. After three hours of sailing, the pirates made the ship stand by at an appointed spot and there they transferred to a pirate craft on which comrades were waiting. Only one of their number had been wounded badly, so sudden was their attack, and him they threw overboard.

With them they took forty Chinese passengers whom they

are holding for ransom money. They singled out these forty by examining hands. Those who had hands roughened by toil were passed by as too poor. They have just left the corpse of one of the captives, tied to a stake in the river near Pakkai, with a flag written in Chinese advising the relatives of the other captives to hurry payment of the ransoms; otherwise, each week another corpse will be found.

This band is from the Suntak district. Everyone hereabouts knows three famous pirate and bandit chiefs in Suntak, and also their approximate locations. No one of them seems to have a band more numerous than three hundred. Yet ships must put more armor plates on their decks, and carry large numbers of guards, although one of the nearby "armies" could wipe out such bandit bands in a few days.

Nilan Memorial School

We are intent on opening a school in the mission compound. Our grounds are cramped and the buildings tottering, but the hedge-scholars of old learned under the open sky. We sent out a thousand handbills to all the principal shops and doors of the two towns, describing the excellent features of the new seat of culture and the requirements of admission. Thirty boys have registered, and others are coming.

Tuition fee is ten dollars a year for higher classes and seven dollars for lower. We furnish the boarding pupils with a bed made of two or three planks set on saw horses; a porcelain pillow, or one almost equally hard made of bamboo or pigskin; cooking utensils, rice bowls, and chopsticks. Each student must bring a straw mat and a comforter for bed furnishings, a wash basin and a mosquito net. The boys must wash their own clothes and club together to hire a cook with whom they will arrange for their meals, so that the missioner will never need to listen to complaints about the menu. There was a solemn debate as to who should provide the salt, peanut oil for cooking, and fire wood. The mission finally won by agreeing to have tea always ready for drinking, while the students pay for all their food and drink. In this we are following the custom of Chinese

schools. Of course, poor students will be accepted free; but all so far seem able to pay. The name of the school is the "Nilan Memorial", in honor of the Bishop of Hartford.

I have a professor coming from Canton, who will teach English and Christian Doctrine in another school of fifty pupils, a two hours' journey from here.

Students for America

If you have places in American schools for some boys from this district, the fact will attract much favor toward our schools here. Several boys now wish me to help them to go to America to study. Three are youngsters with relatives in San Francisco—they would fit into such a school as Father Bradley's. Two are older and are ready for high school.

Could Maryknoll give the guarantee for these boys to the United States authorities, leaving the students to pay their own fare and provide for their own upkeep if free scholarships are not available? Have you any free scholarships for boys ready to enter college? If I could assure boys coming to our school that we can prepare them for higher courses in the United States, I think many would flock to us.

River Raiders

Sunwui district has many river pirates who make frequent raids on the few local junks now running. Soldiers were sent up from Kongmoon to engage them, but returned defeated, minus many guns and men. The bandits at the southern end of our district, operating between the Foochow mountains and those in the little hilly Chikkai district under one leader, are said to be six thousand strong. They have the best models in small arms, according to our informant who had business with them in their central stronghold. They find long narrow skiffs, each with a score of oars, more serviceable than steam launches. With these they can outstrip any boat sailing down the coast. They collect toll on all shipping and we know of at least two boats under foreign captains and flags which pay monthly fees to these pirates.

JOSEPH A. SWEENEY

Fortified Schools

Early in March we made a mission trip of a few days to Sacred Heart village and vicinity, and arrived just in time to find dying an old lady over eighty years of age, who needed the last Sacraments. Sacred Heart is an old community. It has a well-built boarding and day school, protected by a five-story watchtower of brick and concrete, with armed guards and a searchlight ready for bandit attacks at night. This also serves as dormitory for the pupils. The fact that a neighboring school, including teachers, was run off in a body to be held in the mountains by the bandits last year has impressed itself on these people and country schools that can't provide such protection do not dare to open.

Lawsuits in China

Lawsuits among the Chinese are always as intense as feuds. To lose a suit is such a terrifying "loss of face" that the Chinese will spend money regardless in order to bribe a victory, and the officials knowing that fact will often keep the case pending, until one contestant is impoverished. We know of two villages in our Sunwui territory that went to war over water rights worth a few thousand dollars at the most. According to our informant, a ship captain who sailed by them twice a week, they had spent as much as two million dollars on the case and were beginning to use firearms, when the head magistrate sent two Chinese gun boats and a general down to stop the fighting. The last we heard of the case was that one side had bought over the general and his gunboats and for the nonce had the upper hand.

Among corrupt officials, one lucrative method is taking bribes from contestants in lawsuits; another, trumping up charges against fellows more or less innocent, and then releasing them from prison upon the payment of big ransoms or fines. It is on these two scores that missioners interfere for their Christians in court proceedings occasionally, if convinced that their Christians are victims of great injustice.

March 30

The Sunchong missioner has had a slight illness, and a brief rest in Hong Kong is advised.

JOSEPH A. SWEENEY

Maryknoll Procure, Kowloon,
August 10, 1924.

Father Toomey and I have just returned from a vacation of a couple of weeks in the Philippines. Maryknoll is certainly known and loved in the Islands. Introducing ourselves as Maryknollers, we received the most kindly hospitality everywhere. The priests could not do too much for us, and on all sides we received the respect accorded to priests in Christian countries. What we observed in the missions, we will report later; let it suffice now to say that we saw the Mill Hill priests and the Jesuit Fathers harvesting great results in their parishes.

On our arrival here, I learned of my new assignment to Korea. I shall leave about the first of September.

JOSEPH A. SWEENEY

American Catholic Mission, Fachow,
April, 1924.

Did you ever try, in a Chinese village, with forty almond eyes slanted upon you, watching your every movement as a hawk does its prey; did you ever try, in the privacy of a bedroom in a public square, with twenty foreign tongues asking questions; did you ever try, when ducks and chicks, and cattle and pigs, were noising in the same room with you; did you ever, under such conditions, try to shave? Well, I have, and as a result of my morning's experience, I'm thinking of following Father Ford's example and shaving only after I get home from mission trips.

"Belmont" Village

Twenty-eight received Holy Communion this morning, and Baptism was administered, after Mass, to six—two men, two boys, and two infant girls.

During my thanksgiving after Mass and baptisms, as I knelt before the altar table, someone became interested in my rubber-soled "gym" shoes, which I find good for walking. I tried not to notice the inquisitive inspector when he raised my cassock to better examine the white shoes. I made never a move even when the inquisitive one lifted my ankle, as a blacksmith does when he is shoeing a horse, though I must confess that I was tempted to say and do something.

Tonight I booked eight boys for the new Fachow school, so this will be a Catholic nucleus for our Holy Cross School which had only pagan pupils enrolled before these were added.

Appealing Poverty

In Maktei there are only ten mudbrick huts. The people are willing to study as soon as I can send them a catechist. Upon examination, one poor old fellow was rejected, but I had to steel myself, because it was hard. He is the father of three, and has been studying well, but he doesn't know many characters so cannot learn the catechism. It is our fault, not his, that he knows no more than he did at Christmas when I registered him, for how can he learn without a catechist? The village is small, but its willing souls are worth being brought to Christ.

"*Great Fragrant Springs*"

It was rainy, dark, and cold when I arrived, but the welcome of the Christians was bright, and warm, and sunshiny. I said my Chinese, "Hello, I'm glad to get here!" and we sat around the blazing twigs which the boy was using to cook rice, and they talked while I tried to listen in. They had a pair of silver chop-sticks joined at the top by a beautiful chain, showing the care they have that I eat my rice, "in the style to which I have been accustomed"; but if they only knew—it was my first attempt with the thin silver affairs, and I was wishing I had a good old-fashioned wooden pair, which are larger, un-tied, and easier to manipulate, but of course, I wouldn't hurt their feelings, not for the world.

After "chow", they talked at me some more, and when

the listening on my part became too intense, I took my flashlight apart and explained as best I could (which was pretty bad, I feel), the inner workings of this practical missioners' aid. I "shot" a few of the boys with the flashlight, and the others laughed uproariously.

In the morning I heard confessions and distributed the Bread of Life to eighteen persons.

The chapel and my lodging are similar in make-up, and about the same size, but they are by far the largest houses in the village. The others vary in size, down to the one-room shack, but all are built of the same yellow bricks of hardened earth, and covered with tile, though a few of the storage sheds have thatched roofs. There are twenty-seven houses, huddled closely together within the compass of what would make less than a city block. Here, miles from the next village, these people spend a blessed existence. The men work in their own rice fields near by, industrious, thrifty, good providers for their families' few needs. The women, whose open doorways I passed, make baskets for storing the grain; ply the shuttle of the homely loom to and fro across the woof, making the rough clothing needed; attend to the rice boiler and tea pot; feed the pigs or fowl for later consumption. The baby on her back, is meanwhile the mother's constant companion, and the youngsters running at her feet have the same love and attention as white children know.

"Maplewood" Village

"Maplewood" is a small place and has about twenty Christians. After I finished the Divine Office, I heard confessions, arranged the altar for Mass, and then set up my cot-bed in the same room. Immediately I was surrounded by a host of question marks. How does that bed fold so small? Is that cloth strong? Is it better than boards? How much did it cost? Why do you have a wind pillow? Can you sleep well on such a soft bed? After the excitement was over, and the explanations made, I had a good talk with the Christians.

In the morning, Mass was said at five. The little talk I gave couldn't be termed "a sermon", because I don't know

the language well enough for that yet. But you might be interested to know how we get down to the level of these simple, uneducated, rice-farming people.

"I am very happy to be among you at Maplewood. God sent me. He is very good, and I am working for Him and for you. There are many American Catholics—priests, Brothers, Sisters, and lay people—who paid for me to come here and helped to build the house at Fachow—they even bought that folding bed which interested you so much last night. Please pray for these good people who are also your companions in Catholicity. Thank God for your Baptism, for your generous rice crop, for everything He gives you, and remember your American Catholic friends."

After Mass, there was one baptism. During the day I interviewed the Christians, one by one.

ROBERT J. CAIRNS

Improvements at Fachow

Masons have enlarged one end of the chapel, and now are starting to enlarge the other. Carpenters are making partitions, and the house, chapel, and school are in general disorder.

Thirty pupils have enrolled for the school, and more are expected.

Yesterday—August 26—I signed a five-year contract for the use of a pagan temple. It is about three hundred yards up the street. Six women from our villages have come in to study doctrine, and they will take possession of the temple.

ROBERT J. CAIRNS

American Catholic Mission, Fachow,
September, 1924.

The temporary chapel, in the ground floor of the house, looks pretty well in its new coat of whitewash, and when we can add to our benches and pews we shall be ready for a few

more people. The wall on the second floor cracked in a few places and had to be rebuilt; therefore, when we were at it, we put another door and some windows in the dining room. The Masons and Knights of Carpentry are doing their work well, but I'll be glad to get rid of them, for it costs a good bit of silver to keep them here.

School Notes

Our volley ball games at five every afternoon attract crowds from the town and from the other schools. We have borrowed a neighbor's land for an extra playground, where football games can be played. Match games were held and though Holy Cross is the smallest and youngest school in town, it won two games out of three.

On Confucius' birthday all the schools paraded through town, and our drums and bugles were borrowed to lead the torchlight procession. Ingenious paper lanterns were made by the school boys: dragons, clocks, books, balls, all interiorly lighted with candles, lamps or flashlights. These bright lanterns made the parade attractive to watch; though the din of drums, bugles and tomtoms made it deafening to hear. Three separate schools had dragons with huge paper heads, with flashlights for eyes. Under each head walked two men, one to support it and the other to move the head from one side of the street to the other. The paper body was supported by about twenty boys, who moved from side to side like a writhing serpent. The dragons represented much work on the part of the school boys, who fashioned them, and a big expense for these lads. It looked to me like a religious superstition, but my Catholic professors assure me that it is not. Confucius is to the Chinese mind the patron of education, and is revered as such by nearly all students in China.

ROBERT J. CAIRNS

American Catholic Mission, Hoingan,
January, 1924.

Hoingan at last! We landed here shortly after noon, making the trip from Hong Kong in a day plus—after waiting

months before making the "dash". When the boats are running, this is the easiest mission to reach. There was a small delegation waiting to greet us when we arrived. One does not need to know the language, to understand the kindly smiles and friendly bows.

The Setting

Hoingan is a small place with a population of about eight thousand. It is right on the coast. We live in a small plain about fifteen miles long and five or six wide. It is rather level and was once under water, but has been reclaimed. A small stream crawls down from the mountains, passes along the edge of the town, and seems to spread all over the place before reaching the sea. On all sides, except that of the ocean, we are hemmed in by broken ranges of mountains. Through a notch between two of the mountains, we can see on a clear day the peaks of Sancian Island, and we feel near to Saint Francis Xavier, who died on its shore.

The Buildings

To the newcomer, the Hoingan Mission was quite a surprise. There is a chapel, built of brick and large enough for slightly over a hundred people. It had decorations from Christmas, when we arrived, and seemed to retain some of the festive spirit. The "altar rail," running across the middle of the chapel, struck me as strange, at first. It is the dividing line between the men and the women, and, though it isn't an altar rail, it *is* a communion rail for the women. The men take the front half of the chapel, and the women what remains.

Our living quarters are respectable enough, too. Father Meyer generously installed me in the best room and took a less pleasant one for himself. The one I occupy opens on the "gallery" of the chapel.

I thought everything wonderful, but Father Meyer, who can see more deeply, notices that the buildings are not too well built and sees all sorts of needs around the place. Even as it is, he has paid a good bit of money on the buildings, which were left to us in debt.

Mission Activities

There are about a hundred Christians in town. Of these, a handful come to the prayers and Mass daily. A few more come on Sundays. In this town as at home, it is the women who are most faithful.

In a hired Chinese shop several native Sisters are living. Father Yeung, our predecessor, brought them here. They look after the women; are wonderfully faithful to daily Mass, Communion, and prayers; take care of the chapel; and conduct a small school for girls. If the boys' school is to be developed, we shall need more space. Father Meyer plans to turn the house and chapel into a school of four or five good-sized rooms, and to build a more convenient house. He also hopes to build a chapel nearer to the Christians. At present the Christians all live together at the other end of the town. Bringing the church nearer to them might secure better attendance from the men.

Chinese Curiosity

Chinese curiosity? It's delightful—overwhelming—or nerve-racking, according to one's mood and the circumstances. A recent experience was both overwhelming and delightful. One afternoon I went out on Father Meyer's bicycle for a little needed exercise. I wormed and struggled through the town and got out on to the "public highway" between the rice fields. Not far from the town wall there is a stretch of road that for about a hundred yards beats the Albany Post Road. It's wider, deeper, straighter, higher. If a rider is careful, he can remain seated for nearly five minutes. So up and down I went, until I had had enough. Then I started home.

Only a few saw me going. But, shades of the Pied Piper! once I got back, all the youngsters in creation seemed to spring up out of the ground. You've seen a policeman taking a boy to the station house. Well, that's how I felt—like the policeman. The children were everywhere—in front, in back, and on all fours around the machine. I towered over them, yet if one had deliberately run at me I think I should have jumped a mile, I felt so self-conscious.

1. Hoingan town, in rear of picture

2. Father Meyer and some of his catechists

IN THE NEWLY STAFFED HOINGAN MISSION

Yet it was pleasant in a way; many of the youngsters were Catholics, and all that I dared look at had eager, friendly faces. To save myself trouble, I let one of the villagers ride the bicycle through the town, and the children all ran along pointing, laughing, and screaming, as if they were following a circus.

THOMAS A. O'MELIA

American Catholic Mission, Hoingan,
January, 1924.

I am afraid I shall have to take a few lessons in Spanish or lose my standing here. I have held my own with returned emigrants who spoke English and French, but others have been to Cuba or South America and accost me in Spanish.

A Native Sister

I returned from a trip of two days out to the northwestern post of the mission—three hours away. A native Sister has had a school here for the past three years, with about thirty children, many of them pagans. The difficulty is that all her time is taken up by the school and her household duties, and she has little time left for catechising.

Sanctifying the New Year

I went to Taan On, four miles distant, to hear confessions in preparation for Forty Hours at the Chinese New Year. This is a very common practice in China, and peculiarly appropriate and appealing. Those who formerly engaged in all sorts of superstitions to ensure a successful and happy year now come in crowds to adore our Eucharistic Lord and to beg the true Giver of all good to bless themselves and their families for the coming year.

The Exposition took place on New Year's Day. The chapel was crowded, since this is a village of over five hundred souls, all Catholic save two families. After the Mass, they crowded into the little common room, the men in one group and later the women in another, for the New Year's

greeting and blessing. Their visit took me back to former days in Saint Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, where New Year's morning was spent in calling upon the various professors in their rooms and exchanging with them the greetings of the season. It is evidently an old French custom that is strikingly similar to that of the Chinese.

For the adoration, the men were divided into five sections each day and the women into three, the latter having less time because of household duties. The few sufficiently educated read the prayers in unison from their prayer books, while groups composed of women and children or unlettered men recited the rosary during their hours.

Benediction at the end of the day is an event and everyone tries to be on hand for it. The term used in Chinese is a rather free translation of the Latin, meaning literally in Chinese "happiness from above" or "descending happiness" and appeals to the Chinese very much. The occasion gave a good opening for a talk on the necessity of daily prayer if they would have a daily "blessing from above". For we must not forget that, aside from burning incense sticks, and a bow or two to the guardian deity of the house, practiced by some each morning, all pagan religious acts are confined, among the Chinese, to certain days or certain occasions. So it is often difficult to introduce the practice of *daily* prayer into the homes.

No Quarantine

On the first day I noticed a distraught father bring in his young son, his face covered with smallpox, for a few moments before the Blessed Sacrament. There are no laws of quarantine here, and no one seems to mind, though the Chinese realize that smallpox is a contagious disease and though it inevitably takes its toll, particularly among young children. We prevent that as much as possible, among the Christians, by vaccinations. The Chinese also vaccinate, but only children, and they have a prejudice against doing it during cold weather, though the disease is usually at its height during the winter months and the weather becomes so suddenly warm in spring that the vaccine deteriorates rapidly.

Solid Development

Taan On is a very interesting community from the religious point of view. There is such a large group that they need associate comparatively little with their pagan neighbors, and they have their own schools, so that Catholic discipline is more easily kept and the danger of contamination is much less. Though the first work was done among them only ten years ago, already one boy is studying Latin and three girls are in the convent in Canton, while several more look forward to going.

BERNARD F. MEYER

American Catholic Mission, Hoingan,
February 7, 1924.

Father Meyer went away several days ago, leaving me alone. On New Year's Day (February 5) there was a better crowd than usual for a week-day Mass. Immediately after I had unvested, the "Sister Sacristan" began telling me something, but what she was saying I could not for the life of me make out. Finally she resorted to the Esperanto of action and motioned to me to follow, at the same time making what I guessed to be the form of a cross. It dawned on me then that perhaps I was supposed to wish everybody a Happy New Year and give them a blessing—which was exactly the case. But just how was I supposed to do it? I felt more awkward than a minister appearing on solemn ceremonies for the first time. Anyhow, I followed, meeker than a lamb, for a lamb does bleat and I did not make a sound.

Greetings and Blessings

Downstairs, in our house, the outside door opens into a large room—my hall of execution. When I got there I found the congregation gathered around the door, and, as I passed, they began bowing and *Tin chu po you*-ing. That brought back my courage and I imitated them, bowing as I went by, and saying *Tin chu po you* (God bless you) as often as I could get it out. The room has no furniture, but in the

center I noticed that someone had placed a chair. It was for me, I was sure, so I lost no time in reaching it. I knew that there at least my weak knees would not shake. I sat down and faced the crowd, which had crowded in after me. All were smiling, ducking their heads, and murmuring something or other. I was not exactly nervous and I put on my most winsome smile. I rather suspect it was more like the "cheerful grin," full of self-consciousness, that the average boy wears when he recites a poem in public for the first time. I parried a few moments, trying to find or make up Chinese sounds to say I shared the happy spirit. Then they all knelt down and I gave them a blessing, one into which I put my whole heart.

An Orchestral Evening

Oh, blessed peace! We have just been enjoying a Chinese serenade. I used to think the famous Maryknoll orchestra could not be reproduced. Perhaps not, but it has a mighty rival in the one we heard this evening. My first intimation of the coming event was a conversation between Father Meyer and the catechist. I could only get a word here and there, and Father Meyer would not tell me just what it was all about, but I gathered that something was coming.

Later in my room I heard fiddlers tuning up. It brought back scratchy memories of the Maryknoll orchestra in the same process. A minute later a crash-bang of fire crackers announced the curtain raiser—hair raiser for me—and then the music began. After I felt that everyone must be settled I slipped downstairs, to see as well as hear. Our downstairs is just a big whitewashed room of brick walls, with the ceiling beams uncovered and a floor of stone flags. The only light came from an oil lamp hung in the center, and around the hazy circle of its light was gathered the orchestra. Heavy fumes of bad-smelling tobacco still further dimmed the room and I did not have any too much light to pick my way among the audience, who were squatted around anywhere and everywhere. Nearly everyone was smoking.

Two "horns", two two-stringed fiddles, a drummer and a cymbalist, together with the "director", who also had a

cymbal, made up the band. After nearly blowing their cheeks out, the French horns changed to a "banjo" and a "mandolin". Every once in a while the music was interrupted by a few remarks from the leader, minstrel style. What he said I do not know, but I thought it proper to smile whenever the rest did so. What struck me was the falsetto voice of "Mr. Interlocutor", especially when he changed from jokes to a song. Chinese seem to like the falsetto voice, even in men singers. It reminded me most of the singing—only in a higher pitch—of a ventriloquist. Occasionally the riot would soften down; the bang and crash of the cymbals would let up, and the *clack, clack* of the drum stop for a bit. Then the music became really appealing; at least, I liked it. It sounded much like the plaintive, slightly wailing, music I have heard called American Indian music.

It was my first experience and I enjoyed the whole thing, racket and all. Yet even so, I weakened before the performers or the listeners did. A half hour was enough for me, and I returned to my room. For two hours or more after that the tireless artists kept up the crashing and squeaking. Whether any of the audience lasted that long I cannot say. At the end I was startled again by another cracking and booming of fire works. Then a sweet stillness came down on the night. Oh, blessed peace!

THOMAS A. O'MELIA

February 7

I returned to Hoingan to begin the Forty Hours here also. The first really warm wind of the season blew today and the weather was very damp. The climate here is not as dry as at Kochow and Tungchen, and in this season, we have much cold rain. It does not get so cold here, either, though we have had some chilly nights and my blood must be growing thin into the bargain. At any rate, I have to put an overcoat, a raincoat, and my cassock on my bed, in addition to the regular blankets.

Unwanted Babies in Hoingan

Since picking up an abandoned baby girl some time ago, we have had several inquiries as to whether we were going to open an orphanage. Only today a grandmother came to ask us to receive her little granddaughter, born a few days ago—on an unlucky day, by the way. The family already had several girls and cannot feed so many mouths; the mother must work everyday, cutting fuel and carrying it several miles, and in a month or two she must go to work in the fields; the father has had ulcers on his legs, and they prevented his working and required a lot of money to cure. The advice of neighbors was to kill the child, but love was not entirely dead in these people's hearts and so the grandmother asked us to take it. We cannot do so at present, as the woman catechist has only a tiny rented shop and in this she must conduct a school for girls. So I promised to aid the family, and asked them to keep the child until some arrangement can be made. Incidentally the question of the prevalence of infanticide came up, and the woman catechist assured me that it is extremely common here, that among the poor perhaps half the girl babies are destroyed, though this proportion may not be true of all China.

Chinese Attitude Towards Infanticide

Very many non-Catholic missionaries—though not all—insist that infanticide is not common in China or at least no more so than in Europe. Allowing for the probability of its not being as prevalent in some parts of this vast empire as in others, non-Catholic ignorance of the facts,taking China as a whole, would seem to be due to the fact that non-Catholic missionaries are not engaged in the work of saving infants, and therefore are not in a position to get much information on the subject.

Most Chinese have, I believe, at least a vague notion that it is wrong and so those who destroy their children would do so as quietly as possible. Furthermore, the tradition of Chinese society is such that it would be looked upon by most as a purely private affair of the family and be little com-

mented upon, if at all, outside the circle of women relatives and neighbors.

The square "baby-towers" that are found in many places, and the "baby-baskets", provided by Buddhist nunneries for exposed infants, would seem to argue the Chinese recognize the more or less common practice. There is record of an association in Ningpo before the Taiping rebellion, under the name of "Society for Saving Infants", which gave parents a cash bonus when female children were born, and which seems to have had power to fine those convicted of killing their children. Some forty years ago, the Viceroy of Canton issued a proclamation against the practice, which was embodied in a pamphlet entitled, "Save the Children" and was widely circulated. In this were republished five penalties that had been decreed for child murder in a previous reign.

The Taoists, also, have inveighed against it, accompanying their exhortations with such threats as the following, "As many times as you murder a child, so often will it be reborn to avenge itself and will continually strive to destroy you." Among the Chinese there are many writers and publicists who endeavor to reform the morals of the people and to recall them to the paths of the golden age of their ancestors. To this end they produce books for children, young people, and adults; pictures with explanations; poems, newspaper articles, and so forth. And we find in these that infanticide is one of the vices most denounced, whence we must conclude that it is a very prevalent one.

Methods of Infanticide

The usual way of disposing of unwanted children is to allow them to die of neglect, either at home or in some retired place. Probably there is some feeling that one is thus less guilty than if he killed the child with his own hand. Babies may be exposed by the roadside, in the hope that some passerby will pick them up, and members of the family often watch to see what will happen as did the sister of Moses. Drowning, or suffocation by paper dipped in vinegar and laid over the face or by covering with ashes, are fairly com-

mon. Burial alive occurs occasionally, particularly when the mother dies in childbirth, for the child in this case is supposed to be a malevolent spirit seeking only the injury of the living. Violent methods are especially likely to be used by even comparatively good pagans when the family is angry that a girl spirit should dare be born to them; or when unlucky days, marks, or omens connected with the birth bring into play their superstitious fears; or to do away with the evidence of sin; or, by certain depraved and unnatural parents of the grosser type, for no particular reason at all.

In all this we see the law of God and of our human nature made subservient to that of expediency and personal interest—as it is in that terrible evil of race suicide which is eating at the heart and root of our modern Western civilization.

BERNARD F. MEYER

American Catholic Mission, Hoingan,
March, 1924.

During the past week it has been impossible to buy either meat or fish in Hoingan. The reason was the solemn and public celebration of superstitious rites in honor of certain idols and spirits of ancestors, in order to avert calamities and procure blessings for the coming year. During the whole period, no meat, fish, eggs, or lard could be sold or were supposed to be used.

Superstitions Revived

After Father Yeung's coming to Hoingan, these rites were neglected, partly because of his influence, partly because of the wave of iconoclasm that swept over much of China at the time of the revolution. Not only were the Manchu rulers rejected, but the old beliefs also came in for considerable abuse, being considered childish and inconsistent with the new order of things. China was going to be made over, spiritually as well as politically, and in the fervor of the moment the idols were thrown down in many places and the practice of public superstitious functions abandoned. But

gradually a reaction set in, and, while much of young China keeps aloof in proud disdain, the common people, particularly in the rural districts, seem to be as strongly entrenched in their old beliefs as ever.

Last year the plague decimated Hoingan—though it has been doing the same, at intervals of eight or ten years, for a long time; and this year there was a serious epidemic of smallpox—though this also has been occurring off and on within the memory of man. But the pagan women (the Christian population forms but a small percentage of the whole) felt sure that the place was being punished for its neglect of the gods. They were rather encouraged in this idea by the city fathers, not because these worthies had any particularly strong belief in the gods, but because a large collection would be made for the ceremonies, of which only a comparatively small part would actually be expended.

The Rites Carried Out

So, in spite of my protests, the rites were carried out, to the scandal of a certain number of Christians, some of whom sought personal gain, while others, like Lot's wife, found it hard to break entirely with the old order. Their whole religious training, before becoming Christians, had lacked the supernatural motive; their solicitude in all their rites and superstitions was solely for the goods and blessings of this world; so it is not surprising if simple and gross minds, in the face of disease and hardship, lose faith in God's promises, as did the Israelities in the desert, and either murmur against Him or seek help in superstitious or idolatrous practices, so much the more easy to turn back to because they have been the instinctive and familiar recourse from childhood.

Yesterday the fast came to an end and a big dragon parade was held, in which the surrounding villages also took part. There were five immense paper dragons, each carried by a dozen or more men in livery, a phœnix, and a number of floats and banners, besides many gorgeously costumed marchers. The dragon is, to the Chinese, a rather benevolent beast, the god of waters and the symbol of rain. The phœnix is supposed to appear in times of peace and prosper-

ity; it is the king of birds, the product of the sun, and is worshipped as having great influence in the procuring of numerous progeny. The procession took two days to complete, as it visited every part of Hoingan and the surrounding villages, winding in and out, up and down, all the streets and narrow passages. Many of the costumes were gorgeous and the whole was worthy of a better purpose.

BERNARD F. MEYER

The Uses of Music

The Chinese people naturally prefer their own music to ours, but "young China" is acquiring a taste for the latter and what passes for foreign music is becoming quite "the thing". If one could play the organ a little one would find it very useful in school. Music pleases both the boys and their parents and serves to make religious functions more attractive, as well as helping to solve the problem of what to do during recreation hours. Athletics are popular, particularly volley ball. However, even the threat of expulsion from school is not sufficient to keep some boys from turning to gambling in their free time; so we much try to find a way of interesting and keeping occupied those who do not engage in athletics.

Need of Upper Grade Schools

Our upper primary school opened a little late, but we now have forty-seven boys in the first year—equivalent to the fifth grade at home. The common graded school is here divided into lower primary and upper primary, and is the only sort that Maryknoll-in-China has so far attempted. The secondary or high schol demands a very large outlay for buildings and for teachers. Father Yeung, who founded this Mission nine years ago, had a lower primary; but the boys who finished and went on to pagan schools, or to no school at all, were too small to have received much religious formation, since they left at the end of the fourth grade. Hence it was imperative that we open the upper primary and thus

give the boys the advantage of further training during the fifth, sixth, and seventh grades. Many pagans also come and, since we insist that they attend all the religious exercises, many will ultimately become Catholics.

Lack of discipline at home makes it strongly advisable to follow the practice of most of the public and private schools and have the boys in upper primary, or above, board at the school. They furnish their own food; but providing sufficient dormitory space, not to mention classrooms, is a serious problem for the mission.

Why Cooks?

March 29 was a banner day in our annals. We had been trying to get along with inexperienced boys as cooks, and were growing desperate. Then an old man of more than sixty appeared on the scene, looking for work. He had learned cooking in America but no one would hire him when he grew old, so he returned to China five years ago and invested practically all his savings in a steamship ticket to America for his only son. But the son is given to gambling and does not send back enough money to keep his wife and child and parents, so the old man is constrained to keep at work.

He really does very well, though he is a little absent-minded and sometimes forgets sugar in the custard or coffee in the coffee, or fails to see the dirt behind the door. We pay him a little less than the equivalent of six dollars American money a month and he boards himself. This is really quite extravagant for missioners, but we were "up against it". One must live first of all, though he may not be able to do as much for the people as he should like, and we had already had many sad experiences of ruined food and appetites with all three of those whom we had so far honored with the title of "cook".

April 10

We have just learned that the evangelization of Sancian Island has been confided to Maryknoll.

On Sancian Saint Francis Xavier spent the last few months

of his life, and how often, while he was waiting to find a way to Canton, must he have walked along the shore and gazed across at the roofs and walls of the city of Kwonghoi, just opposite, and at the shore and mountains of the Hoingan mission a little to the west! Daily he saw the boats of the fisher folk returning to the land where entrance was denied him, and how he must have chafed with holy zeal that he could not follow them hither!

Last year's mission report gives the number of Catholics on Sancian as fourteen hundred, out of a population of some eight thousand.

April 28

The news of Father Walsh's appointment as Prefect Apostolic came today and was the most satisfying announcement that we have received for some time. The time seems ripe for the organization of our mission and the formulation of some scheme and policy of evangelization, without which we are but beating the air. We must use all the human means at our command. God's grace is the rain of fecundity, but the tilling of the field, the planning and the labor, and the bearing the heat of the day, are ours. Just as the salvation of the individual depends upon his coöperation with grace, so the responsibility for the salvation of the race rests with the race itself, even to its redemption by a Man—though He was also God.

BERNARD F. MEYER

American Catholic Mission, Hoingan,
September, 1924.

On June 11 I left Hoingan on the little steamer that runs every week to Macao. After several delays I reached Kochow, a week late for the beginning of the month's course for catechists. Father Dietz, however, had been there in time to open it on June 15.

Some forty men and women from Kochow, Tungchen, and Fachow were there, while from Yeungkong Father Ford

CATECHISTS AND TEACHERS FROM FACHOW, KOCHOW, AND TUNGCHEN, GATHERED FOR COURSE GIVEN BY FATHER MEYER AND FATHER DIETZ

had sent only two in order that he might not be without catechists at home while the main body would be making the course in Hoingan. Most of this number were men and women who had already been at work, some for a number of years, while a few were new candidates. This is the third year that the course has been held, and results have, I believe, proven its value. The ideal is a regular school for the systematic training of catechists over a period of two or three years, and such a one was proposed three years ago, but lack of personnel has forced us to be content for the present with the Short Course.

The Missioner's Need of Catechists

The average missioner, in the Maryknoll mission at least, considers himself fortunate if he can find time—after taking care of the center with its schools and visiting the various stations at least twice a year in order that the Christians who are far from the center may receive the Sacraments—to spend a week or ten days with each group of catechumens just before Baptism, to "finish them off". Missioners, living alone in large missions, cannot accomplish unaided what priests at home cannot do without the aid of Brothers and Sisters. The missioner, therefore, must leave the real work of preparation of converts, as well as that of the religious education of the children of Catholics, to catechists.

It is the catechists, then, who go through the long routine work of teaching the catechism word by word to children and adults. The latter, since they are usually unable to read and are at the same time possessed of pagan ideals, are the harder to instruct. Hence, every religious term must be carefully explained and illustrated, so as gradually to instill into their minds the new ideas so foreign to them.

The catechist also has to exert a moral influence in the village by example and exhortation, not only in matters of misconduct which pagans, and consequently new Christians, are likely to regard very tolerantly, such as bad language, gambling, petty thievery, or even worse, but also in matters of Church discipline. It is extremely difficult, more difficult than we can realize, for converts to get into the habit, for

instance, of keeping Sunday, of observing the fasts and abstinence, and of saying their prayers. To mention just one external difficulty: their days are divided into tens instead of sevens, so it is not easy to keep track of Sundays and Fridays, particularly when their pagan neighbors do not observe these days.

It must be remembered that the great majority here are "new Christians" and have not had the advantage our own people have, of being brought up in the atmosphere of a Catholic home where Catholic doctrines and a Catholic outlook on life are acquired almost unconsciously. Even with that advantage it has been found necessary to establish parish schools and Catholic high schools at great expense, in our own land. Here there are few traditional Catholics and practically no Catholic schools in the real sense of the word—though we are now trying to establish a few in the more important centers. We must have catechists, to begin the work and to continue it.

The Catechist In Action

At first any group of catechumens is likely to be very fervent and willing to study, and the catechist who is sent to them at this time, if a good one, can accomplish a great deal. Still, they have not only the whole of Christian faith and practice, of which we have gotten so much unconsciously, to learn from the beginning, but they have all their old religious notions to unlearn. We have, for example, a natural horror of marriages made contrary to the laws of the Church, but it is very difficult to make converts from paganism understand the sin of such alliances, and they almost never have our instinctive repugnance with regard to them. Too, the observance of Sunday is to us an established habit, but taking one day of rest in every seven strikes our converts as a great waste of time.

It is the catechist, if he be zealous, who assembles the Christians for prayers, who remarks that Sunday or a fast day is due and that all should make a special effort to be at the prayers, and to observe the fast and abstinence. It is his duty also, on the occasion of drought or flood or sickness,

to hold in line those timorous or panic-stricken souls who may be tempted to turn again to the superstitious practices which they had been taught in former days. In sickness, or death, or if there is a marriage, he is present to direct the Catholic method of procedure and to nip in the bud any tendency there might be to perform superstitions, either on the initiative of the Christians themselves or at the suggestion of pagan relatives. The women are particularly prone to engage in superstitious or vain practices, and we can judge how watchful the catechists must be from the fact that almost every act or situation of life has its appropriate superstition.

"Western" Superstitions

The Chinese who have been to America are quick to point out how many of these vain or superstitious observances are current in even Christian countries, such as considering Friday or the number thirteen as unlucky, besides the many beliefs regarding ladders, and black cats, and brooms. One Chinese said to me the other day, "Why, your Hallowe'en is just like one of our festivals. What are the fiery pumpkin heads, and the noise, and so forth for, if not to frighten away the devils?"

Not so long ago I remarked over the door of a newly consecrated bishop here a horseshoe painted after the manner of a "Home Sweet Home" panel, and he told me, in answer to my query, that it had been given him by a Chinese lady returned from America, who assured him that it was quite the thing there. He was surprised to learn that it had about the same significance as the "happiness" character which is invariably found over the door of pagan Chinese houses and which we condemn as a "vain" emblem.

If there be no resident catechist the tendency is often, when situations arise in which formerly superstition would have been employed, to employ it again, whether openly or surreptitiously, through either fear or human respect. If a catechist lives in the place he is on the lookout for such situations and suggests the appropriate Christian practice in the case, the prayers that may be said, and so forth.

Need of Resident Catechists

Usually the catechist remains in a settlement for several months, or even a year or more. The older people learn the catechism and prayers, and the children can most likely repeat them all by heart. Then they are baptized, and the catechist must be sent elsewhere to instruct other converts. The missioner is able to visit them twice or three times a year. If he speaks the language sufficiently well he gives them some instruction, but putting such into practice requires a certain amount of conscious effort. After the first fervor has worn off, the daily coming to prayers or saying them at home becomes monotonous and many give it up except when the missioner makes his visitation, unless the catechist be always there to spur their lagging zeal.

At this stage, converts do not realize their duty of instructing their children. Without a catechist these would grow up ignorant and indifferent, neither pagans nor Christians. With him present in the village, they are not likely to see much, if any, superstition at home, and they are the virgin soil, bearing no germs or old roots of pagan habits and beliefs, wherein he sows the good seed of Christian teaching and practice. These children are the hope of the Church, and if they are lost by being allowed to grow up ignorant, the village may be considered as lost.

Source of Supply

It is from among the people themselves that catechists must be recruited, and water cannot rise higher than its source, nor men give what they have not. Many catechists are themselves converts, usually men of some education, but few have the ambition to improve by private study the sketchy instruction they received as catechumens. Others are the sons of neophytes, yet nearly as badly off, because of poor home-training or insufficient instruction in schools.

The logical solution of the need would seem to be special schools, in which young men and young women could be given a special training of two or more years, after having completed the eighth grade in our Catholic schools, or, perhaps, a high school course. The average age at which grade

school students graduate in China is much higher than at home, so that even then the men, at least, would be old enough, after finishing the special course, to teach.

Hitherto we have neither had a priest free to conduct such a school, nor a sufficient number of candidates prepared in our Catholic schools. This obstacle will eventually disappear, but we have been able to accomplish something meanwhile with those already at work, by means of the short Normal Course during the summer months. Unfortunately, the summer vacation period in Chinese schools is very short, so we are practically limited to a month for the course. Still, by having a number of conferences and classes a day, we can cover a great deal of matter. Each man catechist preaches twice during that period as practice, and examinations are held at the end.

Results

As one result, we note an esprit de corps that did not exist before, with pride in being Catholics, and a better realization of their real dignity and duty. A certain spirit of emulation is in evidence among them, and zeal is replacing the time-serving spirit we had formerly so often to bemoan. In fairness, however, to the catechist body it must be said that this previous lack of zeal seems to have been due rather to ignorance than to any lack of good-will.

Questions for Written Examinations, Catechist Short Course at Kochow June 15–July 15, 1924.

1. What do you konw about God's nature? (Most Chinese conceive of Him as a sort of super-man).
2. Are devils the souls of dead men? (As many Chinese think.)
3. Has man three souls? (As is commonly thought by the Chinese.)
4. What is original sin?
5. What were the effects of original sin?
6. What do you mean by the Incarnation?
7. As God, did Christ have father or mother?
8. As man, did Christ have father or mother?
9. Mary is called "ever virgin". How do you explain this, since she is the mother of Christ?
10. Why is the Catholic Church called universal?
11. What is the difference between sanctifying and actual grace?

1. How often may the various Sacraments be received?
2. What is the use of the Sacraments?
3. What are the rules for the administration of Baptism by a layman?
4. Whom should catechists take care to baptize? (On account of the distances in China, catechists baptize the children of Catholics in the absence of the priest, as well as those of pagans in danger of death and adult catechumens who are in danger of death).
5. Must daughters of Christians be baptized? (There is a tendency to neglect this in some places, because the scattered condition of the Christians makes it very difficult to find Christian husbands for them later.)
6. Must catechumens keep the commandments and precepts of the Church?
7. At what age must a person make his first confession?
8. Do parents commit grievous sin if they do not see to it that their children go to confession? (This duty is not always realized).
9. What are perfect and imperfect contrition?
10. If one's purpose of amendment is sincere, what must it include?
11. What is meant by restitution in matters of the seventh and eighth commandments?

Hoingan Transfers

On August 23, Father O'Melia loaded his worldly possessions on a sampan which took him out to the sailboat anchored near the mouth of the Hoingan River. He is en route to his new destination, Sancian Island. I shall remain here until October, when the new pastor, Father Dietz, will arrive.

BERNARD F. MEYER

Chapter 6

SANCIAN ISLAND

American Catholic Mission, Hoingan,
June, 1924.

EXT to being a great man oneself, is to live in the shadow of one who is. It provides inspiration and gives one something to aim at, as well as a support on which to lean. This may account for the peculiar inspiration we feel in being missioners on the South China Coast, within sight of Sancian Island. Sancian is as close to China as Saint Francis Xavier got, the spot from where he planned to make an attempt to reach the mainland which in those days was hermetically sealed against the foreigner. But Sancian is more. It is Xavier's death bed and if, as we are told, this great missionary saint in his dying moments was propped up so that he could look across the short spread of sea to the mountainous shores of China, then his last glances were cast upon what is now Maryknoll-in-China.

First Visit to Sancian

Within the last month I was privileged to visit Sancian. Sancian is hardly more than ten miles off the coast in a direct line, but there is no regular service between it and the mainland and what business is carried on is done in small sailboats. When we tried to hire one of these small boats we had to "talk price" for two days, and then had to pay three or four times as much as we should. The boatmen covered their graft by claiming that there was more than a possibility of running across pirates and that they should be paid accordingly. After several hours, now rowing and now sailing, we reached the Island. The Portuguese call it "San

Juan", a Saint's name, and as near to the Chinese name as anything else. The Chinese call it "Upper Streams"—Seung Ch'un, as far as we can Romanize the sounds. "Sancian" may come from the Chinese "Seung Ch'un" or the Portuguese "San Juan". The island itself is a mountainous bulk, rising gently from the sea to a height of several hundred feet. On the slope, with the sea at its feet and the mountain towering majestically behind it, is the memorial chapel to Saint Francis Xavier.

Unfortunately there is no convenient landing place when the tide is out, as it was when we arrived. We had the choice of wading in to shore or riding pig-a-back. I chose to wade. Father O'Shea, who accompanied me, unfortunately elected to ride. His man carried him but a few yards, when he decided he was no Atlas and down went Father O'Shea into the water and mud. He waded the rest of the way!

We found Father Hui in charge of Sancian. Father Hui is a Chinese priest and extremely gracious. He knows neither English nor French and we had a chance to practice our Chinese, which we kept from getting too muddled by the aid of Latin. We chatted a while with Father Hui and then took a walk through several Christian villages, the fruits of the work of the French missioners, particularly Father Thomas who is now Provicar of the Canton Vicariate.

We were to say Mass in the memorial chapel, so we did not visit it till the next morning. Shortly after sunrise, we crossed the silent beach, climbed up the mountain side, and felt nearer to the great missioner saint than ever before. Everything was quiet and peaceful and it was easy to picture Saint Francis looking across to the shore of China, which we had just left,—so near that a sailboat with a good wind can cross in two or three hours, yet too far for him ever to reach. We could not help thinking of all the years that have passed and all the pagans still in China. Our Masses and prayers were for the conversion of China's millions and for the success of the First General Council of China, that is being held in Shanghai. We spent a long time at the chapel and on the hillside before returning to Father Hui's house for breakfast.

Sancian Dwellers

When Saint Francis Xavier stopped at Sancian it was merely a trading point with the Portuguese, for to all foreigners the Chinese mainland was closed. Few people lived on the island and, as far as we know, Xavier made no converts. Present estimates put the inhabitants at about six thousand, of whom one in four is a Catholic. These are the Christians of the Paris missioners of the Canton Vicariate, and they represent only the last two generations. When, about sixty years ago, Bishop Guillemin built the little mission church and the memorial chapel, no converts had been made. The first converts, made during the century after Xavier's time, had all disappeared. The inhabitants of the island are a mixture, coming from different sections of the mainland, chiefly Sunning, the region whence most of the laundrymen in the United States hail. Economic pressure had driven them over, and they make a living by rice farming and fishing. The people of our town, Hoingan, buy some of the wares of the Sancian fishermen. Formerly several Chinese Sisters were stationed on the island, but the bandits became so active that the Sisters had to be recalled, to save them from being captured for ransom. With Father Thomas' withdrawal from Sancian, the local guard, which under him had been well organized, has lost its efficiency and Sancian lives under a constant dread of bandits. Only last year a raiding party descended on the island, carried off a score of people, and demanded five thousand dollars for their release. The threatened alternative was death. Nor was it an empty threat.

At present things look brighter, and Sancian could again be organized for defence. There is no fear of bandits, if they know a community is prepared for them. The island is ideal for mission development. Two priests could well be stationed there, and a group of Sisters, to take care of the Christians and to reach out for those still unconverted. Already several small schools are established, but these should be developed. At present only a small proportion, even of the Catholic children, go to school. It would not take a great deal of money to renovate the memorial chapel;

nor would much be required to put the entire mission in a better way financially.

The Holy See has shown remarkable favor in giving Sancian to American missioners. We owe, besides, a great deal to the missioners of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, at whose suggestion the Holy See gave Sancian to Maryknoll and who, after all their years of labor and development, have quietly withdrawn from a treasured spot and wholeheartedly bestowed it on American Catholics. We will strive our utmost to do with Sancian what Saint Francis would undoubtedly have done had God spared him, following up the good work of the missioners who are withdrawing that we may take up the torch. Nor does this "we" mean merely the missioners in the field. It means, as well, the people at home. Missions are not a lone fight. They are a community exercise, and the missioners on the field must of necessity depend on the people in the homeland.

THOMAS A. O'MELIA

American Catholic Mission, Sancian Island,
September 8, 1924.

Two weeks may not be a vast span in the life of the Church or even in that of an individual, but significant for Maryknoll, and especially so for this least of all saints, have been the last fourteen days, during which the first Maryknoller in permanent residence took charge of Sancian Island, made precious by the death of Saint Francis Xavier. The appointment to Sancian is as pleasing as it was unexpected.

Leaving Hoingan

Early in the morning of August 23 I left Hoingan. I was escorted to the water line by the schoolboys, all uniformed, with two flags flying, two kettledrums beating, and one bugle giving forth a shriek now and then, when the bugle boy could recover his wind. With me walked the town postmaster, my teacher of language—one of the pleasantest men I have ever met. Father Meyer was the major-domo of it all.

En route, we stopped at the place of the local ruler to bid good-bye, but, instead of saying farewell, the Mandarin joined us, delegating three soldiers, with rifles across their shoulders and loaded cartridge belts around their waists, to accompany me "down the bay". The sampan rowed away with everybody on shore smiling and bowing, even waving hats, though not one gave the yell that we cannot resist at home. Noise was furnished by the banging of hundreds of firecrackers. Leaving "home," even if you are en route to the Holy Land of the Far East, brings its regrets.

En Route

Traveling in China ought to be designated by an algebraic X, the unknown quantity. My sampan carried me safely and quickly enough down the Hoingan creek to the little sailboat which was to carry me across to Sancian, but that is as far as I got. "Bad wind," I was told—which meant settle down and await more favorable times. Bad wind it was in truth, for it turned out to be a typhoon, which, though not so severe as the big wind last year, was the worst we have had this season. I spent the rest of the day and the night in a little Chinese village, and the next day walked over to one of our out-missions, for we were still in Hoingan territory. In the morning of the third day, the typhoon having spent itself, I returned to the sailboat, which was now ready to venture away from land. Though Sancian is only a short distance from the mainland, I sat in a small sailboat, under a blazing sun, for eight hours, because the winds were contrary.

The Welcome

On arriving here, I was received by Father Ngan, a Chinese priest, and welcomed by a group of Christians, and many firecrackers. Father Ngan treated me royally. Bishop Fourquet has given him permission to remain until October 1, and I shall take advantage of his presence to learn all I can.

I was on Sancian Island, the first Maryknoller to succeed the Paris Seminary missioners in the immediate past, and the

early Jesuits in remote past—among whom was the brightest light of all, the Apostle of the Orient, Saint Francis Xavier. It is an accident that I happen to be so privileged, for Father Meyer is in charge of Sancian; but he was not able to come, being detained by building problems in Hoingan. To save any overdrawn picture, I shall allow you to imagine what I felt during the first days on this hallowed spot.

Maryknoll's Sancian

After a short period of living in the clouds, and receiving delegations of welcome from the Christian villages, I came back to earth and began to notice things.

Over here, typhoons are the builders' nightmare, and the gigantic storm South China had last year, the worst in generations, played havoc with Sancian's pretty little mission chapel, built over fifty years ago by the first Bishop of Canton, Monsignor Guillemin. The chapel is in the center of a building with the four-room house on one side, and the one-room school, with three sleeping rooms above, on the other. Already the chapel walls are mossgrown. Luckily the building was solidly built and remains substantially intact. The memorial chapel to Saint Francis Xavier, marking the spot where, for a time, he was buried on Sancian Island, was likewise damaged. Interiorly it needs a new ceiling, and exteriorly, a new roof. All the woodwork, including two small side altars, needs replacing. Window frames and shutters are worn and damaged beyond repair, for the white ants have done more than their share of destruction. As for the two chapels in the out-missions, both are small and were lucky to come through the typhoons at all, for they are rickety and leaky.

Despite its battered condition, Sancian Island is beautiful. Mountains enfold both the mission and the memorial chapels, the sea stretches in the foreground, and, in the near distance, rises continental China's rolling mountainous coast. The Christians number over a thousand, though, due to lack of facilities, they have not had much instruction and training in Catholic life. Two small schools for boys are under way, but these should be developed. This is work for a number of

hands—and we have not mentioned the four or five thousand souls still in the darkness of paganism.

THOMAS A. O'MELIA

One Abandoned Baby

We have found a new light in reading Saint Peter Damian's Office again. In the second Nocturn it is said Saint Peter was the son of respectable parents. This is not so strange for a saint, but quite strange in the light of what follows, for his mother, burdened with many children, did as so many Chinese mothers are doing today; she got rid of him. Fortunately for the saint-to-be, a woman of the household rescued him, nursed him back to health, and, after a time, brought his mother around to her senses. Saint Peter's experience with a Christian mother ought to keep us from being too harsh on poverty-stricken Chinese pagan mothers.

On the death of his parents, Peter became for all practical purposes a slave to one of his brothers,—another condition not so far removed from Chinese experience. Later he came under the influence of another brother, Damian, from whom he probably took his second name out of gratitude, and he was given a chance to acquire an education. This he did with such ardor that he became the wonder of his teachers and later earned a reputation as professor of the liberal arts. Meantime he had cultivated the interior life, and, though externally well clothed, he wore underneath the sackcloth of mortification. Ultimately, and against his will, he was made bishop and finally cardinal. Pope Leo XII declared him a Doctor of the Church.

It is striking and encouraging to think what at least one abandoned baby amounted to in life. It is to be hoped that eleventh-century Europe did not produce as many abandoned infants as present-day China, where the number must run into the thousands every year. It is claimed that, out of every three girl babies born, one is done away with. Only a small proportion fall into Catholic hands. Many that are rescued, die in a short time, but at least they have been baptized. One Sister in the missions in North China is cred-

ited with having baptized twenty-five thousand of these "thieves of Paradise".

The Work of Rescuing

Rescuing abandoned infants has its peculiar difficulties, but it gives many consolations. We have the very practical assurance that thousands of souls are in heaven, due to this Catholic practice. Only last year, Father Fabre of the Canton Vicariate, writing in the Bulletin of the Paris Society, told of a baby girl in a Kwangtung village, who, shortly after birth, was cast out. Later, her parents showed some compassion and took her in again. She lived, but was a hunchback. After a time, the Sisters of the village came to know her and took her in, later baptizing her. In the course of time, the girl herself brought about the conversion of her whole family. On his deathbed, the repentant father confided her as a treasure to his eldest son. She is now looked upon as the angel of her village.

While most of the abandoned children are girls, some are boys. Who knows but that, some day, China will give the Church a second Saint Peter Damian from among the rescued infants of our foundling asylums?

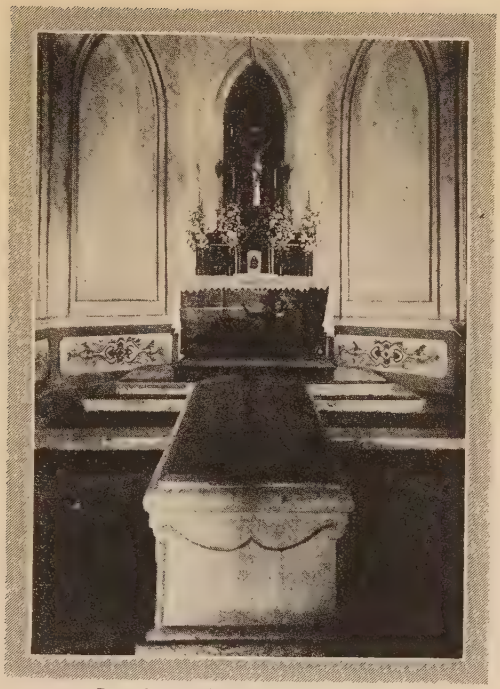
For Sancian Island, I am not in a position yet to say much definitely. Only this I know, that, while on the mainland the ordinary family is very poor, most of the islanders on Sancian are the poorest of the poor; and poverty is the chief reason for doing away with babies.

THOMAS A. O'MELIA

Xavier's Island

Sancian—a rocky little island, the abode of a few thousand undernourished peasants whose rudeness is a byword on the mainland—why should this name be a household word for millions of Catholics, and to have trod the stony soil of its hillsides be considered a privilege worthy of effort and even hardship?

The answer is found in a little Gothic chapel, now threatening to fall into ruins, that stands on a rocky point facing



Interior of the memorial chapel

Exterior of the chapel, a partial ruin

SANCIAN ISLAND, WHERE ST. FRANCIS XAVIER DIED

the mainland. There, covering an empty tomb, is a stone slab bearing a Chinese and a Portuguese inscription, which reads, "Place of the burial of Saint Francis Xavier of the Society of Jesus, Apostle of the Orient. This stone was raised in the year 1639."

For here it was that the Saint, fresh from his labors in the Indies and in Japan, where he had already accomplished enough to make him the greatest missioner since the Apostles, came, in his burning zeal for yet more souls, to attempt to open up the most extensive and the most promising missionary field of the whole world.

The Foundation of Missions in China

Saint Francis Xavier may truly be called the first apostle of China. It is true there had been missioners in Peking two hundred and fifty years earlier, but little had been accomplished and the difficulties of the overland route by which they traveled soon caused the abandonment of the work. He was the seed, that, falling into the ground, by its own death gave life.

One may stand on this insignificant island and say that here was begun the great work of the missions of China, continued through Ricci and those who followed during more than three hundred years, until now they extend from the lowermost point of Kwangtung back to the frozen steppes of Thibet and up to the sandy wastes of Mongolia. In these missions labor over two thousand five hundred foreign and native priests and a host of consecrated men and women, each one fired by the Saint's zeal and resolved to imitate his example. These missioners minister to more than two million Catholics whose numbers are increasing daily; and who will count those who have already gone to judgment with the seal of Baptism on their foreheads, besides those who have gained the martyr's crown, and the abandoned infants gathered in to sing eternal hosannas?

On this island, also, God vouchsafed to work the first miracle after the Saint's death, for, in spite of the hundred pounds or more of live lime put into his coffin to consume the flesh so that the bones might be more quickly removed from

the danger of desecration, the body was found, nearly three months later, to show not the least sign of corruption. It was taken back to Malacca by the same boat on which the Saint had come.

Is it any wonder that this is considered holy ground and that thousands envy us, who live here, the daily privilege of treading this soil?

Proscription of Foreigners

When Saint Francis conceived the idea of converting China there was no Macao, no Hong Kong, and no Shanghai except the native city. China was closed to intercourse with the outside world, and any foreigner entered at the risk of his life. Of those who had made the attempt for one reason or another, some had been put to death and others, loaded with chains and the cangue, were cast into ignominious prisons. No one might land without the express permission of the Emperor, and even shipwrecked mariners were murdered or imprisoned for having dared to contravene, however involuntarily, this order of the Son of Heaven.

But the Saint had no fear. According to his own words, he did not shrink before the physical dangers, but was afraid only of the spiritual ones to which he might expose himself if he failed to do the will of God by preaching the Gospel everywhere.

Saint Francis' Desire

While in Japan Saint Francis had been told by the people that China was the greatest country in the world, the center of knowledge and culture, and they asked if there were any Christians there. On his replying in the negative, he was assured that if the Japanese knew that the Chinese had embraced Christianity they would readily follow, but that it would be useless to preach in Japan if their teachers, the Chinese, did not think well of the Christian doctrine. So he resolved to enter China at once, and for this purpose came to Sancian.

At that time Sancian was a more or less abandoned island. The harbor was quite suitable for the small ships then in

use and the Portuguese and Chinese traders made it a meeting place where they could engage in traffic with little or no molestation from the Chinese government. After much difficulty, for all feared to make the attempt, a merchant was found who, for a large consideration, promised to land the Saint in Canton, where he intended to proclaim to the governor himself the teachings of Christ.

The Portuguese traders, fearing that his arrival in Canton would bring the Chinese authorities down on them at Sancian, would not allow him to go until they had left the island. Finally, all had departed, but still the merchant failed to appear and provisions began to run low. The Saint waited, hoping against hope, until, weakened by the hardships he had undergone, he fell a victim to a raging fever. On December 3, 1552, abandoned by all but one faithful Chinese servant, his ardent soul went to God.

Memorials

In the following February, the body was exhumed and taken to Malacca. Thence it was later transported to Goa, where it now rests. Four years later the Portuguese gained a foothold at Macao and transferred their trading operations to that place, with the result that Sancian was abandoned save for its native population. It was already recognized, however, that Xavier was a saint, and the memory of his death alone, on this almost desert island, was tenderly cherished by the missioners who followed in his footsteps. Finally canonization made possible the public veneration of his tomb. In 1639, during a public pilgrimage from Macao, the tablet spoken of above was erected, and in 1700 the Visitor of the Jesuits caused a small memorial chapel to be built. But this was destroyed in the terrible persecution that broke out a few years later, and during the following hundred years of proscription of the Church few were able to visit the hallowed spot.

The gradual opening up of China, finally brought Sancian again into its own, and in 1869 the Prefect Apostolic of the newly erected prefecture of Canton built a church and, over the grave, a little Gothic chapel. Some converts were made

and pilgrimages were resumed, but in 1884, in the absence of the missioner, there broke out a furious local persecution. All the Christians apostatized save one family, and of the chapels only the walls were left.

Later History of the Faith on Sancian

After the persecution of 1884, in view of the scarcity of missioners in the then immense vicariate of Canton, it was decided to make only the most urgent repairs to the buildings and to leave the spiritual care of Sancian to occasional visits of missioners from the mainland. This state of affairs continued until the year 1904. Then a resident missioner was appointed.

Though he entered into the work with all the zeal of youth, in the space of eight years he could show only a handful of converts as a result of his labors. But he was gradually gaining influence, and when, in the troublous times of the revolution, a part of the island undertook to oppress the rest of the villagers, it was to the missioner that the latter turned for help. Many of their houses had been burned and their property destroyed. By presenting the case in its true light to the authorities at Canton, the missioner was able to secure at least partial redress. This action won the people completely, and three villages with a population of more than a thousand souls enrolled themselves as catechumens.

But this, as every missioner knows, was only the beginning. How to find means to instruct this great number, the majority of whom were unable to read, and how to make them realize that for baptism something more than gratitude is required—namely, a true faith and fundamental change of life; these were the pressing problems. They demanded greater and more exhausting labor than that of simply making friends and instructing a few scattered individuals. Later little by little other villages came in, until now nearly one fourth of the six thousand people on Sancian are Catholic. It seems only a matter of time until, with the grace of God, the whole island will become Christian. The missioner, from being, so short a time before, the object of hatred and distrust, is now respected by even the pagans.

Let us not imagine, however, that all is pleasant and clear sailing. The devil does not so easily relinquish his own, and if he does not succeed in putting obstacles in the way of their entering the True Fold he knows how to wait until their first fervor has abated, in order, by pride and jealousy and the concupiscense of the flesh, to injure and even ruin promising Christian communities. It is only at the price of eternal vigilance, constant prayer and labor, that we may hope to keep the gains thus won and finally to see the full fruition of the seed sown so long ago. We have every reason to hope in the powerful intercession of Saint Francis, who must surely watch over with a special predilection the spot where his sacrifice was consummated.

BERNARD F. MEYER

Chapter 7

FIRST REPORT OF THE PREFECTURE OF KONGMOON

(For the year ending August, 1924)

N the year that has just passed, the Maryknoll Mission in South China has advanced from the status of a simple Mission to that of a Prefecture. This has meant the separation of the territory from the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Canton and the establishing of it as an independent mission with its own superior. This act of confidence on the part of the Holy Father and the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda thus makes another milestone in the progress of Maryknoll Missions in the Orient, and marks the erection of the first Prefecture in China staffed by American missioners. Please God, it is only the beginning of a long list of American Catholic Missions.

The Mission will henceforth be known as the Kongmoon Prefecture. The Prefect Apostolic is Right Reverend James Edward Walsh, America's first Ordinary in China.

Extent

The Prefecture embraces portions of Western Kwangtung and Eastern Kwangsi, between latitudes N. 21 and 24, and longitudes E. 110 and 113. It includes eleven civil prefectures in Kwangtung and ten in Kwangsi. In square miles, it is larger than Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont, New Hampshire, and New Jersey combined, and has about the same population as those six States.

Kongmoon

Kongmoon, the chief port, lies about equal distances from Canton, Macao, and Hong Kong. The West River, which serves these four cities, is also the northern boundary

of the Maryknoll Prefecture; the China Sea provides many ports on the south, so that, in times of peace, travel in the territory will be facilitated by the number of ships that ply between ports. Though the mission lies within the tropics, its nearness to the ocean tempers the heat.

The territory is remarkable for the number of languages and dialects spoken by the natives; no less than three languages and many dialects hamper the quick spread of the Gospel. This portion of South China has sent many emigrants to America, Mexico, Singapore, and the Philippines. The natives are enterprising, and commerce of all kinds is brisk, though the region is mostly agricultural.

Protestant Missions are American and Canadian Presbyterians and Baptists, and are represented by sixty-five missioners, six hospitals, one hundred and forty-three chapels, and numerous schools.

Sancian

The evangelization of the Maryknoll Prefecture is quite modern and most of its Christians have been converted within the past ten years; but the presence of Sancian Island in the Prefecture links our own missionary efforts with those of Saint Francis Xavier, the first missioner since the Middle Ages to reach China. Sancian Island is at the mouth of the West River, a short distance from the Mission Center at Kongmoon. There Saint Francis Xavier spent several months waiting a favorable opportunity to cross over to the mainland, and there he died on December 3, 1552. Although the body of the Saint was removed to Goa, the site of his grave has been marked by a chapel and monument. This sacred spot will henceforth be under the care of the American missioners and it is a happy promise of special protection and intercession for Americans, the most recent nation to take up mission work in China, who are now the custodians of so sacred a shrine.

Boston

Strengthened by the guardianship of Sancian, we faced a problem in the development of the Prefecture that was, per-

haps, unique in mission history. Rome had designated Kongmoon as the future center, but Kongmoon was without residence, chapel, or a foot of church property, and the Mission is too young and growing too fast to have any reserve funds for building. Actually at the moment there were no available resources to begin the center.

Monsignor Walsh went to America to plead the needs of the mission. Providentially he approached Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, and the Cardinal Archbishop generously received him and encouraged him to limit his appeals to the Archdiocese of Boston. Boston showed its loyalty to the mission cause and within nine months subscribed the sum of forty thousand dollars to build the Kongmoon Center. This is worthy of special record and pride, as Boston is the first American See to found a mission center in Asia.

Mission Activities

Besides establishing the Center at Kongmoon, the more urgent developments of the many mission stations have been met.

At *Loting*, a convent has been built and land bought for an orphanage and girls' school. This makes the third convent of the Maryknoll Sisters in China. Five thousand dollars were needed for this land and buildings, and although the money had to be borrowed, the work was too urgent to admit of delay. Six Sisters have been installed at Loting and have taken over the care of several hundred abandoned babies.

At *Pingnam*, also on the West River but in Kwangsi, several schools were opened in the villages to provide adequate education for the growing Catholic communities, and the main chapel was repaired to house the increase in Christians.

At *Tungchen*, the dispensary proved its need by a constant daily attendance of patients, and its worth as a means of influencing the pagans of that mountainous region. The catechumenate here also resulted in many conversions. Land was bought in the nearest city for a future chapel.

Kochow, while extending its number of stations in the

villages, developed mainly its center. The heavy expense of acquiring adjacent buildings was more than justified in the facilities they gave for a modern school. Shortly after its opening, the enrollment and high standard in curriculum were rewarded by official recognition by the Chinese Government. Conversions, in both the school and the villages, were more numerous than ever before.

At *Fachow*, a new mission just confided to the Maryknollers, the gentry of the city have loaned a large temple, free of cost, to the Catholic Church to be converted into a school. The mission is in its infancy but already the small chapel is entirely inadequate to house converts and catechumens.

At *Yeungkong* the outstanding features of the year's work were the growth of the girls' school; the enlargement of the dispensary under the direction of a Catholic Chinese doctor and a Sister graduate pharmacist; the success of the catechumenate; the opening of two new stations; and the renting of a shop for daily public conferences to business men. The girls' school is in a rented building, too small for its present demands. The Latin school was temporarily located at Yeungkong and opened with eleven Chinese students for the priesthood, gathered from the several missions.

Hoingan opened a flourishing school in a rented warehouse and began the building of a suitable residence for the missioners, which will cost, including land, about three thousand. Both here and at Kochow the annual Summer School for Catechists and Teachers was held.

Sancian has just been staffed by Maryknollers and plans for the future of this large community of Christians, and for the Shrine of Saint Francis Xavier, have not yet been fully outlined.

Chikkai and *Sunchong* are also being staffed.

Statistics

The statistics that follow will show the healthy growth of the young Maryknoll Prefecture, especially in view of the fact that the territory has been but recently opened and has been the scene of unusual political and military disturbances during the past year. The acquiring of additional territory

and the need of sudden expansion have made necessary many transfers of missioners, with consequent loss of continuity of effort.

But God has blessed the work, and the increase in baptisms and Communions, in catechumens and in schools, is ample cause for thanks to God. He has made possible this activity by bringing Maryknoll in China a host of benefactors who have generously seconded by prayers and gifts the work of the missioners. The benefactors of the Maryknoll Missions may be assured of the grateful prayers of their missioners.

JAMES E. WALSH
Prefect-Apostolic of
Kongmoon

DETAILS BY DISTRICTS

Districts	Chr.	Cat.	A. Con.	Co. of D.	A. A. Com.	C. of D.	Ad. Bap.	A. B. i. a. m.	I. of Xr.	In. i. a. m.	Tot.
YEUNGKONG: Fr. Ford, Fr. Paulhus, Fr. Mueth	780	247	235	4,958	230	19,361	68	2	24	459	553
KOCHOW: Fr. Paschang, Fr. Fletcher, Bro. John Dorsey	1,025	600	600	2,000	560	3,400	114	2	19	4	139
TUNGCHEN: Fr. Taggart, Fr. Ruppert	635	400	293	3,090	260	6,040	97	12	24	6	139
LOTING: Fr. McShane, Fr. Toomey, Fr. Burns	75	165	12	370	12	610	8	0	0	410	418
HOINGAN: Fr. Dietz, Fr. Ashness	1,036	386	412	1,646	380	2,572	15	1	8	6	30
SUNCHONG: Rt. Rev. Jas. E. Walsh, Fr. LePrelle	349	0	137	158	127	164	3	0	25	0	28
CHIKKAI: Fr. Fitzgerald, Fr. Gleason	578			Staffed this year.							
SANCIAN ISLAND: Fr. Meyer, Fr. O'Melia, Fr. Rauschenbach	1,419			Staffed this year.							
FACHOW: Fr. Cairns, Fr. Walker	179	66	119	453	118	1,048	24	1	16	0	41
PINGNAM: Fr. Wiseman, Fr. Murray	257	4	70	223	70	1,296	20	0	7	3	30
Total	6,333	1,868	1,778	12,898	1,757	34,491	349	18	123	888	1,378

Chr. =Christians. Cat. =Catechumens. A. Con. =Annual Confessions. Co. of D.= Confessions of Devotion. A. Com. =Annual Communions. C. of D. =Communions of Devotion. Ad. Bap. =Adult Baptisms. A. B. i. a. m. =Adult Baptisms in articulo mortis. I. of Xr. =Infants of Christians. In. i. a. m. =Infants in articulo mortis.

ROSTER OF THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS

Kwangtung Province:

CHIKKAI —Rev. Frederick E. Fitzgerald,
Rev. Maurice P. Gleason.

FACHOW —Rev. Robert J. Cairns,
Rev. Charles A. Walker.

HOINGAN —Rev. Frederick C. Dietz,
Rev. Bertin J. Ashness.

KOCHOW —Rev. Adolph J. Paschang,
Rev. William A. Fletcher,
Bro. John Dorsey.

LOTING —Rev. Daniel L. McShane,
Rev. John J. Toomey,
Rev. Constantine F. Burns.

SANCIAN —Rev. Bernard F. Meyer,
Rev. Thomas A. O'Melia,
Rev. Otto A. Rauschenbach.

SUNCHONG —Rt. Rev. James Edward Walsh,
Rev. Edward F. LePrelle.

TUNGCHEN —Rev. Philip A. Taggart,
Rev. John E. Ruppert.

YEUNGKONG—Rev. Francis X. Ford,
Rev. Anthony J. Paulhus,
Rev. Edward V. Mueth.

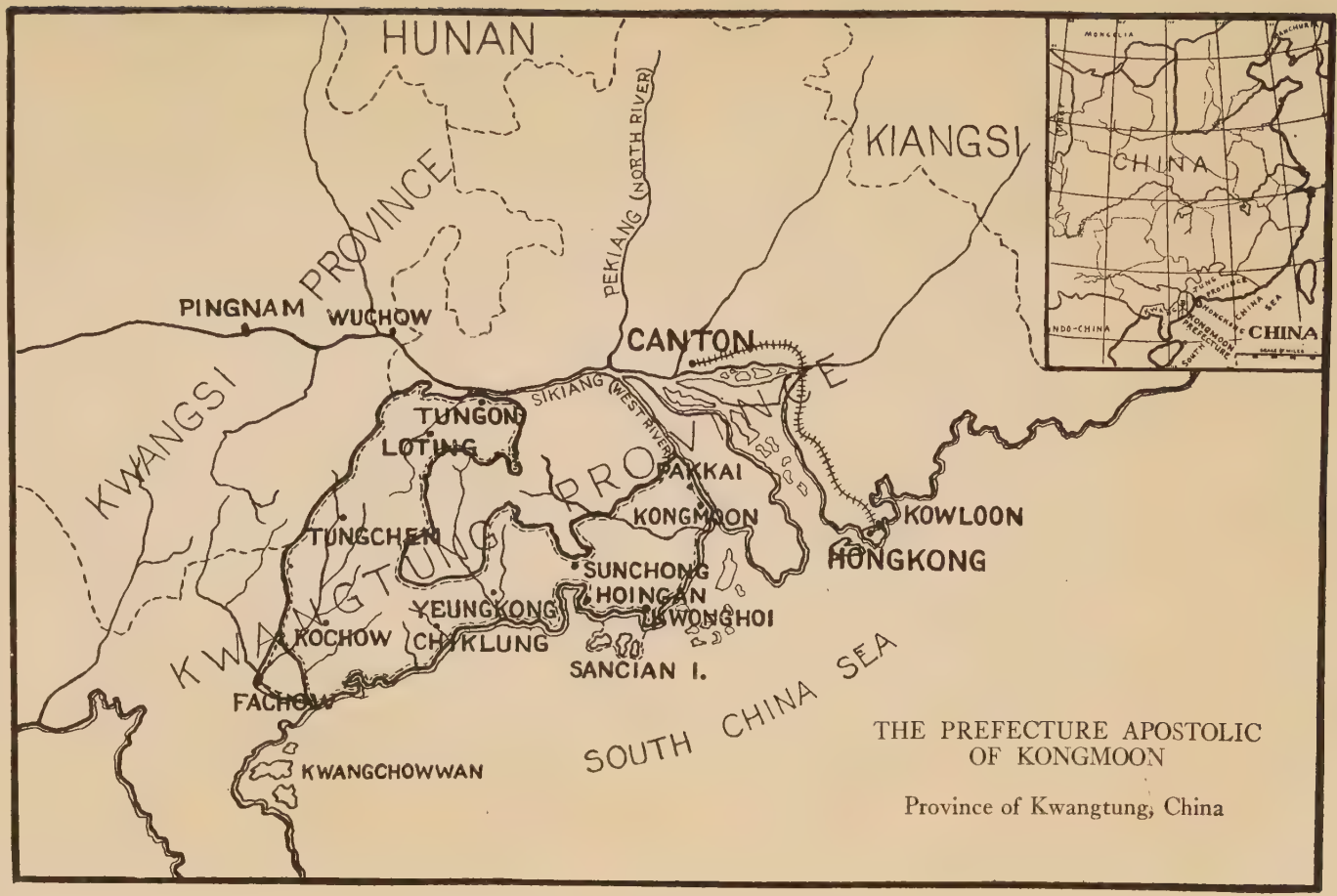
Kwangsi Province:

PINGNAM—Rev. George F. Wiseman,
Rev. John H. Murray.

Hongkong:

KOWLOON PROCURE—Rev. Raymond A. Lane,
Bro. Michael Hogan,
" Benedict Barry.

ST. LOUIS SCHOOL—Bro. Albert Staubli,
" Martin Barry.



THE MARYKNOLL MISSION IN CHINA, 1924

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